Collier's

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You Can't See That Movie: Censorship In Action

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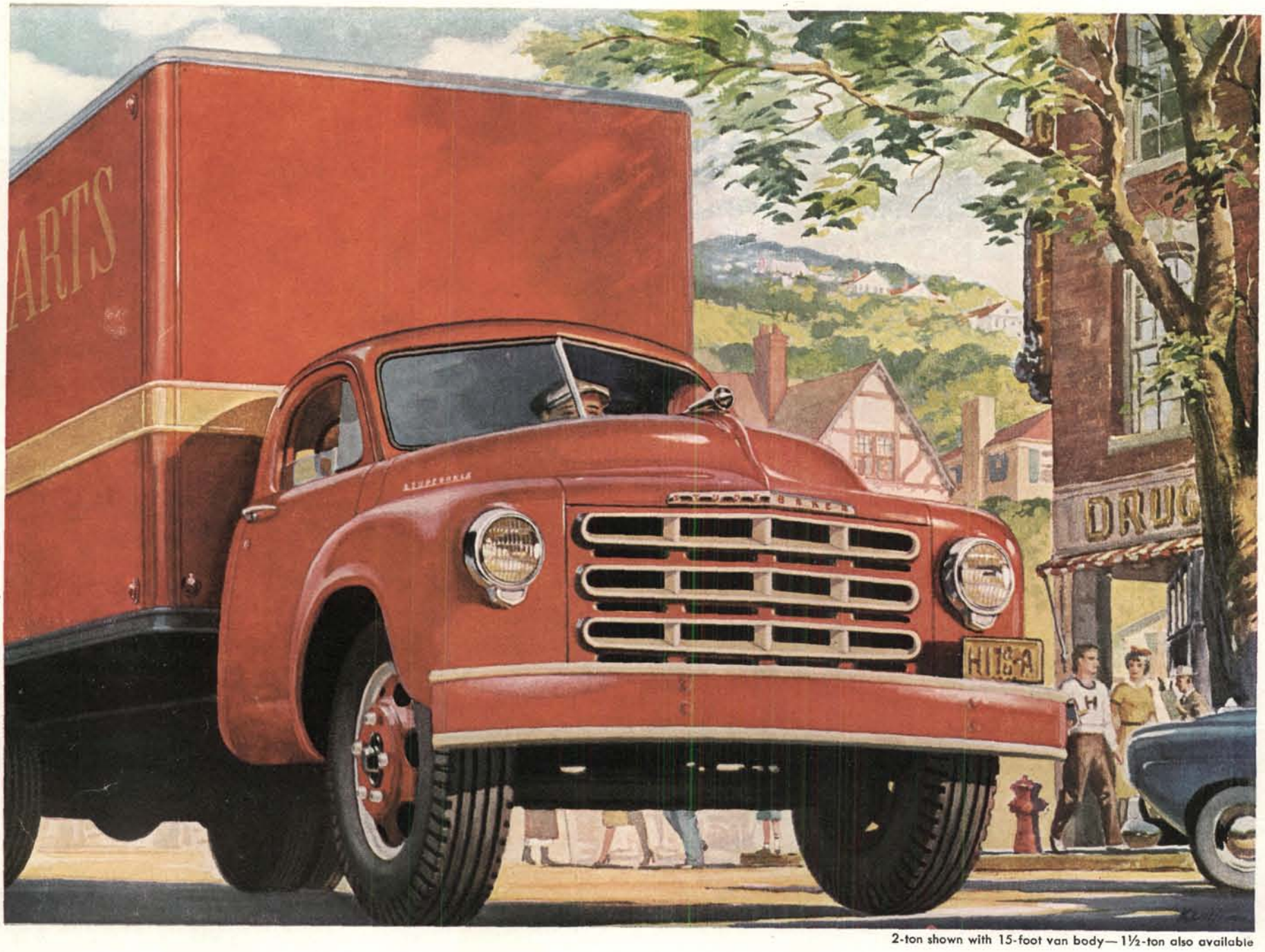

2-ton shown with 15-foot van body—1½-ton also available

New in pulling power–staying power–earning power!

ALMOST everywhere you look in a Studebaker truck, you find important improvements in design that cut operating costs.

The massive, pressed-steel Studebaker truck frame, for example, extends well beyond the rear axle for increased load protection and lengthened body life.

The front of the frame is reinforced with a rigid, twist-resisting, special K-member—an exclusive new Studebaker method of strengthening the whole forward structure of the truck.

Gas-saving automatic overdrive, too!
Studebaker's gas-saving automatic overdrive is now available in all ½ ton and ¾ ton models. It's extra cost but starts paying its way right away in extra thrift—and Studebaker's the only truck that offers it.

Studebaker's modernly designed Econ-o-miser and Power-Plus engines excel in horsepower and torque, deliver exceptional gas mileage.

Stop in and see the Studebaker trucks—½ ton, ¾ ton, 1 ton, 1½ ton, 2 ton models.

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS
Noted for low-cost operation

Just lift the hood! Everything's easy to get at! No standing on a box is necessary when you want to work on engine or ignition! No stooping under the dash to find instrument panel wiring! Everything under the hood is within easy arm's reach.

Foot-controlled floor ventilation airs the roomy Studebaker cab! Wide seat has Adjusto-Air cushion for relaxed comfort. Extra large windshield and windows. Steps are weather-protected—enclosed inside doors. Tight-gripping rotary door latches.

Studebaker's streamlined ½ ton, ¾ ton and 1 ton pick-ups have double-walled body with heavy-gauge metal—tail gate is hinged at center as well as each end—loads slide on and off with ease. Big-visibility rear window simplifies backing and parking.

Wear-resisting Studebaker craftsmanship is the pride of father-and-son teams and thousands of other trustworthy Studebaker workmen. Their conscientious care puts lasting soundness into Studebaker trucks.

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Best tire value starts INSIDE . . . with

B.F.Goodrich

"RYTHM RIDE" GIVES YOU MORE SAFETY, COMFORT, MILES

FRED WARING

Musical star of stage, radio and television says:

"LOOK INSIDE FOR INSIDE PROOF"

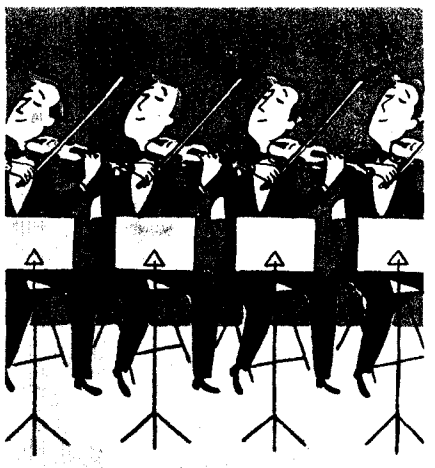
"Rythm makes the difference in music," says Fred Waring. "But I never knew it made the difference in tires too—until I saw inside proof in a BFG Silvertown."

You can see it too—how B. F. Goodrich tire cords are precision spaced in live rubber, with *no cross threads!* Free to work together *in rythm* to give you the best tire value —"Rythm Ride!"

Yet "Rythm Ride" tires cost no more. See your B. F. Goodrich dealer now. He'll be glad to arrange convenient terms, plus a generous trade-in allowance.

IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH MUSICIANS ARE BEST, YOU CAN TELL WHICH TIRE IS BEST:

1 **In every tire** thousands of cords flex as you ride. But in most tires, non-working cross-threads hamper the cord action. Cords are as *out of rythm* as the young musicians above.



2 **In a B. F. Goodrich** tire there are *no cross-threads.* Cords are free to work *in rythm* like the violinists above—free to pass impact from one to another, smother road shock, reduce wear, cushion bumps.

3 **Most tire cords** bunch and gap because of shackling cross-threads. Result: weak spots, "slacker cords", overworked cords. But BFG cords are sealed in rubber with uniform spacing and tension.

4 **Only B. F. Goodrich** has the equipment and skills to give you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every purpose. Buy today. See your BFG dealer. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

JUNE ALLYSON • DICK POWELL
in **"THE REFORMER AND THE REDHEAD"**

DAVID WAYNE • CECIL KELLAWAY
RAY COLLINS • ROBERT KEITH

Screen play by
Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Based on a story by Robert Carson

Produced and Directed by
NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

Everyone seems to be agreed on at least one thing these days. The world wants to laugh!

We've just seen M-G-M's "The Reformer and The Redhead", and we want to be the first to tell you the wonderful news: June Allyson and Dick Powell have come up with just about the brightest, bubblingest screen bonanza you've ever split your sides at. And they manage a thoroughly delightful romance between the howls!

June Allyson (she's the redhead) is radiant beyond description and handles her saucy lines with pertness. While Dick Powell (he's the reformer) turns in a performance which, for its nimble sense of timing and salty sophistication, establishes Mr. P. as a top-flight comedy artist.

The plot is a humdinger, pure howl and a yard wide. The reformer and his buddy are trying to get the goods on the crook who runs the town. They team up with the zoo keeper and his lovely redheaded daughter. She has the cutest little pet you ever saw: a full-grown lion (tame, she says) called Herman. When Herman goes along on a date, everyone has a roaring good time.

David Wayne, straight from his success in "Adam's Rib", conjures up another hilarious characterization as Dick Powell's side kick. He's a thinker. He can think up more ways of getting into trouble! But it's fun!

As the zany zoo keeper, Cecil Kellaway creates a role that's a riot from Aardvark to Zebra. Robert Keith (from the stage hit "Mr. Roberts") is superb as the newspaperman.

The original story by Robert Carson delighted the millions of Saturday Evening Post readers. Norman Panama and Melvin Frank transposed it into a sizzling, sure-fire script. And then as a Producer and Director team, they developed it into the funniest and freshest romantic comedy of the season.

On your mark; get set; GO—see "The Reformer and The Redhead"!

Good-Things-To-Come Dept.:
M-G-M's "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN".

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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May 6, 1950

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▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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The Cover

As a resident of Dutchess County, New York, Artist Fred Eng painted what he saw in that part of the Hudson Valley, and this is it. Eng, thirty-three, started his art studies with a scholarship in California and his professional career as a $45-a-month paste-up man in a San Francisco agency. By night he was a Chinatown guide. While he was learning to be a statistical officer at Harvard's OCS during the war he married a Missourian and they now have two boys and a girl.

Week's Mail

Disunified Opinion

EDITOR: The biggest bouquet of Texas roses should go to Admiral Louis Denfeld for his admirable stand against Pentagon politicians (Why I Was Fired, March 18th) and to Collier's for printing the admiral's charges. If the American democracy is to continue to lead the world in the struggle for a lasting peace, such men as the admiral must voice their opinions abroad in the land. As an ex-Marine enlisted man, I feel that Admiral Denfeld has received the most unjust treatment that has ever been accorded to an officer of flag rank.

QUINCY B. WELCH, Amarillo, Texas

. . . There are a number of things in Admiral Denfeld's Why I Was Fired that seem to me as being half-statements or slanted digs at the Army and the Air Force.

What's wrong with a chief firing one of his subordinates when that subordinate does not get in step with the chief's ideas? I believe the President is commander in chief of the Army and the Navy, and that the Secretary of the Navy is, by law, the superior of the Chief of Naval Operations.

W. L. MITCHELL, COL., U.S.A. (Ret.), St. Louis, Mo.

. . . Thank you, thank you, thank you for Admiral Denfeld's series. Never have I known a spade to be called a liar more precisely. I could go out and spit against the wind just for the sake of being on Denfeld's side. He is spitting against the wind, too, but it is a dingdong effort, anyway.

P. F. CHRISTOPHER, Torrance, Cal.

. . . Admiral Denfeld proved without question his ability to hold a high Navy post by his crying in your magazine. Before I had read this article I was not too sure about the wisdom of ousting him as Chief of Naval Operations. Any doubt has been dispelled, I assure you.

There was one thought that occurred to me during the time the admiral was testifying before Congress. It was this: What would this high Navy officer have done if a subordinate had questioned *his* orders? Still, he saw fit to question many actions of his commander in chief. And now he complains when he gets the ax.

WILLIAM B. CURRY, Waynesboro, Pa.

. . . It would seem that we the public have lost the services of Admirals Denfeld, Blandy and Bogan because they utilized one of the concepts of freedom upon which this country was founded—freedom of speech. Apparently the Cabinet officers involved are desirous of obtaining a Hollywood effect within their organizations—namely, a group of yes men.

Yet it would seem to me that a man who has served his country 30 or 40 years in uniform would be somewhat more qualified to speak on the service than would a spoils-system politician with only three or four years' experience.

DAVID KLOSS, Narberth, Pa.

. . . I find the squabbles between the officers of the armed forces over unification

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Samsonite Matched Set in Natural Rawhide finish for the mother with very young ideas

a. TRAIN CASE	$17.50
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d. LADIES' O'NITE (Convertible)	22.50
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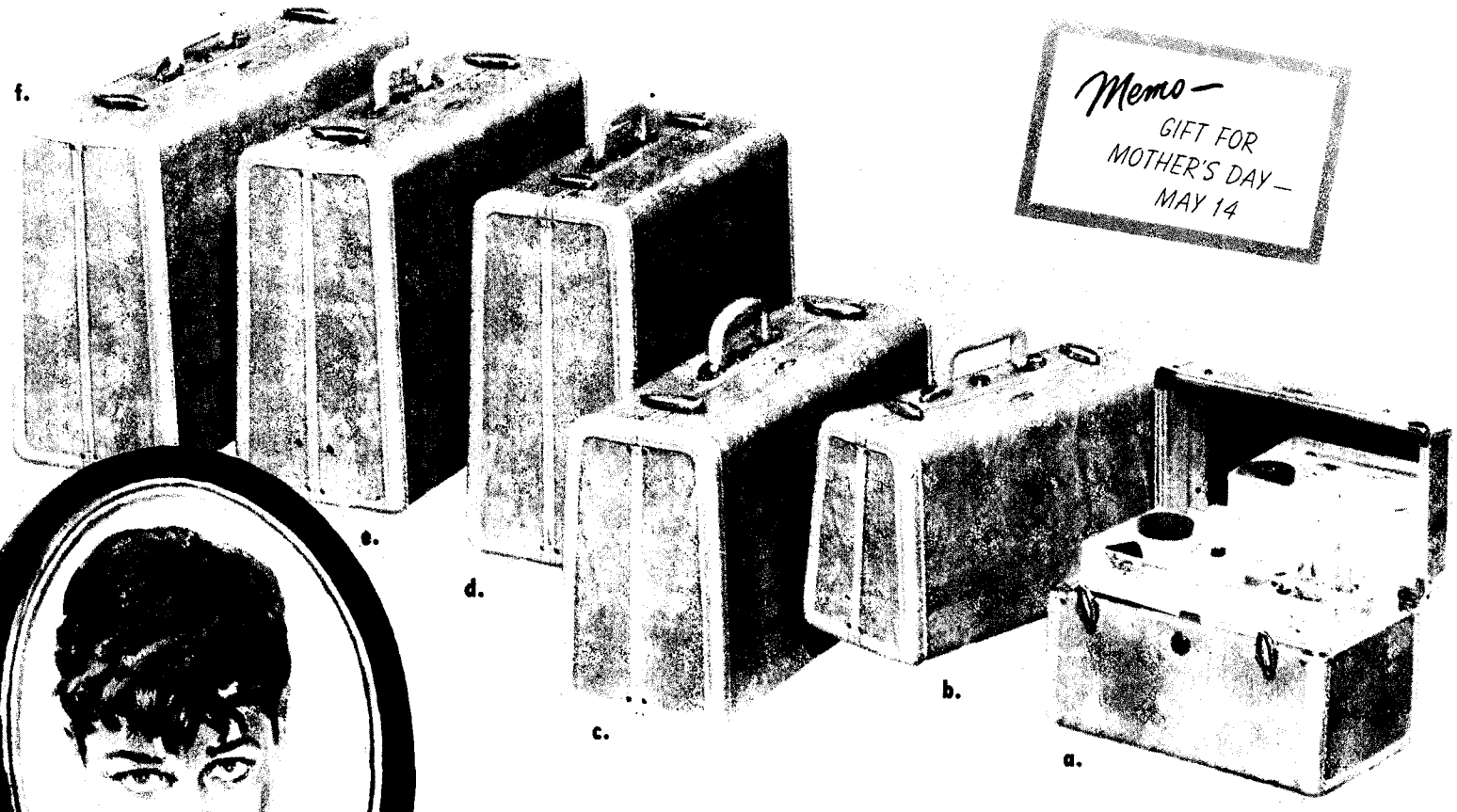


Memo— GIFT FOR MOTHER'S DAY— MAY 14

You can't match mom!

BUT YOU CAN MATCH LUGGAGE...

FOR A GIFT SHE'LL LOVE

A beautiful matched set of Samsonite luggage will be a wonderful gift for your mother, sent with your love on her very own day. And it will cost you surprisingly little! Two pieces are priced at less than you'd expect to pay for just *one* piece of such quality! Samsonite lasts and *lasts*. Its better-than-leather finish is dirt-proof, scuff-proof. It has shock absorber handles. Its construction is strong enough to stand on. Linings are luxurious... streamlined locks and fittings, solid brass.

For Mother's Day choose Samsonite in Admiral Blue, if she's conservatively smart. In Natural Rawhide finish if she's casual and gay. She'll be so proud of it—and of *you!*

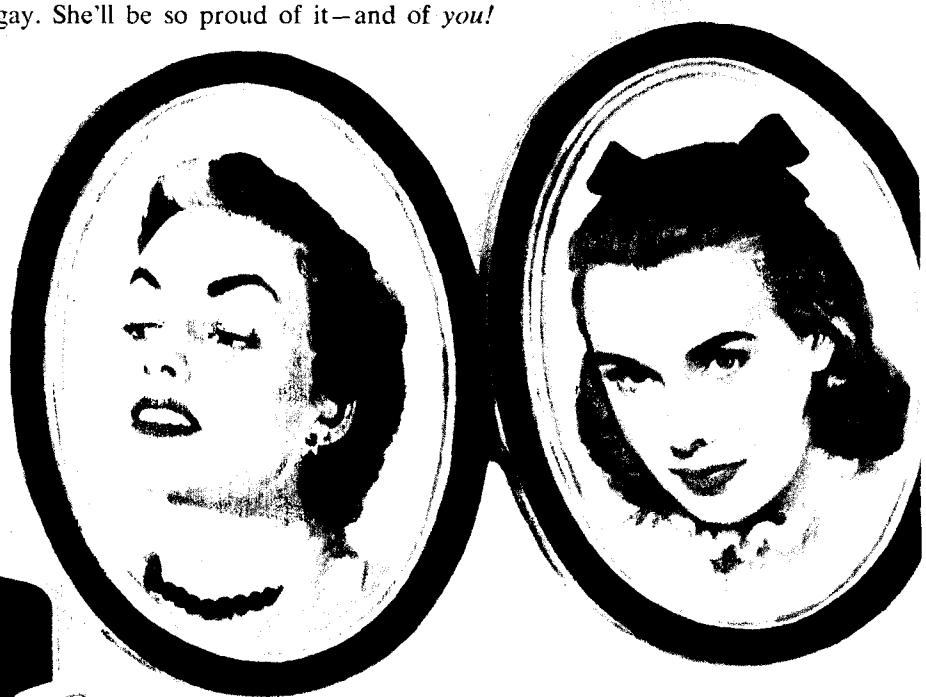
Samsonite Luggage

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colo.
Also Makers of Samson Folding Tables and Chairs.
Folding Furniture Division, Detroit 29, Mich.

Strong enough to stand on!

FLIGHT PROVEN
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Men's luggage to match from $17.50



Samsonite Matched Set in Admiral Blue for the mother with a flair for tailored clothes

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very tiresome reading and stupid when they air them in public.

We knew there would be disagreements when unification was begun, but expected them to be kept from too much publicity, because of the harm it would do this country in other countries.

MRS. E. M. EVERETT, Oaklawn, Ill.

T-H Exemption

EDITOR: In the March 4th Week's Mail you published a letter from W. O. Heuring of Newton, Illinois, in which he stated that an injunction under the Taft-Hartley Act had forced railroad men to go back to work or go to jail for violation of that injunction against striking.

I want to correct his misunderstanding of the Taft-Hartley Act. The railroad unions do not come under the Taft-Hartley Act—Section 212, Exemption of Railway Labor Act—except under the provision forbidding the use of union funds in political campaigns by all unions and employers.

Railroad union and management problems come under the jurisdiction of the Railway Labor Act.

EARL HOLLAND, Dayton, Ohio

Detracting Omission

EDITOR: In writing about New York's Little Church Around the Corner (One Hundred Years of Happy Marriage, March 18th), Robert Stein neglected to state the denomination of this church.

This negligence detracts from an otherwise splendid article.

CHARLES H. WATSON, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The denomination of the Little Church is Protestant Episcopal.

Dividends & Taxes

EDITOR: In your article How Lax Is Your Income Tax? (March 18th) the statement is made that accumulating insurance dividends are taxable as income.

I understand this to be incorrect and that only the interest on such dividends is taxable.

ARGYLE W. BRIDGETT, Newtonville, Mass.

This question leads into some rather complicated channels of term insurance, annuities and the like, which brought conflicting answers from the Internal Revenue Department itself. But the majority opinion indicates that reader Bridgett is correct.

Dead Giveaway

EDITOR: One of the factors which contribute greatly to the winning of a war—which we hope will never again take place—is the element of surprise.

As I read articles like Michael Clarke's Aerial Task Force Able (March 18th) I am wondering if we haven't already lost the next war.

Writers and reporters for magazines and newspapers are so anxious to keep the public informed about our latest defense tactics that they forget that by so doing they are also informing our probable "enemy" on just where, when and how to strike.

BERT M. CARLSON, Northfield, Minn.

Self-Sacrifice Starts at Home

EDITOR: I wish your editorial Winnetka Shows the Way (March 18th) could be read in every home. It shows there are people and communities still imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice on which our great country is founded.

Unless we all realize it and practice it, we will continue to wallow in the Slough of Despond. F. X. MCGINITY, Detroit, Mich.

Happy Taxpayer

EDITOR: Present Social Security and federal income taxes may be high, and I would be the first to agree that perhaps our government isn't operated as efficiently as it might be, but I consider it a privilege to live and pay taxes in a country that allows me freedom, even to the point of questioning its operation.

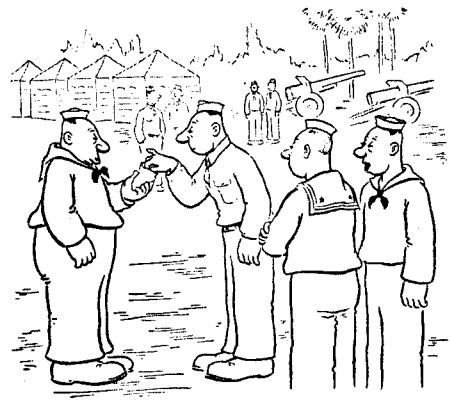
Even after a goodly sum has been deducted from my pay check, which isn't large to begin with, I still have more than most foreign peoples, and, more important, I have the right to spend that money as I see fit.

I'm in favor of investigations and the like so that we taxpayers can know that our money is being spent wisely, but the price of freedom and privileges such as ours could be much higher and still be worth the cost.

PEG YANCEY, Kansas City, Mo.

Alfred on Unification

EDITOR: With all due appreciation for the arguments of the generals, and others, on unification of the armed services, it seems to me you can save space and be just as



FOSTER HUMFREVILLE COLLIER'S, AUG. 22, 1942

"Alfred always likes to be nice to the Army. After all they're our allies, just the same as the British and Chinese"

convincing if you will dig up one of your wartime cartoons of the not-too-bright sailor, Alfred.

As I remember the thing, it pictures Alfred talking to a person in Army uniform. Some of his blue-clad colleagues looked on in amazement, while the petty officer who always explained Alfred to the world told them that Alfred was like that.

ALMA BENDER, Zionsville, Ind.

Ghostly Encore

EDITOR: How nice of you to have grouped us talking ghosts under a special heading, Messages from 3 Ghosts, in Week's Mail (March 11th). Had you thought of the publicity it might afford us?

To date I have had three queries. I thank you.

Your editorials are always a point of much interest. In fact, Collier's has everything. BRADY HALL,
North Hollywood, Cal.

Collier's for Convalescents

EDITOR: I am sure you will be interested to learn that for thirteen consecutive months I have been sending Collier's to the Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead, Sussex, England.

This hospital specializes in skin and plastic surgery for the famous Royal Air Force Guinea Pigs, some of whom have been receiving treatment since Battle of Britain days.

Many of them spend long hours in bed, and these magazines are more than appreciated, and what's more are promptly acknowledged by a secretary for the hospital's welfare department.

The need and plea for light reading matter and magazines was brought to my attention in December, 1948, and I promptly responded by sending Collier's as my contribution. What better magazine could I have chosen?

MRS. ETHELYN M. COCHRANE,
Lexington, Mass.

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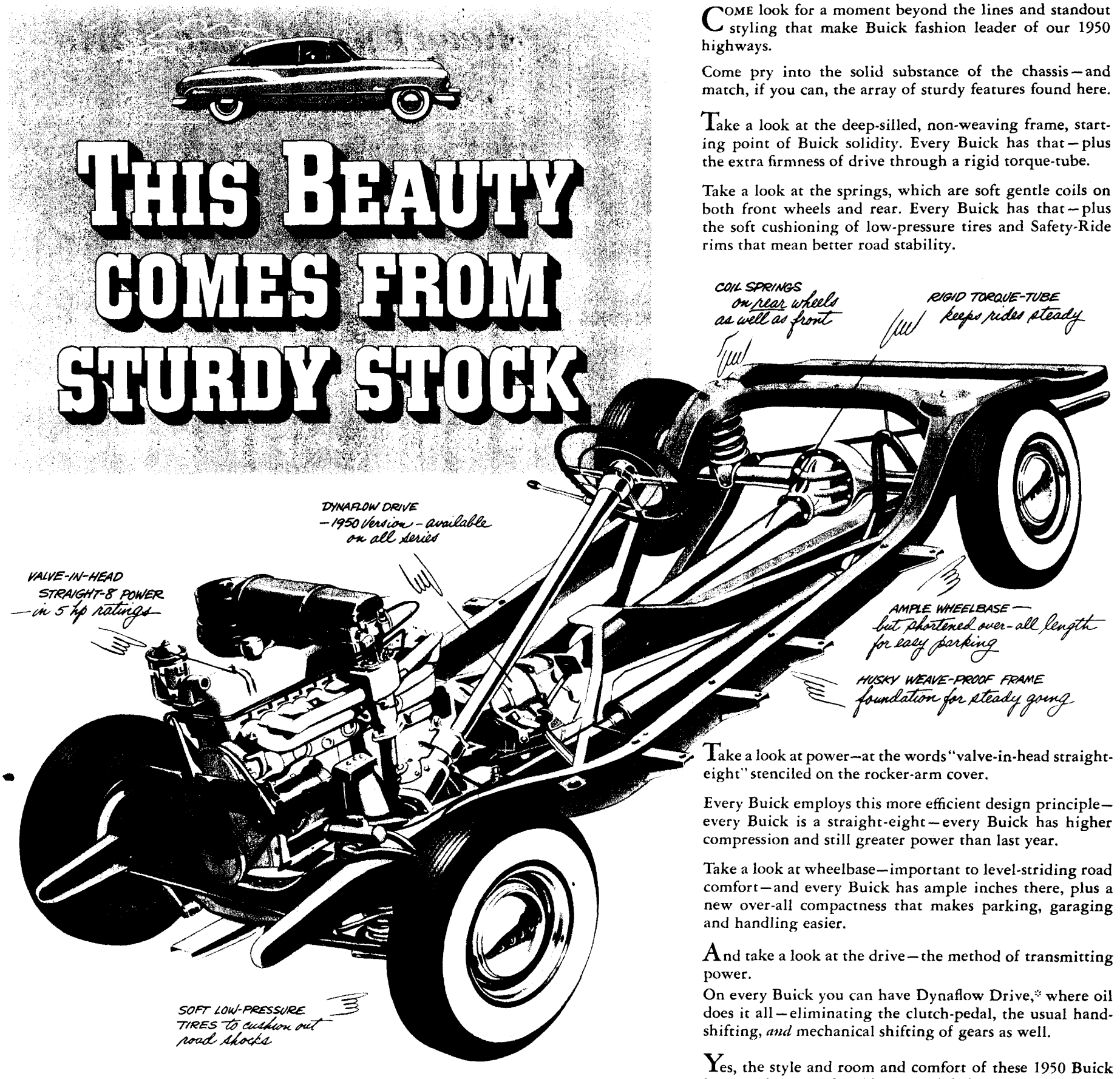

THIS BEAUTY COMES FROM STURDY STOCK

COME look for a moment beyond the lines and standout styling that make Buick fashion leader of our 1950 highways.

Come pry into the solid substance of the chassis—and match, if you can, the array of sturdy features found here.

Take a look at the deep-silled, non-weaving frame, starting point of Buick solidity. Every Buick has that—plus the extra firmness of drive through a rigid torque-tube.

Take a look at the springs, which are soft gentle coils on both front wheels and rear. Every Buick has that—plus the soft cushioning of low-pressure tires and Safety-Ride rims that mean better road stability.

Take a look at power—at the words "valve-in-head straight-eight" stenciled on the rocker-arm cover.

Every Buick employs this more efficient design principle—every Buick is a straight-eight—every Buick has higher compression and still greater power than last year.

Take a look at wheelbase—important to level-striding road comfort—and every Buick has ample inches there, plus a new over-all compactness that makes parking, garaging and handling easier.

And take a look at the drive—the method of transmitting power.

On every Buick you can have Dynaflow Drive,* where oil does it all—eliminating the clutch-pedal, the usual hand-shifting, *and* mechanical shifting of gears as well.

Yes, the style and room and comfort of these 1950 Buick beauties have good solid rootstock behind them...

With ruggedness, sound engineering, and time-proved principles that put durability into your purchase.

Go taste of these things for yourself, through a good long trial run on the road—and we think you'll leave a signed order with your Buick dealer.

* *Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

ONLY BUICK HAS Dynaflow

and with it goes: **HIGHER-COMPRESSION** Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.) • **NEW-PATTERN STYLING,** with **MULTI-GUARD** forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights • **WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,** close-up road view both forward and back • **TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,** less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius • **EXTRA-WIDE SEATS** cradled between the axles • **SOFT BUICK RIDE,** from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube • **WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS** with Body by Fisher.

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

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DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MRS. RODMAN WANAMAKER, charming young socialite. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Wanamaker says: "The cork tip adds so much to the pleasure of smoking Herbert Tareyton."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give...the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr.. The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

For 50 years the personal shaving mug was a must in most barber shops

Between 1870 and 1920 in the United States, nearly every regular patron of a barbershop owned a personal shaving mug which was kept in a rack on the wall of the establishment. Each mug was hand-painted and bore the name of the owner and a stock decoration chosen because it represented his chief interest. Among the hundreds of these illustrations and designs available were scenes of men working in various occupations and playing different games and sports; pictures of animals, flags, flowers, musical instruments; emblems of fraternal orders and monograms of labor unions.

* * * * * * *

Many New Yorkers who have for months curtailed their use of water, owing to the shortage, have neglected leaking faucets, feeling that the waste was inconsequential. But a study has shown that a faulty faucet with an opening the size of a pinhole loses 170 gallons of water in 24 hours, while one with an opening no larger than the diameter of a wooden match runs off 3,600 gallons in the same length of time.

* * * * * * *

One of America's most incredible criminal cases began with the disappearance of Mary Vickery, twenty, in Harlan, Kentucky, on August 18, 1925. Two months later, revenue agents while searching a cave for a moonshine still came upon the battered body of a girl; and the victim was identified as Mary. The following March, Condy Dabney, a happily married man with two children, was tried for the murder, convicted and given a life sentence, solely on the accusation and testimony of a Marie Jackson. In March, 1927, Mary was found working in a distant city and was brought back to Harlan, readily admitting that she had read all about the trial and its outcome. Consequently, Dabney was set free and Marie was sent to a reformatory for five years for perjury. But all this activity did not settle the case as the police have never solved the murder of the woman whose body was discovered in the cave. When asked to explain their strange behavior, Marie stated that she had framed Dabney because she hated him, while Mary said she had done nothing to save the innocent man from prison because she could not be bothered.

* * * * * * *

Although it has long been customary to capitalize the names of races, nationalities, tribes and clans, a campaign started in 1913 to persuade the American press to spell Negro with a capital N was virtually ignored for 15 years. And it was not until 1933 that the practice was generally adopted by publishers and also the Government Printing Office, which has since used the revision in the Congressional Record and all other official documents of the United States.

* * * * * * *

About 50 years ago, a governor of Kansas went on a tour of his state's prisons and happened to be shown a cell that particularly interested him. It had been occupied, for eight years, by a young inmate who was serving a life sentence for the murder of his father. At the foot of the cot hung a portrait of the deceased and thus it squarely faced the convicted son when he retired at night and arose in the morning. Believing that no murderer could endure living with a picture of his victim, the governor concluded that the prisoner was innocent and granted him a full pardon.

* * * * * * *

Immunity to seasickness usually develops in persons whose occupations require them to balance their bodies or to maintain their equilibrium. Among them are seamen, acrobats, tightrope walkers, professional dancers, and train conductors, waiters and porters.

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Lesson for Cheeselovers

The natural American cheddar you have known has been made and cured in shapes like these. And, because you didn't need 10 or 50 or 100 pounds at once, the cheeses have had to be cut for you. You have always paid for a part of the rind and thrown it away. Now you can get *mild* American with the old-time flavor and texture... that is made from *pasteurized* milk, that is cured without *any* rind. Cured in its own wrapper sealed by Kraft! Protected by Kraft all the way to you. The name of it is Brand. A uniformly-fine *mild* cheese for *very particular people!* For sandwiches, snacks, desserts.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Kraft BRAND

NATURAL AMERICAN CHEDDAR

"With that old-time flavor"

Now cured in ½-lb. and 1-lb. square packages sealed by Kraft

Also in 10-lb. bars from which your dealer will cut your portion

NATURAL
MILD CHEESE
AMERICAN CHEDDAR
Made from pasteurized milk
A TRIUMPH OF KRAFT SKILL

Wonderful new book on cheese cookery!

Every woman who loves to serve unusual dishes will want "THE CHEESE COOKBOOK," by Marye Dahnke, Director of Consumer Service for Kraft Foods Company. Two-hundred twenty-four pages; 250 distinguished recipes; washable cover. Get it at your local book store or send $2.00 and your name and address to the publishers, A. A. Wyn, Inc., 23 West 47th Street, New York 19.

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Does a man get off too easy in this ceremony?

I MARRIED BETTY twenty years ago this coming June. But I can still remember the part that goes:

> "I John take thee Betty to my wedded Wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part . . ."

Maybe it's just because the girl I spoke those words to looked so wonderful when I said them. But I always thought that was one of the most beautiful passages in the English language.

I still think so. But sometimes I wonder if a man doesn't get off too easy in this ceremony?

When a man marries a woman, I wonder if he should promise to cherish her only till death?

To cherish means, among other things, to nurture, to keep warm, to feed and to comfort.

Those requirements may need to be met long after death parts a husband from his wife. And if a man really loves his wife they should be met with every ounce of material welfare he can reasonably provide.

Now I'm not suggesting that the marriage ceremony be changed to read "to love and to cherish and leave adequate insurance to if I die first."

But I know one thing. Before my son ever marries I'm going to see that Ed, my Travelers agent, gives him a good pep talk on life insurance.

Oh, he'll probably offer the same objections I did when Ed called on me twenty years ago. But if he thinks it over, I know he'll take Ed's sound advice, just as I did.

The Travelers

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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Collier's, May 6, 1950

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KANSAS

You Can't SEE THAT MOVIE:

Censorship in Action

By LESTER VELIE

ONE day last fall, some 40 clergymen of all faiths braved a driving rain in Memphis, Tennessee, to see a private showing of the movie Lost Boundaries. The picture portrays a doctor with some Negro blood in his veins who lives—with his light-skinned family—as a white man in a New Hampshire town.

Shown without a ripple in other Southern cities, the picture had been barred from Memphis by the city censors. Now as the rain came down, Memphis' leading clergymen gathered before a downtown movie house, where, as private guests of the movie's producer, they were to see a special showing. But the theater was padlocked. The city's chief censor had got wind of the special showing and asked the city attorney to bar it.

Helplessly, the ministers, priests and rabbis turned away. It was held "against the public welfare" for these men of God to be permitted to see a film that has as its theme the Biblical message that all men are brothers.

It seemed that thoughts that were dangerous for the general public were dangerous for leaders of public opinion too.

When the Memphis clergymen walked away from the padlocked theater, humiliated, they were defeated in a local skirmish of a nation-wide battle. This is the "battle of the censors."

The battle, which will be fought to a decision this year, is so big that it will take two arenas to hold it. One will be the United States Senate. The other, the United States Supreme Court.

The fight will decide whether you and I—and 85,000,000 other Americans who see movies once a week—will have to put up with more censorship, including a federal Gestapo to sample our screen fare and tell us what we can sit down to; or whether we'll be rid of the whole tribe of censors altogether, city, state and federal.

Censorship—the prior approval by some official of what you can read, see or hear—has always been a fighting word to freemen. It took centuries of battling in western Europe for men to win the right to read newspapers, magazines and books without having them passed on in advance. But the freedom won for the press must still be won for its younger brother in the communications family—the movies. To this newer arrival, censorship has fastened like a barnacle and the growth is spreading.

FRED G. PAYNE

Lloyd Binford, chairman of the board of censorship for the city of Memphis

Already in some 90 cities, mayors, chiefs of police and political appointees of one sort or another legally pass on matters of taste, morals and politics and tell grown-up Americans as well as children what they can see.

Best known for censorship is Memphis, which has been at it for 25 years. Here, the town's censors once barred the Biblical play King of Kings. It turned out the censors and Hollywood read their Bibles differently.

The censors, with a town ordinance on their side, won the Biblical interpretation argument. The picture was censored and stayed censored despite a fight in the courts.

Memphis movie-goers have not been allowed to hear exotic Lena Horne sing her sweet, intense songs. Or laugh at the antics of Jack Benny's Rochester. Or listen to the hot jazz (a Memphis tradition) of Cab Calloway or Louis Armstrong. The chief movie censor there said these stars were "inimical to public health, safety, morals and welfare."

Another city with movie censorship is Chicago. The owner of the country's oldest movie censorship statute, Chicago has been censoring vigorously since 1907.

Sensitive to shooting, the city once barred the movie Deadwood Dick, and for years wouldn't permit scenes of bootlegging, holdups or the carrying of firearms.

Still another city which censors movies is Atlanta. When the censor there barred the movie Lost Boundaries, a reporter for the show-business paper Variety asked:

"Why?"

"For no particular reason," the censor answered him.

Organized proponents of censorship have bombarded more than state legislatures with restrictive bills and have put over state-wide censor boards in six states.

In one state, Ohio, the censor board is so concerned about brutality in pictures that it reduces the number of punches exchanged in fist fights. In enlightened New York, state censors used to censor newsreels until the state legislature put a stop to it. Kansas used to cut out drinking scenes

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from pictures—before it, too, gave up prohibition and started to drink legally.

In another state, Massachusetts, voters turned down movie censorship two to one in a state-wide referendum. But that didn't completely censor the censor. The state has a "Lord's Day" statute which permits the Boston Commissioner of Public Safety to cut or bar pictures not suitable for Sabbath-day showing, and he takes advantage of it.

Twenty-five attempts have been made in as many years to have federal censors police the movies. Typical was the powerhouse drive made by Canon Chase, the Dry leader, in 1928. Backed by a well-meaning army of mothers and church people, Chase proposed a board of nine commissioners who would screen pictures not only for obscenity but for "vulgarity" as well. And for scenes "that deprecate public officials and officers of the law." Calvin Coolidge, then President, couldn't remain silent at that one. Prodded by Coolidge, congressmen took a horrified look at this pre-Hitler legislation and said "No!" Often beaten but never licked, the would-be censors keep the latent demand for movie censorship smoldering until some new movie scandal heats it to white flame.

Planning a Federal Police Setup

As you read this, a Senate investigating committee—in all seriousness—is planning a study of the possibility of licensing and policing moving pictures and the people who make and act in them. (Just as Communist Russia does, says movie spokesman Eric Johnston.) A federal movie bill is already in the Congressional hopper, put there by Senator Edwin C. Johnson (Dem., Colo.), chairman of the Senate's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee—and, he says, a movie lover.

If passed, a federal board would require movies, actors and producers to toe moral and other lines presumably drawn and interpreted by censor-bureaucrats.

Against Senator Johnson's assault Hollywood has launched a counterattack. Lawyers for United Artists Corporation are asking the Supreme Court to declare, in a test case, that movies are in the same class as the press; that, as a medium for disseminating ideas, the movies are entitled to the protection of the First Amendment to the Constitution—the free speech amendment. That they should not have to submit to prior approval by censors. If Hollywood wins, movie censorship will end. It will be as unconstitutional to censor movies as it is to censor newspapers or magazines.

There are plenty of laws to punish producers of obscene or libelous pictures, just as there are laws to punish editors who abuse the freedom of the press, Hollywood's lawyers argue. But let the offending movie maker be punished after a trial in open court, and after it has been determined that harm has been done. Not in advance, before a film has ever been shown.

The movie that Hollywood is taking to the Supreme Court is Curley, a Hal Roach comedy of the Our Gang type.

Censors at Memphis, Tennessee, barred the comedy because it shows Negro children visiting at school with white youngsters, and this was held "inimical" to the town's "public health, morals, safety and welfare."

"The South does not recognize social equality between the races, even in children," the censor board's chairman wrote United Artists, although most Southern white children have, without prejudice, played with Negro children.

Memphis has attracted nation-wide attention for movie and stage censorship so severe and so unpredictable that pictures shown without a ripple elsewhere have often been barred there. Here is a town that has had censorship for 25 years. Let's see how it has worked out.

Memphis' chief censor (chairman of a board of three) is an eighty-three-year-old man. All the movies that come to Memphis must first come to him. Being eighty-three, this censor's life reaches all the way back to Reconstruction days in Mississippi, and he brings to his censoring chores a set of yardsticks acquired during those turbulent days. In order to be passed, pictures must meet these yardsticks.

These have proved so elastic that no one ever knows how a picture will be judged. And so some Westerns are barred for "too much shootin' " while others pass. A comedy is banned because the star has had too many divorces. A Negro singing star is cut from a picture "because there are plenty of good white singers."

An energetic old man, the eighty-three-year-old Memphis censor lays about him so vigorously that his name has become synonymous with censorship. The name is Lloyd T. Binford. He has been a member of the censorship board since 1927 and chairman since 1928. When a movie has been barred or crippled by censorship cuts, Variety says it has been "Binfordized."

I found censor Binford tucked away in a 10-by-10 cubicle of an office opening from a dentist's waiting room in downtown Memphis. He was pecking gingerly at a 1921 model of a Hammond typewriter. The man, his white patriarchal hair reaching down to his coat collar, and the machine—a museum piece capable of typing in several languages—blended curiously into a picture out of another age.

A Hollywood casting director, seeking a censor type, would never pick octogenarian Binford for the role. For Binford who describes himself as "America's most notorious censor," doesn't run to lean visage, thin nose and tight lips. His face is that of a beardless Santa Claus—round and merry. His eyes twinkle behind pince-nez bifocals. And from his seldom compressed lips flows a torrent of talk—old man's talk, endless, cluttered with detail accumulated during fourscore years of living—and he speaks with an unshakable conviction as to what is good for the other fellow.

"I can talk," says Binford happily, "I'm a regular windjammer."

This talk proves the aged censor as original and whimsical as some of his censoring decisions. He is unencumbered by any formal schooling beyond the fifth reader. The lack of formal schooling, however, didn't prevent Binford from heading an insurance company once, or serving as a uniformed "colonel" on the staffs of several Tennessee and Mississippi governors.

I had just come from a movie exhibitor who, with tears in his voice, disclosed that he could not show a much-discussed, sure-fire box-office picture. Censor Binford had okayed the movie, all right, after cuts. But the censor had asked to see the advertising for the picture, and banned the advertising. Since the producer would not allow the advertising to be changed, the picture couldn't be shown, and the exhibitor stood to lose several thousand dollars of anticipated revenue.

Censoring movie advertising was something new.

"Do you ask to see movie advertising, too?" this writer inquired.

"Ask?" Censor Binford said. "I *order* the advertising to be shown to me.

"See that?" He pulled back his coat to display a gold-plated badge stamped: Chairman, Memphis Board of Censors.

"I don't ask, I notify," Binford emphasized. "I have the status of a lieutenant in the police force. Can call the police if necessary. Even close a theater." (The threat had been enough, and he had never had to close one, Binford said.)

"What's your authority for censoring advertising?" he was asked.

"I do it on the authority that I'll ban the picture if you show advertising I don't approve," he said.

On this sort of authority, Binford had banned "every bit of advertising on The Outlaw."

The Outlaw is the Howard Hughes picture starring Jane Russell. When he first previewed it several years ago, Binford barred it.

"Too much shootin'," he said.

The Memphis censorship ordinance, passed in 1925, is "mighty broad," Binford said. So broad that it allows him unlimited elbow room. He read the statute:

"It shall be unlawful (it reads) to exhibit any play, picture, pantomime . . . inimical to the public safety, health, morals and welfare."

"What yardsticks do you apply?" the censor was asked.

"Yardsticks?" he said. "It's just our own opinion." (There are two censors besides Binford, but one—a housewife, previews so few pictures that Binford couldn't even recall her name.)

Here is now "our own opinion" has been used.

The Southerner, a movie made in 1945, starred Zachary Scott and Betty Field and depicted a Texan's fight to wrest a living from the soil. Adapted from a book by a native Texan, George Sessions Perry, the picture was endorsed by five chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Binford banned it.

"It reflects on the South," he said. "It represents Southerners as illiterate mendicants." It did nothing of the sort, of course, dealing with the effort of a poor farmer to win security.

Once, a few years ago, Binford barred four pictures within one week. Two of them, Destry Rides Again and When the Daltons Rode, had been shown before. But the second time around, there was too much gunplay.

Brooding over the gangster and Western gunmen pictures flickering on his town's screens, censor Binford figured out his own way of dealing with them. This was to bar movies which dealt with actual badmen out of the nation's past. This sort of thing reflected on our history and posed true-life villains as models for impressionable minds, Binford decided. And so Memphis movies could depict hundreds of fictitious gunmen blazing away to their hearts' content. But they could not show the Daltons or the James boys.

Several days after Binford forced the Jameses and Daltons to bite the dust, he also laid low Gregory Peck, starring with Joan Bennett as an African hunting guide in Ernest Hemingway's The Macomber Affair. Binford ordered so many cuts that the picture had to be withdrawn.

Western Flayed in Purple Prose

Next, Binford really sharpened his censor's shears and plunged them right into the $6,000,000 heart of the super-horse opera Duel in the Sun (also starring Gregory Peck, along with Jennifer Jones, Walter Huston and others). Censor Binford revealed he was as ardent a critic as he was a censor:

"It is the fleshpots of Pharaoh, modernized and filled to overflowing," (he wrote, warming up). "It is a barbaric symphony of passion and hatred. It is mental and physical putrefaction. It is stark murder! It is stark horror! It is stark depravity! . . . God help America! !" (The exclamation points are Binford's.)

Binford's father was a colonel in the Confederate army and later, as a member of the Mississippi State Senate, wrote the first Jim Crow law to segregate Negroes from whites. This law became the verbatim model of every other state Jim Crow law in the South.

Born in Duck Hill, Mississippi, where he still owns a 1,700-acre plantation, Binford was tended as a child by slave servants. As a boy during Reconstruction days he witnessed the ouster of the carpetbaggers and restoration of white supremacy in a region that had about as many Negroes as whites.

Binford told of his friendships among Negroes, then paused to remove his glasses and reveal a pair of reddened eyes.

"Your eyes are watering," I said. "Or are you crying?"

"I cry, because I love old niggers," the aged man said.

At Duck Hill, Binford *(Continued on page 66)*

The struggle for freedom of the movies is on—and on in earnest

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Because Memphis c[illegible] their own ideas on interpreting the Bible, Cecil B. de Mille's King of Kings was barred

CULVER

The Southerner (1945), with Zachary Scott and Betty Field, "reflected on the South"

The [illegible]ized film The Outlaw ran into tr[illegible]phis: it had "too much shootin'"

CULVER

Brewster's Millions, with Eddie Anderson (Rochester), was banned only by Memphis

CULVER

Jazz is a Dixieland tradition, but movies with Louis Armstrong are cut

Censor Binford snips out the movie sequences in which Lena Horne makes an appearance

CULVER

Destry Rides Again managed to incur the wrath of censors for "too much gunplay"

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SUMMER NIGHT

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

They needed each other, not because of what they were, but because of what they were not. Most of all, they needed to be in love

THE three cars were the flashiest convertibles the boys had been able to borrow. The boys themselves wore sport jackets and porkpie hats from the Campus Swankery. Walter, in his plain tan gabardine, was a starling among bright orioles and jays. He knew he looked anything but the gay young troubadour, and he knew his conversation was rustic compared with the others. The Amanda College Glee Club took its yearly trip when school closed for the summer, and its regular accompanist had had to hurry home to work on his father's farm. That was the only reason Walter had been asked along on the three-week tour.

But the fellows were kind to him, if a little patronizing, and he was enjoying every minute. Walter had a vast sum of affection in his young heart, and as the scarlet convertible whisked along behind the car ahead, he wished there were some way he could show them how pleased he was to be with them. "What if people along the roads do think we're a bunch of whooping idiots?" he asked himself. "I just wish I knew how to let myself go and enjoy myself, the way the others do."

Unfortunately, it was at this moment that he felt the dizziness coming on again. He fought it, resting his head against the cushion and closing his eyes. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to get out," he murmured, reluctant and ashamed. Nobody heard him. He was forced to repeat it.

Beside him, Ted Gillespie, who had a football letter in addition to his fine bass voice, roared, "Pull off the road. Hey, pull over! Walter's sick."

And sick he was, in the merciless light of the summer noon, before a bored audience. "I'm sorry. I don't know what does it to me," he apologized as he clambered weakly back into the car. Everybody assured him it was all right. Ted Gillespie, covering him with a camel's-hair coat the size of a blanket, told him to lie back and sleep, and, grateful for the intention, he accepted the coat in spite of the day's heat. "Damn it, you know curves make him shoot his lunch," Ted growled at little Artie Detweiler, who was driving. "Take 'em slow, now, will you?"

"I can't read minds," Artie said. "Especially where the said minds do not exist." Artie dreamed of becoming a master of ceremonies in a night club.

They got to Whitewater early in the afternoon. Nearly all of the club's shows had been given in villages—tiny clusters of white houses bobbing on the long green swells of the Kansas prairie like lost gulls far at sea. People had driven in to them from farms twenty and thirty miles away. The yearly visits of the club gave them the only music they heard which did not come out of a loud-speaker. But Whitewater was a city of twenty thousand. Everybody was looking ahead to Whitewater. There was to be a party of some kind for the club after the performance in the evening.

". . . And we'll be married right away," he said. "See? Everything is going to work out just the way we hope it will. Now may I kiss you again?"

The party started before the performance, as it turned out. The boys had barely unpacked their bags in their rooms at the hotel and taken their showers when a meaty, sweating alumnus appeared, shouting that he was Lyman V. O'Connor, damn it, and how was the old school? He was of the indeterminate age of all old grads, somewhere between forty and seventy. And, like all old grads, he gave the impression that he was a millionaire who lived exclusively on whisky and supported six gorgeous blond mistresses.

Walter distrusted such men—with their fancy shoes and their false, hoarse laughter—on sight. To him, they were Ted Gillespies grown coarse and greedy instead of mature with time. All the other boys accepted O'Connor, however, or appeared to, and when they heard what he had planned for them, they beamed.

"Now, you guys dress yourselves up and come down to the lounge around four o'clock," said Mr. O'Connor. "I couldn't manage to dig up dates for all seventeen of you, but I've got a dozen of the prettiest bims in the county all set. Twelve, count 'em, twelve!" "Bims" was evidently a word left over from his own college days. "Yes, sir. You'll meet 'em here at the hotel this afternoon. They'll be at the show at the high-school auditorium tonight. After the show we're all going out to my farm and dance. We got a hot little band in Whitewater and I've hired 'em to play till 4 A.M. How does it sound, men?"

It sounded wonderful, even to Walter. But in the late afternoon, when his three roommates were at last done with combing their hair, he humbly wished them luck and seated himself at the window, opening the bulky textbook which was the sole piece of printed matter in the club's entire mound of luggage.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Ted in his deep voice. "Are you sick?"

"No," said Walter, "but . . ." But girls do not like rusty-feathered starlings.

"Listen, you can learn a hell of a lot more anatomy this way than you can out of a book, and it's healthier. Come on, Doc—up off your royal tail!"

"But you heard him say," Walter protested, "there aren't enough girls to go around."

"What are you afraid of—competition?" Ted said.

"My suit's rumpled." He had only the tan gabardine.

"We must have some other damned midget in the old glue club. Artie, you're his size."

"There is no need to be insulting, gentlemen," said Artie. "Here, Walter, you can wear my plaid jacket. All you had to do was ask for it. I can't read minds."

Walter put on the jacket, which was a size too large. "Thanks, Artie. I feel mighty sharp," he said; and he went unsurely, excitedly downstairs with the veterans.

In their crisp summer dresses, the girls were as pretty, as fragrant and as mysterious as—well, as flowers. They were a trifle haughty at first, because they were scared; but with more than enough men to go around, they soon came to life. It was fascinating to watch the pairing off into couples. Big, awkward Ted, who loved quantities of food, chose a big, awkward blond girl whose father owned a grocery. Quick, nervous little Artie hovered like a hummingbird before a quick, nervous little brunette. "This is good material for a term paper on the psychology of mating," Walter remarked to himself. Who was his mate? He did not have one. He never had one.

BUT it was not true; not this time. There was one girl in the room for him; he had known it the instant he stepped through the double doorway. Her name was Lenore. He had a poor memory for names but he had caught hers. Standing against the wall, with his arms folded across Artie's jacket and a fixed grin on his face, pretending he had just left one group and was on his way to join another by urgent popular demand, Walter gazed at Lenore across the lounge.

Handsome Charlie Merritt, the Boy Apollo, had his beautiful straight nose almost in her ear, the conceited moron! Charlie was not conceited, nor was he a moron. "I'm just jealous because I'm not so good-looking," Walter admitted. "What am I afraid of—competition? You bet I'm afraid of competition! I'm afraid Charlie will say something to humiliate me." But, his mouth dry, his ears red, he strode across the infinite mile of green carpet.

"Hello, Walter," said Lenore. Smiling, she patted the black chintz cushion beside her with its pattern of giant magnolia blossoms. "Sit down."

"You remembered my name," he said.

"Of course. Why shouldn't I?"

"I don't know. I didn't think you would."

"I did."

Charlie Merritt's handsome head was turning from left to right like that of a man watching a tennis match. He looked incredulous, then amused. "Pardon me for casting a shadow," he said, and walked away.

Lenore had the small hands of a child. One resting on the other, in marble *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

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The Kentucky Derby's BILL

The genial sports writer who named it "The Run for the Roses" becomes impresario of the racing classic

THIS one is about the highly improbably named Martene Windsor Corum, more usually called Bill, who was born in a place named Speed, Missouri, just short of the turn of the century, and took the whole thing seriously.

He has been living at a slightly breath-taking clip since then, and, having successfully set fire to a great number of candles at both ends, now moves on to take charge of the greatest horse race we have to offer—the Kentucky Derby. Not since water first found its level has there been a more natural sequence.

Bill is an almost unique figure in the annals of the toy departments of U.S. newspapers, the sports pages. Even his contemporaries like him. More, he is one sports writer to whom the promoters, Warwicks and other leaders of the vast and wonderful nonsense have turned for counsel and comfort almost from the time he hit New York.

When his good friend Rodney Boone, the advertising executive, died of a heart attack nearly a decade ago, with $700 coming to him from the last race of his long and memorable betting career, the bookie paid the money to Corum. It seemed the thing to do. The passing of Boone led some of their mutual friends to remark to Bill that Rod at least died happy, what with the track's money coming to him—a situation which the late Damon Runyon had assured one and all could not happen to a horse player. Corum dissented sadly, and for reasons which pretty well explain the man. Corum mourned not only the untimely departure of a good pal but also the fact that Rod died before he could spend the money.

Corum won't die before he spends *his* money. He has an endearing and enduring philosophy, expressed in one of his patented combination country-boy-and-city-slicker sayings.

It goes, "I don't want to be a millionaire. I just want to live like one."

Boone's bookie was just one of an endless stream of persons who found their way to Bill's wonderfully rumpled quarters in New York's Chatham Hotel.

Before Babe Ruth cashed in his chips with the Yankees and went on to the unhappy clover of the Boston Braves, he talked it over with Corum. So did the late Bob Hannegan, before he bought the St. Louis Cardinals. So did Larry MacPhail before he and Dan Topping and Del Webb bought the Yankees. So did Leo Durocher before he spun the baseball world on its ear by moving from the Dodgers to the team he despised ostentatiously, the Giants.

Just one week before Matt Winn died at the age of 88 he said he guessed it was time to call for Bill. The old Colonel had really called it a career late one afternoon last May at his ancient and pretty wondrous race track, Churchill Downs, when he helped to hoist a blanket of roses to the quivering shoulders of Warren Wright's Ponder. It was Matt's 75th Kentucky Derby. He knew he had had it, and liked what he had had. He knew that even if he lived up to the 76th Derby—the one coming up now—he'd need a stand-in.

Winn's friend and associate, Stanley Hugenberg, put in the call for Bill and reached him at the Park Lane Hotel, to which he had but recently transferred the fine disarray of his old Chatham suite. He asked Bill to fly to Louisville to talk things over. But Corum said to hell with it.

Or, rather, to heck with it. For Bill is a mild-spoken man.

"I can't come unless the old gentleman sends for me himself," he said. "And I certainly won't stand around there as long as he's living."

Hugenberg said, "Okay, if that's the way you want it. But can we call you if the old fellow doesn't live?"

Bill said sure, and then sent along his endorsement of two other men for the job—Brownie Leach, who had been doing publicity for the Derby for a number of years, and Thomas R. Underwood, editor of the Lexington Herald.

Winn's subsequent death constituted a serious business blow to the board of directors of Churchill Downs. A five-man committee of directors was named to find a successor: William Veeneman, chairman; Stanley F. Hugenberg, Judge Charles I. Dawson, hotel man I. Graham Brown and one of Winn's sons-in-law, Louis J. Herrmann.

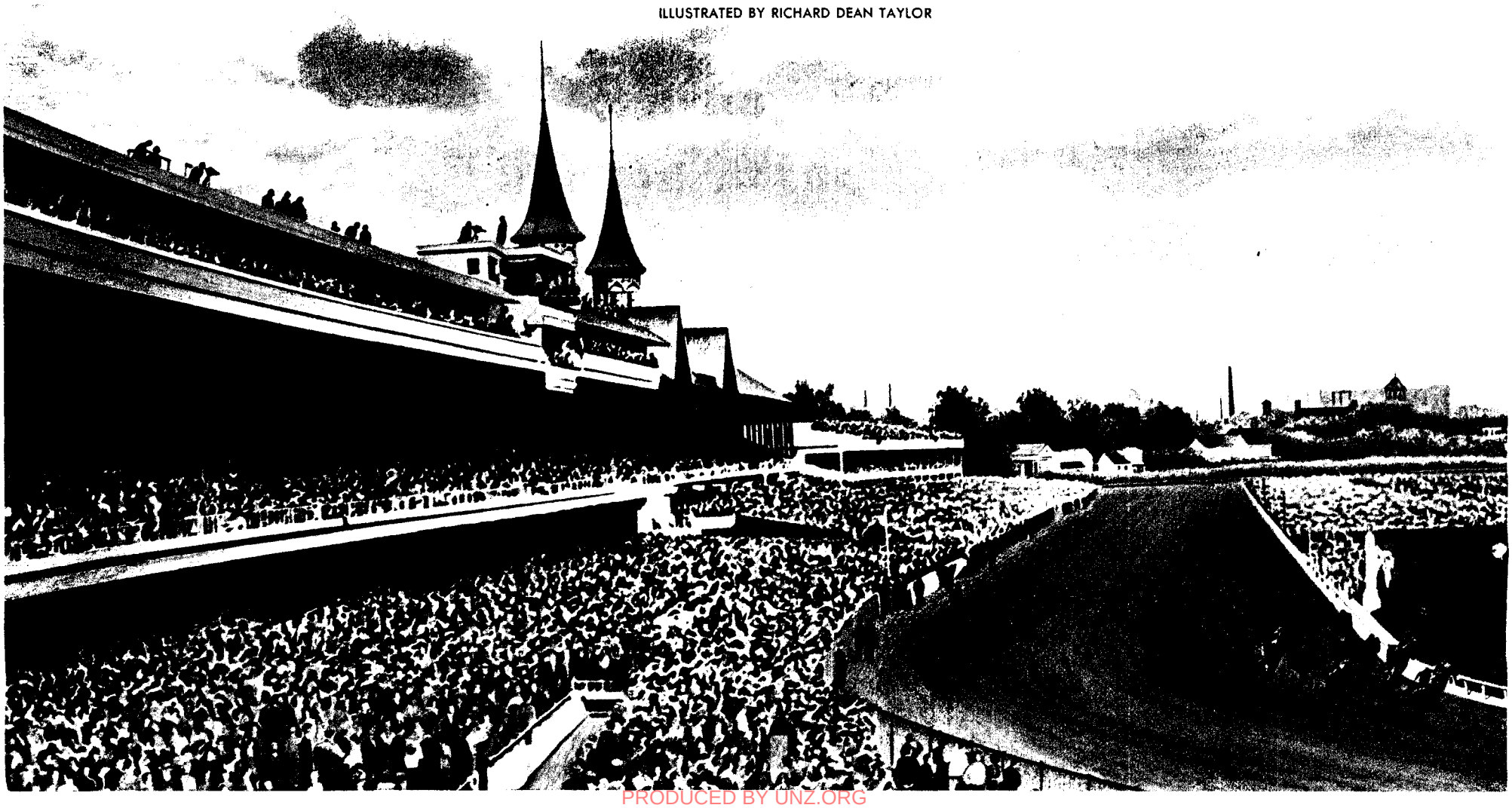
From a fiscal standpoint as well as from a sentimental one, it was their duty to see to it that the glamor of the Derby did not pass with the death of the man who had nurtured it into America's top race. Winn, a merchant tailor who had been a loud amateur supporter of the Derby since he saw Aristides win the first of these events in 1875, had saved Churchill Downs and the race in 1902 by raising $40,000 to keep both from going down the drain. After World War I, he had built up the race's purses until it reached the $100,000 added classification. And he had built it as a spectacle until it was drawing close to 100,000 customers each Derby Day with incalculable (and never released) profits for all concerned. Plainly, they needed a quick, competent substitute.

Plainly, they needed Bill Corum, the man who had coined the Derby's choicest subtitle, "The Run for the Roses," and had been writing sincerely rapturous copy out of Churchill Downs for 25 years.

Getting him was a different matter. Corum's $40,000-a-year contract with the New York Journal-American does not expire until next November. His equally binding $30,000-a-year contract with Gillette, to do the "color" on its fight broadcasts, does not end until September.

With Veeneman doing the talking, the five-man board offered Bill the Colonel's old post as president of the company which controls the track, and a five-year contract at the Colonel's old wage—$50,000 a year, plus an almost boundless expense

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD DEAN TAYLOR



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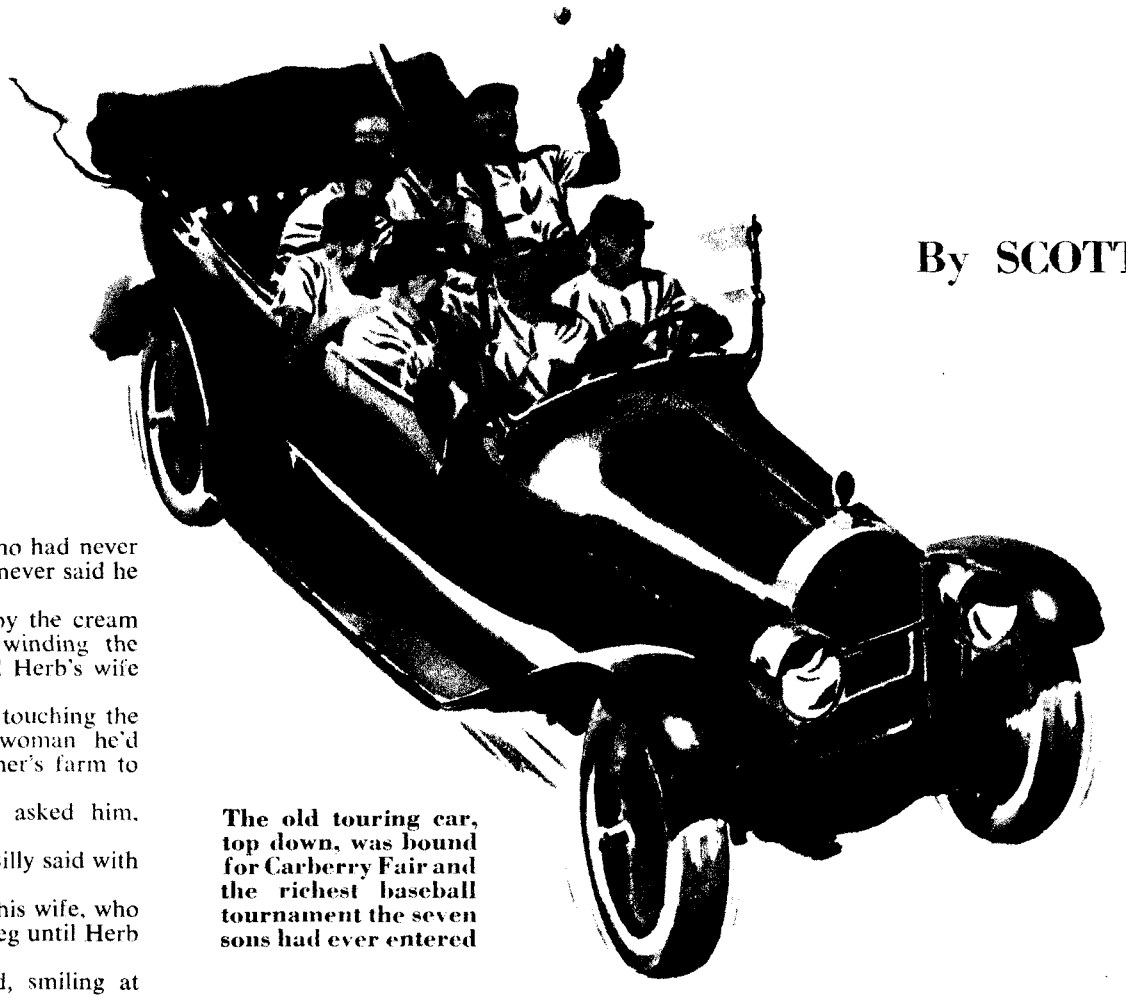
TEAM

By SCOTT YOUNG



The old touring car, top down, was bound for Carberry Fair and the richest baseball tournament the seven sons had ever entered

in an argument with the Old Man, who had never played baseball himself and who had never said he approved his sons' playing it.

The boys lined up the milk pails by the cream separator, where Billy's wife was winding the handle to get the machine going and Herb's wife stood by to pour in the first pail.

"Good morning, wife," said Billy, touching the shoulder of the small fair-haired woman he'd brought ten miles from her own father's farm to be his bride.

"Was that the boy crying?" she asked him, searching his face.

"Stubbed his toe on his grandpa," Billy said with a grin.

"Morning, Beatrice," said Herb to his wife, who had been a schoolteacher at Indian Leg until Herb took her away from all that.

"Morning, Herbert," Beatrice said, smiling at him fondly.

The sons passed through the milk shed to the huge kitchen where Mary, the mother, black-haired and black-eyed and handsome, stood over the range. As her sons pumped water into the kitchen basin, washed, then filed to the long oilcloth-covered table, she poured oatmeal into the plates in front of them. They poured cool milk from jugs on it and sweetened it with coarse brown sugar, and buttered fresh white bread to eat along with it.

THE Old Man came in and, without a word, began to eat. The mother placed a platter of fried eggs alongside another of fresh pork chops and brought a bowl of boiled eggs for Hughie and Matt, who liked them better boiled. Some of the men had one egg, some had five. At the end, they ate a lot more fresh white bread and butter and drank coffee and spooned preserved saskatoon berries into fruit dishes to finish off their breakfast.

There was still little talk as they changed, upstairs, into their baseball uniforms, bought from the catalogue with prize money they'd won in the first of three victories in small tournaments last year. Before that, they had played in their overalls. Carrying their baseball shoes, they went down the back stairs through the kitchen. Their mother kissed each as he passed, and each kissed her and hugged her in return.

"Be careful, now, Herbert," she instructed her eldest. "You'll break my ribs, Perce. Milton, you look after young Nelson. I don't know that he should be going out so often. This playing ball—"

"Heck, Maw," Nels said. "They want me."

"Sixteen's old enough," Billy said. "Anyhow, who'd catch?"

Matt, who had been a company sergeant major in the war just past, the one which ended in 1918, said, "We'll be all right, Mother. Don't you worry."

The talk so far had not included the Old Man, who sat in an old black leather rocker and rattled his copy of the Free Press Prairie Farmer, glaring into its pages as if he had suddenly sighted an old enemy.

But finally Hughie brought the Old Man into it. He put the dipper back into the water pail and stepped up to his father and grabbed one hand away from the paper and said in his high drawl, "Farewell, fair friend, we go but to return," and while the seven boys and their mother laughed at Hughie's audacity, the Old Man let Hughie pump his hand and even let out a dry chuckle or two himself. But the Old Man was professionally ornery and he didn't like being forced into looking otherwise, although Hughie could always make him laugh. He didn't go out with the mother and the daughters-in-law when they stood on the back porch and waved good-by as the old touring car, top down, circled the barnyard and wheeled down the leafy lane, bound for the Carberry Fair and the richest baseball tournament the seven sons had ever entered.

On a corner a mile away, they picked up Jack Whitman, who was forty-two years old. He wore his baseball cap backward and morosely clutched a catcher's mitt in his right hand. He was the first baseman. He climbed up behind the back seat and sat on the rolled-down top cover. Two miles farther on, they waited for Oxford Anderson to run down the lane from his father's farm. Oxford, known as Fangs because of the remarkable shape of his teeth, was excited as he climbed up beside Whitman, full of the rumor that for this baseball tournament today Carberry's ball club was so interested in the one thousand dollars first money that it had brought in six players from the semipro Minot Colts.

"Say," said Billy, "if they've brought in anybody they've probably brought in that catcher, Agnew. They say he's something to watch."

"Somebody was sayin' on that team we beat in the final at Cypress River that they'd played against him and he's an awful mean-mouthed man," said Hughie.

"Used to be in organized ball, I heard," Anderson said. "Got tossed out for something he done in a training camp, something like that."

They talked about Agnew as they rolled north toward the river. Nels, squeezed between Matt and Milt in the front seat, said, "He better not try anything on us."

Matt laughed, looking down fondly at the youngest brother, squeezing the boy's solid shoulder with one hand. "Don't get too tough, there, Junior," he said.

There was a short silence until Hughie called from the back. "Nice of the Old Man to give us his usual blessing when we took off this morning."

His brothers laughed. Whitman made one of his infrequent contributions to the conversation. "Guess old John doesn't like it too much, you boys going off to play ball."

"Heck," Milt called back. "I don't think he really minds so much. One time Herb hit a homer, over there at Cypress, the Old Man jumped right up in the air."

"I saw him," Hughie said. "But he came down awful fast and tried to look as if he hadn't done a thing."

"It's just Father's way," Herb said.

Perce said, "It just galls him to think anything's happened in this family that he hasn't done all by himself."

Billy laughed. "Well, not many men in the country have sired seven parts of a baseball team, at that."

Milt, driving, was the only one silent, piloting the cumbersome car over the first sandy ruts of the river hills. He was always the only one of the seven who worried, and that's why his father let him drive.

He reflected now that each one of them had something the Old Man particularly let him do—he lets me drive, he laughs at Hughie when it seems nothing can make him laugh, he respects Matt because Matt was the only one of the four of us in the Army who got past being a private, he gives Herb most responsibility because Herb is the oldest, he lets Perce do the bookwork on the farm because nobody can do it as well, and he always takes Billy along any time he makes a deal because Billy can deal the pulpit right out from under a preacher when he sets his mind to it. And he seems to have chosen Nels as the one who'll keep on at school, all the way through, something he never gave the others a chance to do.

MILT rolled the high-wheeled car down the steep sand track to the ferry. The sleepy ferryman came out of his hut and shoved off, and the current took the cable-held raft across.

The ferryman didn't even ask where they were going. He knew.

"Hope you win, boys," he said, as they hit the other shore. "But with that Carberry team packed I don't suppose you will."

They had to pile out to push the car up the bank of the river, and then they were bowling along on the dry dirt road, and at nine in the morning they drove through the shady streets of Carberry to the fairgrounds and Milt laid the twenty-five-dollar entry fee on the line.

"Say," Milt said to the fat, friendly man who was taking the money, "is it true that Carberry hired six men from Minot for this tournament?"

"No," the man said.

"Well, good," said Hughie.

"They only hired five," the fat man said, laughing. "Battery and three infielders." Some others around the entry tent laughed, too, looking at this baseball team.

"Don't need to worry about Carberry unless you're drawed agin us first," a man said. "You probably won't last more'n one draw."

"Hey," said another, pointing at Nels, "ain't there no age limit in this tournament?"

Milt spoke back to him, mildly. "That boy's my brother," he said. "I don't like to hear any kidding of him, since he's the best catcher you'll see in this tournament."

All the loiterers laughed at that. "With Agnew, from Minot, catching, you say that kid is the best in the tournament?"

"I say it," Milt said. He *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

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Charlie likes the ladies, but this is a little too much. For the doll Bergen is making up may shove the high-riding Charlie into the background

Woman Trouble in CHARLIE

More about THE DOUBLE LIFE OF EDGAR BERGEN

Charlie McCarthy was created by Edgar Bergen, but Charlie acts as if it had been vice versa. In fact, the flip, brash woodenhead has become far better known than the ventriloquist. And Bergen doesn't like that. But the strutting, scene-stealing days of the monocled moppet may be in their twilight. For Bergen has originated a new puppet—which may mow even Charlie down

SOMEWHERE in Hollywood—the exact location is a secret—is the limp body of a nameless young girl. Her head, with the flowing blond hair carefully combed, and with the cheeks skillfully rouged, has been removed from her body and placed in a guarded vault. If the police had any description of the decapitated maiden—which they haven't—it would merely state that she was pretty, about five feet tall, and perhaps twenty years old, and that she talked with a Southern drawl.

All these facts suggest that a crime has already been committed, complete with corpus delicti. But actually it is only a murder in the wishful-thinking stage. The intended victim would be Charlie McCarthy. The perpetrator is, or may be, Edgar Bergen, and the instrument will be the afore-mentioned girl, a life-size plastic doll who will not only replace Charlie on Bergen's knee in a projected television show, but may move cozily and permanently into his lap. Thus by indirection, even if no violence took place, Charlie would be kaput as surely as though he had been sent to the sawmill.

Some 50 years ago the novelist Arthur Conan Doyle, finding his life unpleasantly dominated by Sherlock Holmes, deliberately destroyed him by writing a story in which the great detective plunged to death from an alpine cliff. To his consternation, Doyle was excoriated by thousands of readers, who demanded that Holmes be brought back to life. After years of such abuse, Doyle reluctantly yielded and the immortal sleuth was resurrected.

Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist, finds himself in a similar dilemma with the remarkable dummy he spawned years ago. On the one hand there is a gay, irrepressible Charlie, through whom, by some strange alchemy, the shy and pallid Bergen was transformed into a brilliant comedian earning close to half a million dollars a year. On the other hand there is an imperious and dominating Charlie, whose almost-human personality has so eclipsed his creator that Bergen cannot function as an artist alone. "Charlie is famous," says Bergen glumly, "and I am the forgotten man."

Under the circumstances it is a moot question whether Bergen can abandon Charlie, temporarily or forever, for the blond inamorata who will emerge from her vault later this year. She will have gowns by Adrian, make-up by Max Factor, and a control mechanism so ingenious she will even be able to dance with her master.

The whole project, a top secret in the Bergen laboratories, is viewed with skepticism by radio historians, mainly because they have seen Bergen work on other futile plots involving Charlie's demise. Mortimer Snerd and Effie Klinker, for instance, were brought into the Bergen ménage to compete with Charlie, but Charlie mowed 'em down. Bergen has tried movie acting without Charlie, and has spent hours perfecting his talents as a magician merely to show he can entertain people without the sassy leprechaun on his knee.

But Charlie is ubiquitous and indestructible because he is really Bergen's subconscious, and would exist even if there were no wooden figure to give him shape and substance. Bergen himself, even as he whets the guillotine, is dubious about any plans for snuffing out Charlie. "I'm afraid people won't let me kill him," he says in troubled tones. "If I threaten to do it, as I have before, they protest. I guess murdering Charlie would be like killing Santa Claus, or the Easter rabbit." Indeed, aside from any possible psychological scars, disposing of Charlie would be a formidable undertaking because

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Effie Klinker and Mortimer Snerd were created to take the arrogant Charlie down a peg

McCARTHY'S Future

By DEAN JENNINGS

Bergen and his associates have successfully maintained the elaborate fiction that the goggle-eyed dummy is alive, and the consequences might be cataclysmic in more ways than one.

Charlie's wardrobe alone would present a problem. He owns more than 100 complete suits and uniforms, made to order at about $100 each. They hang in a locked closet at Bergen's office on Sunset Boulevard, and offer such a wide choice that Charlie can in a twinkling become Boy Scout, pilgrim, fire chief, Foreign Legionnaire, cowboy, sailor, soldier, Marine, aviator, Beau Brummel, jockey, sportsman, movie director, George Washington or—oddly enough—Sherlock Holmes.

He owns dozens of dress shirts, studs, collars (size 12), scarves, sport shirts, pajamas and neckties. His silk hats cost $35 each. He wears monogrammed silk shorts, some gifts from palpitating feminine fans. All of his shoes—dozens of pairs—are handmade at $30 a pair. Since Charlie is redhaired—a thatch originally made of crude red cotton fibers but now a sleek Max Factor wig—most of his clothes are yellows and browns.

When Bergen is working a hotel or theater stage in full dress or formal morning wear, Charlie wears duplicate raiment tailored to the last satin stitch. Like many another introvert, Bergen himself compensates with clothes both gawdy and casual, and he has almost as many as Charlie. He is addicted to T-shirts, turtle-neck sweaters, suède vests, yellow ties with hand-painted desert scenes, red suspenders, blue or brown suède shoes, and strabismus-inducing plaid shirts and slacks.

Collier's for May 6, 1950

Some of this garishness rubs off on Charlie and encompasses accessories that verge on the bizarre. Thus Charlie has his own brand of eau de cologne named Timber. He once had a miniature shower bath, and his personal possessions include a peashooter with a telescopic sight, clusters of wood roses, wooden door knockers and music boxes, a tiny parachute, midget furniture, a private supply of bubble gum and stacks of stage money imprinted with his motto, "E Pluribus Mowem Downus."

There are four Charlie McCarthy bodies and a number of spare heads. The extra noggins are strictly stand-ins, attached to Charlie's skinny frame only for publicity pictures, or for situations that involve the slightest risk to the priceless, original head. Bergen is understandably frenetic about Charlie's irreplaceable skull. He will not allow anyone else to paint or repair Charlie's head or viscera. But at the same time he suffers morbidly when he does the work himself.

Bergen is, in fact, thrown by anything that diverges from the normal in his relationship with Charlie. In Sweden last year, for example, Bergen had Charlie talk Swedish as a special tribute to his parents' homeland. The resultant performance plunged him into glum, even though King Gustav later presented him with the Order of Vasa, first class, and sent along a duplicate medal for Charlie.

"It just wasn't the same at all with Charlie talking Swedish," he admitted. Another time a thick-skinned bystander pushed his hand through Charlie's back to feel his innards. Bergen remained dead-pan, but Charlie screamed, "My God! Is nothing sacred?" Bergen shows no such solicitude for Mortimer Snerd, but he fusses with Charlie before every performance, combing his hair and arranging his hat, tie, boutonniere, monocle and handkerchief.

Charlie's stature in Bergen's world is so monumental that if he ever suffers *rigor mortis* it would directly affect 50 families whose sole income is derived from the Bergen radio shows, and several hundred others connected with various Bergen industries, such as the manufacture of Mortimer and Charlie dolls. Considerable apprehension struck these people several years ago when Bergen debarked from a long plane flight at Los Angeles. Charlie was missing.

The news was flashed around the country. Hundreds of airline employees scoured offices, planes and hangars in eight large cities until Charlie turned up alone in San Francisco, where he had been shipped by mistake.

"Well . . ." said Bergen with obvious relief after they were reunited. "You rode past your station, didn't you?"

"Yes," Charlie clucked. "Stupid of you, wasn't it?"

Bergen is also appalled and occasionally humbled by Charlie's influence on the small fry of the nation. If Charlie's allowance (75 cents weekly) is raised, half a million small boys from coast to coast demand a similar increase. The number of innocent bystanders stung by peashooters like Charlie's is incalculable, and no one can estimate what the snapping of Charlie's bubble gum has added to the national noise menace.

As a result of a colossal blunder on a recent show, Bergen is now more careful than ever in sifting his scripts for unintended affronts. Charlie, it seems, was supposed to dance with a thin, freckle-faced girl who had braces on her teeth, and he refused with some choler. There were immediate repercussions. All over the land snaggle-toothed little girls suffered a mortal blow, and those who had freckles were miffed *(Continued on page 72)*

With Bergen as valet, Charlie selects a suit from a wardrobe of 100 costumes at $100 each

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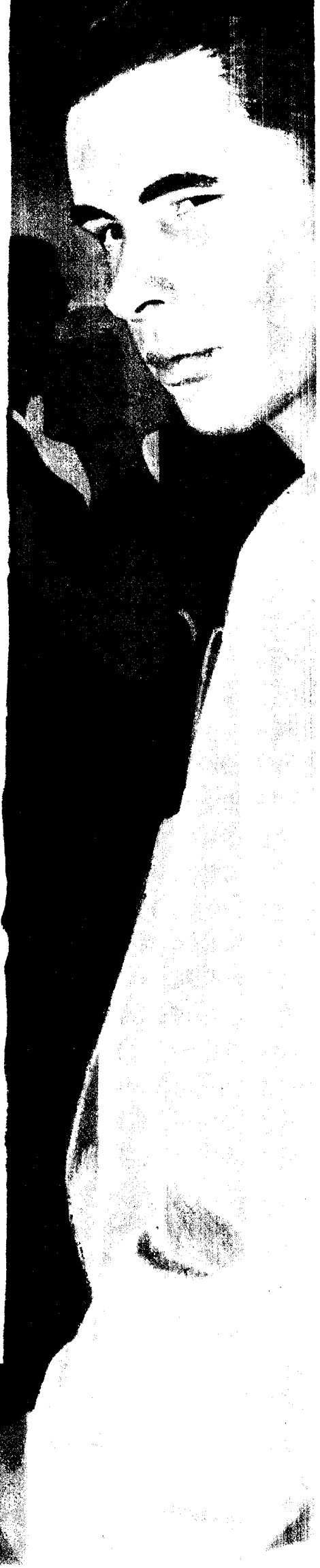
When You Come Home

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

It was an odd kind of job for a drifter like George Alford to take. And as soon as he took it, things happened fast in this town he thought was so slow



The Story: A letter telling him his father was dead brought GEORGE ALFORD back to his home town of Clover, Oklahoma, which he had left ten years before to enlist in the Marines. At the end of the war, George had become a drifter, with no ties and no desire to acquire any. His only purpose in returning to Clover now was to sell the little farm his father had left him and then get away as soon as possible. He had no love for Clover, where he had spent his poverty-stricken childhood; and he felt no grief about his father, who had been the town drunk when George last saw him. Arriving at nightfall in his old jalopy, George met an alluring, coppery-haired woman whom he knew only as HONEY, and he decided cynically that he might have some fun in the home town after all. In a drugstore owned by MR. MORGAN, a crotchety and bad-tempered man, George met SARAH BAILEY, who had been a child when George left Clover, but who was now a beautiful girl discontented with small-town life and greatly attracted to George.

Into the drugstore reeled CHARLEY RAINFALL, a Cherokee Indian who had been George's boyhood friend and who had once saved his life when they were Marines together in the Pacific. Charley was drunk and belligerent, and Morgan, the druggist, sent for a deputy sheriff in the near-by town of Osage Springs, demanding that Charley be jailed for disorderly conduct. Clover had no law officer of its own. George insisted that he would take care of Charley. HARMON DAVIS, mayor of Clover and owner of a hardware store, persuaded the deputy not to arrest Charley.

Drunkenly, Charley tried to slug George, who knocked his friend out and then drove him in the jalopy out to the shack where the Indian lived with his aged father. Sarah went along for the ride; later at the café owned by Sarah's father, ROY BAILEY, George learned that JUD CLYMER, who had been a boyhood pal of his and Charley's, was a fugitive from the law, as a holdup man, killer and jail-breaker. Leaving the café, George drove out to a tourist cabin and went to bed. In his weariness he forgot to lock his car, which contained his War Bonds, and an uncashed check.

II

IT WAS cloudy and windy and cool when I woke up, and the jalopy was still there. I shaved and showered and put on clean khakis. I went out to the car and dug my slicker out of the gear in the back seat and put it on. I drove downtown and had breakfast at the café, seeing neither Roy nor Sarah there, and afterward I went to see the lawyer, Welty, whose office was over the drugstore.

At first I didn't dislike him. It took a few minutes, although he was immediately obsequious and pompous, and had to wring my hand and express his heartfelt condolences before he could get down to business. My father had left a will, which surprised me. I was almost astounded to learn that he'd belonged to a burial association which had paid his funeral expenses. I decided there were probably a lot of things I didn't know about my father, but I wasn't exactly anxious to fill in the gaps. Welty said he assumed the farm was all clear and all mine now, but I thought I'd be wise to check at the bank before I swallowed that one.

And then he mentioned his fee, and it staggered me somewhat. He was a plump man with cold eyes, and I guess he had to eat, although I can't imagine why. He got all the money in my billfold plus some from my pocket, leaving me with a few coins to jingle. But what made me begin actively disliking him was that he had the audacity to express his deep and heartfelt condolences again.

I went down to the street, and the sun was trying to get through the overcast. I stood on the curb and looked at the town. It wasn't a cold day, but the damp wind lifted grime and papers from the gutter and swirled them across the sidewalk, and I felt a deep and heartfelt sympathy for the town of Clover. For its ugly brick and stone and frame buildings, its trashy, weedy alleys, its frowsy trees, its rough brick-cobbled streets. But mostly I felt sorry for its people—its poor, trapped population.

Standing there in the gusts of wind and windborne refuse, I ached a little for the people of Clover who were too drearily hopeless, or complacent, to escape. As I had escaped. I thought that most of them had probably never lived anywhere else.

Once I'd envied the townfolk of Clover because I lived on a neglected farm in a shabby house with a drunken stranger who was legally, and by blood relationship, my father. I'd felt then that Cloverites enjoyed all the luxuries of life. They dwelt in walking distance of Richard Dix and Tim McCoy, and the drugstore in which I never spent any money because I never had any money to spend, and the clothing stores where a high-school kid could get to look pretty sharp—I wore overalls to school, and they usually weren't very new or very clean—and maybe most of all because they had neighbors right next door to talk to, any time they felt like talking.

But now I thought: Poor, dull little souls.

At the bank, a pleasant-faced old man I'd always been awed by told me that so far as he knew the farm was clear of obligations. The bank had held a mortgage, but it had been *(Continued on page 36)*

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TRAFFIC NIGHTMARE

By BILL DAVIDSON and FRANK D. MORRIS

Los Angeles, with more cars than New York, struggles with a mammoth problem. But the great city of the West is tackling it in a big way—and is making progress

The Problem Is National

In what has been called the Golden Automobile Age, one out of every five Americans owns a car. The pleasure and convenience we enjoy as a result are envied throughout the world. But the Golden Automobile Age has brought problems which we must solve. One of them is traffic congestion so serious that some of our cities are being almost literally strangled. In Los Angeles, for example, 40,000 automobiles crowd into the small downtown business section every day. That's as many cars as there are in the most publicized annual traffic jam in the world—the Rose Bowl game. Because most of our large cities have similar problems, Collier's sent Associate Editors Bill Davidson and Frank D. Morris on a 50,000-mile trip to study traffic congestion and the steps being taken to lessen it. This report on Los Angeles shows that the city is attacking the problem with its usual vigor and ingenuity

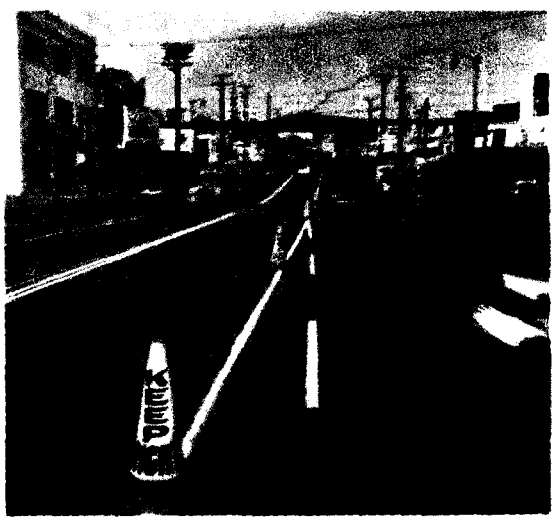
A FEW months ago, a poll in Los Angeles indicated that the residents of that great city were most excited about these items, in the following order: (a) Ingrid Bergman, (b) unemployment, (c) water shortage, (d) juvenile delinquency, (e) traffic, (f) earthquake and (g) whether or not Rita Hayworth would remain married to Aly Khan.

Traffic engineers were impressed by the inclusion of "traffic" and "earthquake" on this list, because these two items in combination make up the traffic engineer's most horrific nightmare. The nightmare goes like this: Someday, at the height of Los Angeles' never-ending traffic jam, the area is struck with a tremor like that of March 10, 1933. Four million Angelenos jump into their cars and head for open country. The traffic engineer's nightmare is made more horrible by his knowledge that there are a few key spots where *one* blocked vehicle can start a chain reaction and tie up every street in downtown Los Angeles; and in a matter of minutes, this happens. Soon the center of the city is a solid mass of stalled, immovable, horn-blowing vehicles.

But that isn't all. The automobiles in the outskirts rush for the area's six exits. Most of the exits don't go anywhere, and these cars, too, become stalled in the waterless, gasolineless desert. Blocked vehicles pile up behind them until you can walk across the tops of cars from Palm Springs to Beverly Hills. Then—in the traffic engineer's nightmare—it is impossible to move ambulances and fire trucks through the city to aid the victims of the earthquake.

All this will give you some idea of the enormity of Los Angeles' traffic problem. It is so great there are many reminders that the nightmare can become reality. One afternoon in 1937, for example, a two-car trolley train turned off Hill Street into its terminal, and became entangled with another streetcar and a double-parked delivery truck.

Before the cop on the corner could blow his whistle, *this single group of vehicles* had caused stalled traffic to backlash down Fourth and Fifth Streets; and in a few minutes, the entire downtown section of the city was a tangle of blocked, horn-blowing cars—just as in the nightmare. It took until midnight for the police to untie the snarl, during which several hospital cases had to be carried out of the area on stretchers. Los Angeles' able City Traffic Engineer Ralph T. Dorsey still mops his brow when he thinks of that afternoon. "If there had been a fire downtown during that jam," he says, "we might have had a major disaster on our hands." *(Continued on page 70)*



Portable markers are shifted to increase number of lanes just before flow gets heavy in single direction

Traffic engineer's dream: Crenshaw, a new shopping center, has its own four-lane highway which leads to parking lots for thousands of cars. Some shoppers drive 15 miles to Crenshaw rather than buck the traffic snarl in other areas

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—and a Promise

Twilight in Los Angeles: Red lights are on autos moving along the Arroyo Seco Freeway. The tower is the Los Angeles city hall

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LAST DAYS OF TOJO

By DR. SHINSHO HANAYAMA

The Buddhist priest who attended Japan's war premier reveals that he found solace in religion—and a new understanding of the beauty of life—before he was hanged

IT WAS one day near the end of January, 1946, that I first heard from a friend the rumor that the American authorities at Sugamo Prison had requested the Japanese government to find a Buddhist priest who could serve there as chaplain.

A few days later, I appeared at the prison with my personal history typed in English and was given an appointment to see Colonel Hardy, the commanding officer. The interview was satisfactory, and I was told to start my service from the following week.

For three years, in the war criminals' detention camp, I was to come in daily contact with my condemned fellow countrymen. There, under the shadow of the gallows, I was to become the intimate "father confessor" of famous men whom I should not, in other circumstances, have been likely to meet.

Needless to say, as a student and priest of Japanese Buddhism, I have no political ax to grind. Far be it from me to glorify the discredited apostles of militarism. By training and natural inclination, I belong to the other side.

I learned that the following circumstances had led to the appointment of a Buddhist chaplain.

Upon investigating the religious affiliations of the prisoners, the prison authorities discovered that 90 per cent were Buddhists. They needed a Buddhist priest because they themselves knew nothing about Buddhism. They were "on the spot," as American slang has it, because they had allowed the prisoners to choose their faith in accordance with the principle of religious freedom.

The Japanese authorities were greatly embarrassed by the request, since they had never before concerned themselves with religion. I felt that here was evident a defect in our national character and way of living.

A striking contrast was offered in a copy of the New Testament and Psalms which the Protestant chaplain, Captain Paul R. Bourns, gave me. On the first page was an inscription signed "Franklin D. Roosevelt, January 25, 1941." It read in part:

"As commander in chief I take pleasure in commending the reading of the Bible to all who serve in the armed forces of the United States."

ACME

Prime Minister Hideki Tojo

The act of the President in officially making this recommendation to think on spiritual things filled me with admiration. How many of *our* supreme commanders had taught their subordinates the importance of having religious faith? In this point alone it can be said that we were beaten before we started.

Permission was given me to procure a Buddhist altar and other necessary articles. I investigated and found that such things had already been used in the hall when under Japanese management, but that they had been removed.

So together with some American soldiers and two Japanese employees, I went to get them. Having disassembled the statue and the big altar and loaded them on our truck, we returned to Sugamo about three o'clock in the afternoon.

I could not help feeling grateful for the delicate handling of the altar, by one young American G.I. in particular, and looked into his face with admiration, though it was a sulky one in outward appearance.

The unloading of course drew a curious crowd, which made various comments.

"Maybe someone is going to be executed."

"Somebody has died, perhaps."

"No, that's a portable shrine."

Such whispers made me sad, for they illustrated the common people's lack of sincere interest in religion. Occurring immediately after the American G.I., who must be a Christian—that is, a heretic to us—had shown such unusual care for the altar, the incident made me feel all the more miserable.

Lieutenant Francis P. Scott, the Catholic chaplain at Sugamo, was astonished to find the altar much bigger than he had expected.

"It won't be so big when it is reassembled," I said.

But another thing embarrassed me. A cross and a holy Christian statue for the use of American soldiers stood where originally the Buddhist altar had been.

"As the altar was on this spot before, I wondered if the cross couldn't be moved somewhere else," I asked.

My request was denied and I didn't blame them. But when I entered the room for my next service, I was surprised to find that the cross had been shifted during my absence.

This sort of thing is always difficult for believers in different religions. It must have been especially so for the Americans, under the existing circumstances. I, of a different faith, could not help feeling grateful for their generosity.

On February 28th, I appeared at the chaplain's office on the second floor at Sugamo. There Chaplain Scott led me into the adjoining hall, which the Americans had been using as a Christian chapel. It was a big room, over 40 feet long and more than 35 feet wide. The Buddhist *(Continued on page 57)*

Dr. Shinsho Hanayama

In the months before punishment was meted out to the notorious Tojo, Japan's wartime premier, and to his fellow Japanese war criminals, their Western captors granted them the inalienable privilege of the condemned: spiritual sustenance by a chaplain of their own faith.

Collier's here presents the remarkable story of the last days of Tojo at Sugamo Prison, near Tokyo, as told by that chaplain himself, Dr. Shinsho Hanayama, a Japanese Buddhist priest. Extracted from his forthcoming book, The Way of Deliverance, to be published by Scribner's, it offers stirring testimony to the ability of men of faith, however different, to rise above the passions of war. For Dr. Hanayama's work could not have been possible without the help of two American chaplains at Sugamo, Paul R. Bourns, a Protestant, and Francis P. Scott, a Catholic.

Bourns, now a major in the Organized Reserve Corps living in California, says: "Everything I knew about Dr. Hanayama leads me to think that what he writes is born out of a genuine devotion to the cause to which he gave himself." Scott, a captain still active as chaplain at the Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, recalls: "Many was the time, while watching from the rear of the prison chapel, with the idol obscured by the clouds of incense burning before it, that I reflected upon the incongruity of it all. Here I was, an American Catholic chaplain, setting a Buddhist priest 'up in business,' so to speak. My Irish ancestors must have turned over in their graves! Through the good offices of Dr. Hanayama, however, we were able to bring to the prisoners a measure of peace before they walked the last mile."

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Patsy had fought often, for money and for pleasure.
He'd never been in this kind of fight before—but
then Patsy had never been a father before, either

A Sucker for Babies

By JACK WEEKS

PATSY VITALE walked into Sheehan's place on Second Avenue, whistling, clenching his fists softly, moving his shoulders slightly, feeling good. There were only a couple of people at the bar and Sheehan was glad to see him.

"Hello, champ," Sheehan said.

"Never mind the champ," Patsy said. He was a long way from being the champ yet and he knew it.

Without asking, Sheehan reached for the bar whisky.

"How do you know I want that?" Patsy said.

"You always want it," Sheehan said. "You wanted it yesterday."

"That was yesterday," Patsy said. "Give me a beer."

"What's come over you?" Sheehan said.

"A baby come over me," Patsy said. "Didn't you hear?"

"No," Sheehan said. "I didn't even know you was married."

"I ain't been very long," Patsy said. "But that don't make no difference to babies."

"Well, how do you like that?" Sheehan said. "What's it, a boy or girl?"

"A girl. Some girl, too. Only a day old and gorgeous, already. Like Elizabeth Taylor."

"A day old they look like monkeys," Sheehan said. "Not Elizabeth Taylor."

"This one don't," Patsy said. "In my family we don't raise no monkeys."

He banged his fist on the bar and Sheehan moved back a little. It was a big, useful fist and Patsy had a reputation for throwing it around carelessly. He fought a lot less in the ring than out.

"Okay," Sheehan said. "Lana Turner, then. Whatever you say."

"Elizabeth Taylor," Patsy said. "We don't raise no blondes, either."

Sheehan reached for the whisky bottle.

"Have a drink," he said. "A real one. On the house in honor of Elizabeth Taylor Vitale."

Patsy looked at his watch. "No thanks," he said. "I got to get to the hospital. They only give you an hour. Stella would murder me if I was late. And besides you don't get much of a chance to look at your kid with all them old dames hanging around the glass all the time."

"The glass?" Sheehan said. "They got it in a tank or something?"

"It's a kind of tank," Patsy said. "It's to make them sterile. So long, Sheehan."

He hurried out and began walking up Second Avenue. He had just time to make it. Walking he could save the cab fare and he could certainly use the exercise. He would have to keep in shape and get some bouts pretty soon. There were a lot of bills.

All the way up Second Avenue and across Seventieth Street to the East River he thought about the baby. It was the first baby he had ever thought about. It was a great surprise to him. His marriage had been a surprise, too, but it had not made as much of an impression as the baby. When he got to the hospital he did not go into the waiting room but stood near the elevator. He was the first one in when the lobby guard let them go up at seven o'clock. When he got off at the baby floor he went directly to the nursery window and waited there, even though the curtain was not up yet. He wanted to be sure of a good look at his daughter. He could look at his wife later.

After five minutes the curtain went up and the relatives, pressed around the window, murmured. Tonight Patsy's baby was in the front row in a little white box. There was a card at the head of the box with a pink ribbon on it and printed under the ribbon in big letters VITALE and below that 6 LB. 3 OZ. She looked even better *(Continued on page 48)*

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UNCLE MIKE and the Big

INTERNATIONAL

Announcer Harry Balogh declares Joe Louis the winner over Tami Mauriello following their fight at the Yankee Stadium on September 18, 1946

THE MIKE JACOBS STORY

In a city like New York, the man who held control of most choice seats to the best local attractions was sure to make large amounts of money. Mike Jacobs started out with a pair of tickets, parlayed them into a fortune and an important voice in major Manhattan promotions. Then Tex Rickard ran into trouble trying to finance the Dempsey-Carpentier bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, and Uncle Mike helped him out. That gave Jacobs the inside track he needed in the fight game

IV

WHEN Tex Rickard died in 1929 and Madison Square Garden was left without a first-string fight promoter, the eminent gentlemen who run that high-grade sweatatorium never thought of looking for Tex's successor on the fourth floor of their own building, where Mike Jacobs ruled the Garden's ticket business from his clandestine office.

Instead they turned to the late Jimmy Johnston. At the party in the old Madison Square Garden Club given to celebrate Johnston's ascension to power, Uncle Mike wound up handing out the beer. "Leave it to Mike to ace his way into the job that makes everybody come to *him*," the sharp-tongued Johnston said that night to his chum Mayor Jimmy Walker.

Uncle Mike was never much of a drinking man, but for this occasion he raised his mug with the others when Johnston was toasted as the man who would pick up in the thirties where Tex Rickard had left off in the twenties. The cream of the sports world—from extra heavy to watered-down, peo-

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Strike—JOE LOUIS

By BUDD SCHULBERG

ple who knew boxing from every possible angle—was gathered there that night. Yet, not one of them could have guessed that less than three years later Mike Jacobs, a ticket speculator who never actually had promoted a fight, would dare to challenge the mighty Garden itself; and that before many years had passed, he would not only have Johnston's job but Rickard's title as the champion fight promoter of all time.

Uncle Mike's debut as a fight promoter came about more or less accidentally. Damon Runyon, Ed Frayne and Bill Farnsworth, three keymen in the sports department for the Hearst newspapers, heard from Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick that the Garden, in the course of its new "no-benefits" policy, was washing its hands of Mrs. Hearst's annual Milk Fund show.

Deciding to stage their own promotion, Runyon and his associates turned to Mike Jacobs as the logical man to handle their ticket sale.

New Fight Club Bucks the Garden

Back in those breadline days, when a fight between ranking heavyweight contenders could draw only $10,000, their first venture—the Barney Ross vs. Billy Petrolle Milk Fund show—did all right. Not a man to separate himself from a good thing, Mike, with the backing of his three partners, decided to go on and buck the Garden as a rival fight club. Thus the Twentieth Century Sporting Club was founded, with Jacobs and Runyon and the sports editors set to hold 25 per cent of the stock. Of these, only Frayne had a covering letter from Jacobs to establish his legal claim. The others were content to be silent partners. Mike locked the stock in his safe in the old Hippodrome, where the young fight club soon took offices and planned its future promotions.

It was hardly a secret to the sports world that Runyon, Frayne and Farnsworth were carrying water on both shoulders by putting in with Jacobs while retaining their positions on the Journal and the American. When the Garden heads pressed their claim that it wasn't exactly sporting for Frayne and Farnsworth to head sports departments reporting Garden events while sharing in the promotion of a rival outfit, they left their papers. Runyon's unique position as a nationally known columnist saved him from the fate of his colleagues who suddenly found themselves working exclusively for the Sporting Club, which soon came to mean, as we shall see, working for Uncle Mike. Eventually Runyon sold out to Mike; and before his untimely death he was openly critical of Mike's monopolizing tactics.

It struck Jimmy Johnston as highly amusing that a mere ticket broker and a couple of sports editors, working out of the creaky old Hippodrome, thought they could give the mighty Garden any competition. Jimmy called the rival operation "amateur night" and said the only way to fill the Hippodrome was to bring back Houdini to raise an elephant to the ceiling. Jimmy and Mike would ride each other in a good-natured, but nonetheless earnest, way about their promotional contest. "Mike, why don't you stop all this nonsense and come back to the thing you're suited for, the ticket business?" Jimmy, a gifted needler, would say. "We'll work together the way we used to."

"Aaaah, beat it," Mike would scowl. "Your stinkin' shows don't do enough business t' give us a play on the tickets."

Mike was hardly exaggerating. In the trough of a depression, once free-spending sports fans were home making out their monthly budgets. For all Jimmy's ingenuity, popularity and connections, even the Garden regulars seemed to consider the place off limits. In addition, Jimmy had a lot of old friends among the managers and he seemed more inclined to use their boys than to reach out for better fighters. As a result, Garden talent reached a low-water mark that wasn't equaled until the recent war years. For which reason, even his friends admitted that as a promoter Jimmy Johnston was a great fight manager.

Meanwhile Mike was going on about his business, stoically ignoring the depression and fighting a two-front war, against his partners and the Garden. For the boys who had put him in business, Mike devised a somewhat unusual treatment. He not only failed to take them into his confidence, he refused to talk to them at all. He reached the office at eight o'clock every morning and cheerlessly did the work of 10 men, including everything from helping to nail the seats down to convincing ("put this two G's in ya pocket an' fergit it") the best Garden draws to switch to Uncle Mike.

A one-man man who would go to almost any lengths to be loyal to himself, Mike soon convinced himself that he was the victim of a plot by his partners to share equally with him while he did all the work. He began to feel that he should have it all. This was a feeling that came over Mike as naturally as dizziness to a victim of vertigo. Since Frayne and Farnsworth no longer had their influential newspaper jobs, there was some basis for his contention that they had lost their initial value to him and therefore their original understanding should be null and void.

The Sporting Club prospered moderately through its first year, but it was still more of a thorn than a lance in the Garden's side. Things might have gone on this way if it hadn't been for a young Negro heavyweight from Detroit. Early in 1935, Mike was down in Miami staging a show with Barney Ross when one of Barney's managers, Sam Pian, a Chicagoan, told Mike that a kid named Louis with 14 straight wins was Murder-in-the-Ring, Incorporated.

Ever since the days of Jack Johnson, good Negro heavyweights had either settled for careers in Europe or served themselves up as human sacrifices to fatten the records of white mediocrities who passed for contenders. In the dog days between Tunney and Louis, a number of alleged fighters met one another in a round robin of waltzes, foul claims and pugilistic fandangos that injured no one but the public.

If the game were to survive, much less revive, it stood in urgent need of such a fighter as Joe Louis, who was apparently both able and willing to fight, two qualities conspicuously lacking in most of his immediate predecessors. Though the pigment of Joe's skin was not lily-white and, according to the tradition of bigotry, this should have been a liability for a would-be world champion, it occurred to Mike Jacobs and Jimmy Johnston at about the same time that more of an asset than the proper pigmentation was a right hand that could knock you dead.

Johnston, always a fast man with a telephone, got the name of Louis' manager and put through a long-distance call to him. The duel between Johnston and Jacobs was reaching its climax.

"Mr. Roxborough," said Johnston, "I hear you've got a pretty good thing out there in the way of a heavyweight. I'd like to *(Continued on page 67)*

WIDE WORLD

Jacobs (seated) with architect Lionel Levy, shortly after moving in officially at the Garden

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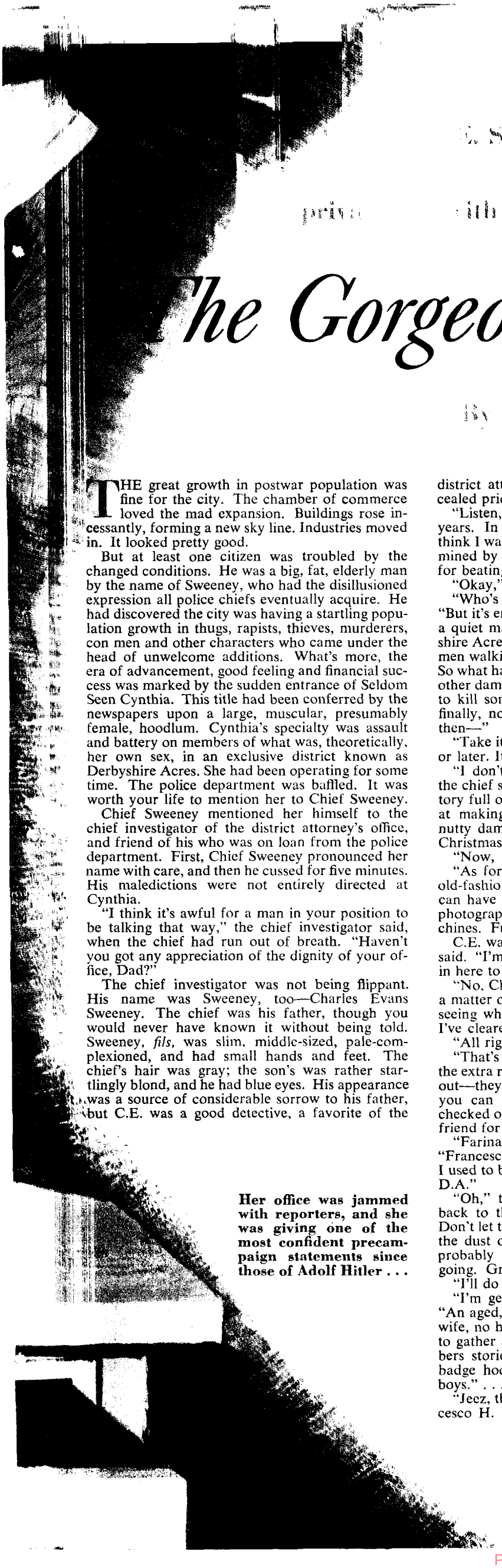
C. Sweeney was a good cop on a tough case—
a case made tougher by the interference of a
priva ith whom he happened to be in love

The Gorgeous Blonde Caper

By ROBERT CARSON



THE great growth in postwar population was fine for the city. The chamber of commerce loved the mad expansion. Buildings rose incessantly, forming a new sky line. Industries moved in. It looked pretty good.

But at least one citizen was troubled by the changed conditions. He was a big, fat, elderly man by the name of Sweeney, who had the disillusioned expression all police chiefs eventually acquire. He had discovered the city was having a startling population growth in thugs, rapists, thieves, murderers, con men and other characters who came under the head of unwelcome additions. What's more, the era of advancement, good feeling and financial success was marked by the sudden entrance of Seldom Seen Cynthia. This title had been conferred by the newspapers upon a large, muscular, presumably female, hoodlum. Cynthia's specialty was assault and battery on members of what was, theoretically, her own sex, in an exclusive district known as Derbyshire Acres. She had been operating for some time. The police department was baffled. It was worth your life to mention her to Chief Sweeney.

Chief Sweeney mentioned her himself to the chief investigator of the district attorney's office, and friend of his who was on loan from the police department. First, Chief Sweeney pronounced her name with care, and then he cussed for five minutes. His maledictions were not entirely directed at Cynthia.

"I think it's awful for a man in your position to be talking that way," the chief investigator said, when the chief had run out of breath. "Haven't you got any appreciation of the dignity of your office, Dad?"

The chief investigator was not being flippant. His name was Sweeney, too—Charles Evans Sweeney. The chief was his father, though you would never have known it without being told. Sweeney, *fils*, was slim, middle-sized, pale-complexioned, and had small hands and feet. The chief's hair was gray; the son's was rather startlingly blond, and he had blue eyes. His appearance was a source of considerable sorrow to his father, but C.E. was a good detective, a favorite of the district attorney, and an object of carefully concealed pride to his old man.

Her office was jammed with reporters, and she was giving one of the most confident precampaign statements since those of Adolf Hitler . . .

"Listen," the chief said, "I been a cop thirty-six years. In four more years I have to retire. You think I want to get kicked out now for being undermined by a lousy dame purse snatcher with a yen for beating other dames over the head?"

"Okay," C.E. said. "Don't holler, Pop."

"Who's hollering?" the chief demanded loudly. "But it's enough to make me holler, if I wasn't such a quiet man. We got eleven radio cars in Derbyshire Acres night and day, decoy cars, plain-clothes men walking the streets, half the detective division. So what happens? Weeks pass. This dame puts five other dames in the hospital. Pretty soon she's going to kill somebody. Those psychopaths always do, finally, no matter how slow they start out. And then—"

"Take it easy," C.E. said. "They'll get her sooner or later. It's a cumulative effort, Dad, and—"

"I don't even know what 'cumulative' means," the chief said. "Oh, I know we got a crime laboratory full of gadgets. You modern flatfeet are great at making work for yourselves. You'll get this nutty dame later instead of sooner. What for—a Christmas present to the new chief?"

"Now, now, Pop," the chief investigator said.

"As for me," the chief continued, "I'll take the old-fashioned harness-bull pounding his beat. You can have your dust from pant cuffs and ballistics photographs and that damned roomful of machines. Furthermore—"

C.E. was looking at his watch. "Excuse me," he said. "I'm very busy, Chief. Did you only call me in here to listen to a speech?"

"No, Charles," the chief said. "No, I didn't. As a matter of fact, I would like you to take a turn at seeing what you can do out in Derbyshire Acres. I've cleared it with the D.A. Will you, Charles?"

"All right, Pop," C.E. said.

"That's the stuff," the chief said. "I'm pulling the extra radio cars and decoys and the men on foot out—they seem to have scared Cynthia off. But you can have whatever you want after you've checked on the situation." He took notice of C.E.'s friend for the first time. "Who are you, Mac?"

"Farinacci, Chief," the tall, dark man said. "Francesco H. Farinacci. Detective, second grade. I used to be C.E.'s partner before he went with the D.A."

"Oh," the chief said. He shifted his attention back to the son. "Listen, Charles. Get on this. Don't let the proud name of Sweeney be dragged in the dust of disgrace by some insane tomato who probably doesn't know whether she's coming or going. Grab her for your old man."

"I'll do my best, Pop."

"I'm getting on in years," Chief Sweeney said. "An aged, tired man, near the end of the trail. No wife, no home except this office, no grandchildren to gather around my knee and hear cops-and-robbers stories. All I got is the honor of this gold badge hooked to my vest. Help me if you can, boys." . . .

"Jeez, the chief brought tears to my eyes," Francesco H. Farinacci remarked, when they were in a squad car and on the way to Derbyshire Acres. "Sweeney, why don't you get married and give the poor old guy some grandchildren?"

C.E. looked at him morosely. "Who likes cops? The only girls interested in police work are those that are soon to go up the river. Anyway, don't pay any attention to the chief. He runs the department like a football team. That was an inspirational talk we just got."

"I don't know," Francesco said. "I had to wipe my cheeks. I've got a wife and three, and I'm a cop. Of course, I'm a lot better-looking than you are. Ain't you lonely, Charles?"

"No," C.E. said. "Well, I guess I am. But I couldn't be happy except with a girl who shared my interests, and there's no such thing. So I'll go through life alone."

They visited the Western Division station house, in whose domain Derbyshire Acres was situated, and talked to the captain commanding. He told them all he knew about Seldom Seen Cynthia, which wasn't much.

"And you guys are welcome to her," he added. "Him—in my estimation. This is the toughest one I've run up against in years. We keep hoping we'll catch him in the act, but he's laid low for two weeks now."

C.E. and Francesco gazed despondently at each other over the captain's bald head. There wasn't a single clue. Mumbling their thanks, they trudged from the office.

SOME department informant had already talked to the press. Reporters were waiting outside, intrigued by the spectacle of Sweeney's son joining in the chase.

"Boys," C.E. pleaded. "Look. I beg of you. Let me get my teeth into it. I don't know from nothing yet. Please. If you'll kill the story for the present, I swear the minute I get a lead I'll break it to you and let you say anything about me and my partner you want. But don't put me on the front page with egg on my face. It'll make my old man look worse than ever."

The newspapermen played along with him, perhaps because he looked so young and unhappy and helpless. He and Francesco got back in the squad car.

"What do we do now, Charles?" Francesco asked. "Put in a requisition for a ouija board?"

C.E. sighed. "It's the same as always. Detail, work, flat-footed investigation. Let's do everything all over again for ourselves. I'll check the neighborhood and ring doorbells for witnesses. You interview the five victims."

Francesco dropped him off at the sales offices of the Derbyshire Corporation, just inside the gates of the development, and went about his business. A secretary inspected C.E.'s badge and ushered him into the presence of Samuel T. Derby, president. Mr. Derby was handsome, gray-haired, and overweight. He appeared ill at ease.

"Another cop?" he said irascibly. "Wouldn't you people be better employed in catching that woman—a man, I'm sure—than in continually questioning me? Am I a suspect?" *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

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There will come soft rains

THE house was a good house and had been planned and built by the people who were to live in it, in the year 1980. The house was like many another house in that year; it fed and slept and entertained its inhabitants, and made a good life for them. The man and wife and their two children lived at ease there, and lived happily, even while the world trembled. All of the fine things of living, the warm things, music and poetry, books that talked, beds that warmed and made themselves, fires that built themselves in the fireplaces of evenings, were in this house, and living there was a contentment.

And then one day the world shook and there was an explosion followed by ten thousand explosions and red fire in the sky and a rain of ashes and radioactivity, and the happy time was over.

In the living room the voice-clock sang, *Ticktock, seven A.M. o'clock, time to get up!* as if it were afraid nobody would. The house lay empty. The clock talked on into the empty morning.

The kitchen stove sighed and ejected from its warm interior eight eggs, sunny side up, twelve bacon slices, two coffees, and two cups of hot cocoa. *Seven nine, breakfast time, seven nine.*

"Today is April 28th, 1985," said a phonograph voice in the kitchen ceiling. "Today, remember, is Mr. Featherstone's birthday. Insurance, gas, light and water bills are due."

Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes. Recorded voices moved beneath steel needles:

Eight one, run, run, off to school, off to work, run, run, ticktock, eight one o'clock!

But no doors slammed, no carpets took the quick tread of rubber heels. Outside, it was raining. The voice of the weather box on the front door sang quietly: "Rain, rain, go away, rubbers, raincoats for today." And the rain tapped on the roof.

At eight thirty the eggs were shriveled. An aluminum wedge scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which digested and flushed them away to the distant sea.

Nine fifteen, sang the clock, *time to clean.*

Out of warrens in the wall, tiny mechanical mice darted. The rooms were acrawl with the small cleaning animals, all rubber and metal. They sucked up the hidden dust, and popped back in their burrows.

Ten o'clock. The sun came out from behind the rain. The house stood alone on a street where all the other houses were rubble and ashes. At night, the ruined town gave off a radioactive glow which could be seen for miles.

Ten fifteen. The garden sprinkler filled the soft morning air with golden fountains. The water tinkled over the charred west side of the house where it had been scorched evenly free of its white paint. The entire face of the house was black, save for five places. Here, the silhouette, in paint, of a man mowing a lawn. Here, a woman bent to pick flowers. Still farther over, their images burned on wood in one titanic instant, a small boy, hands flung in the air—higher up, the image of a thrown ball—and opposite him a girl, her hands raised to catch a ball which never came down.

The five spots of paint—the man, the woman, the boy, the girl, the ball—remained. The rest was a thin layer of charcoal.

The gentle rain of the sprinkler filled the garden with falling light.

Until this day, how well the house had kept its peace. How carefully it had asked, "Who goes there?" and getting no reply from rains and lonely foxes and whining cats, it had shut up its windows and drawn the shades. If a sparrow brushed a window, the shade snapped up. The bird, startled, flew off! No, not even an evil bird must touch the house.

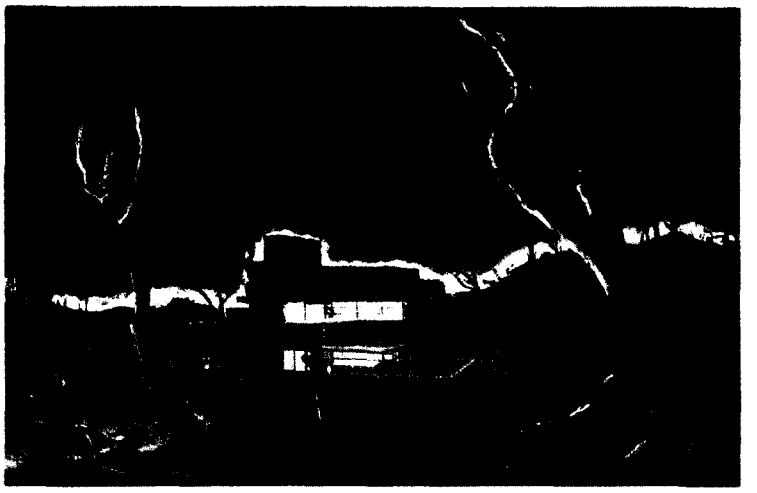
And inside, the house was like an altar with nine thousand robot attendants, big and small, servicing, attending, singing in choirs, even though the gods had gone away and the ritual was meaningless.

A dog whined, shivering, on the front porch.

The front door recognized the dog voice and opened. The dog padded in wearily, thinned to the bone, covered with sores. It tracked mud on the carpet. Behind it whirred the angry robot mice, angry at having to pick up mud and maple leaves, which, carried to the burrows, were dropped down cellar tubes into an incinerator which sat like an evil Baal in a dark corner.

The dog ran upstairs, hysterically yelping at each door. It pawed the kitchen door wildly.

Behind the door, the stove was making pancakes which filled the whole house with their odor.



LEN OEHMAN

The dog frothed, ran insanely, spun in a circle, biting its tail, and died.

It lay in the living room for an hour.

One o'clock.

Delicately sensing decay, the regiments of mice hummed out of the walls, soft as blown leaves, their electric eyes glowing.

One fifteen.

The dog was gone.

The cellar incinerator glowed suddenly and a whirl of sparks leaped up the flue.

Two thirty-five.

Bridge tables sprouted from the patio walls. Playing cards fluttered onto pads in a shower of pips. Martinis appeared on an oaken bench.

But the tables were silent, the cards untouched.

At four thirty the tables folded back into the walls.

Five o'clock. The bathtubs filled with clear hot water. A safety razor dropped into a wall-mold, ready.

Six, seven, eight, nine o'clock.

Dinner made, ignored, and flushed away; dishes washed; and in the study, the tobacco stand produced a cigar, half an inch of gray ash on it, smoking, waiting. The hearth fire bloomed up all by itself, out of nothing.

Nine o'clock. The beds began to warm their hidden circuits, for the night was cool.

A gentle click in the study wall. A voice spoke from above the crackling fireplace:

"Mrs. McClellan, what poem would you like to hear this evening?"

The house was silent.

The voice said, "Since you express no preference, I'll pick a poem at random." Quiet music rose behind the voice. "Sara Teasdale. A favorite of yours, as I recall.

"There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum-trees in tremulous white.

Robins will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
Would scarcely know that we were gone."

The voice finished the poem. The empty chairs faced each other between the silent walls, and the music played.

At ten o'clock, the house began to die.

The wind blew. The bough of a falling tree smashed the kitchen window. Cleaning solvent, bottled, crashed on the stove.

"Fire!" screamed voices. "Fire!" Water pumps shot down water from the ceilings. But the solvent spread under the doors, making fire as it went, while other voices took up the alarm in chorus.

The windows broke with heat and the wind blew in to help the fire. Scurrying water rats, their copper wheels spinning, squeaked from the walls, squirted their water, ran for more.

Too late! Somewhere, a pump stopped. The ceiling sprays stopped raining. The reserve water supply, which had filled baths and washed dishes for many silent days, was gone.

The fire crackled upstairs, ate paintings, lay hungrily in the beds! It devoured every room.

The house was shuddering, oak bone on bone, the bared skeleton cringing from the heat, all the wires revealed as if a surgeon had torn the skin off to let the red veins quiver in scalded air. Voices screamed, *"Help, help, fire, run!"* Windows snapped open and shut, like mouths, undecided. *Fire, run!* the voices wailed a tragic nursery rhyme, and the silly Greek chorus faded as the sound-wires popped their sheathings. Ten dozen high, shrieking voices died, as emergency batteries melted.

IN OTHER parts of the house, in the last instant under the fire avalanche, other choruses could be heard announcing the time, the weather, appointments, diets; playing music, reading poetry in the fiery study, while doors opened and slammed and umbrellas appeared at the doors and put themselves away—a thousand things happening, like the interior of a clock shop at midnight, all clocks striking, a merry-go-round of squeaking, whispering, rushing, until all the film spools were burned and fell, and all the wires withered and the circuits cracked.

In the kitchen, an instant before the final collapse, the stove, hysterically hissing, could be seen making breakfasts at a psychopathic rate, ten dozen pancakes, six dozen loaves of toast.

The crash! The attic smashing kitchen down into cellar and subcellar. Deep freeze, armchairs, filmtapes, beds, were thrown in a cluttered mound deep under.

Smoke and silence.

Dawn shone faintly in the east. In the ruins, one wall stood alone. Within the wall, a voice said, over and over again and again, even as the sun rose to shine upon the heaped rubble and steam:

"Today is April 29th, 1985. Today is April 29th, 1985. Today is . . ."

THE END

The Selection There Will Come Soft Rains, *by Sara Teasdale, from* FLAME AND SHADOW, *copyright* 1920 *by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission*

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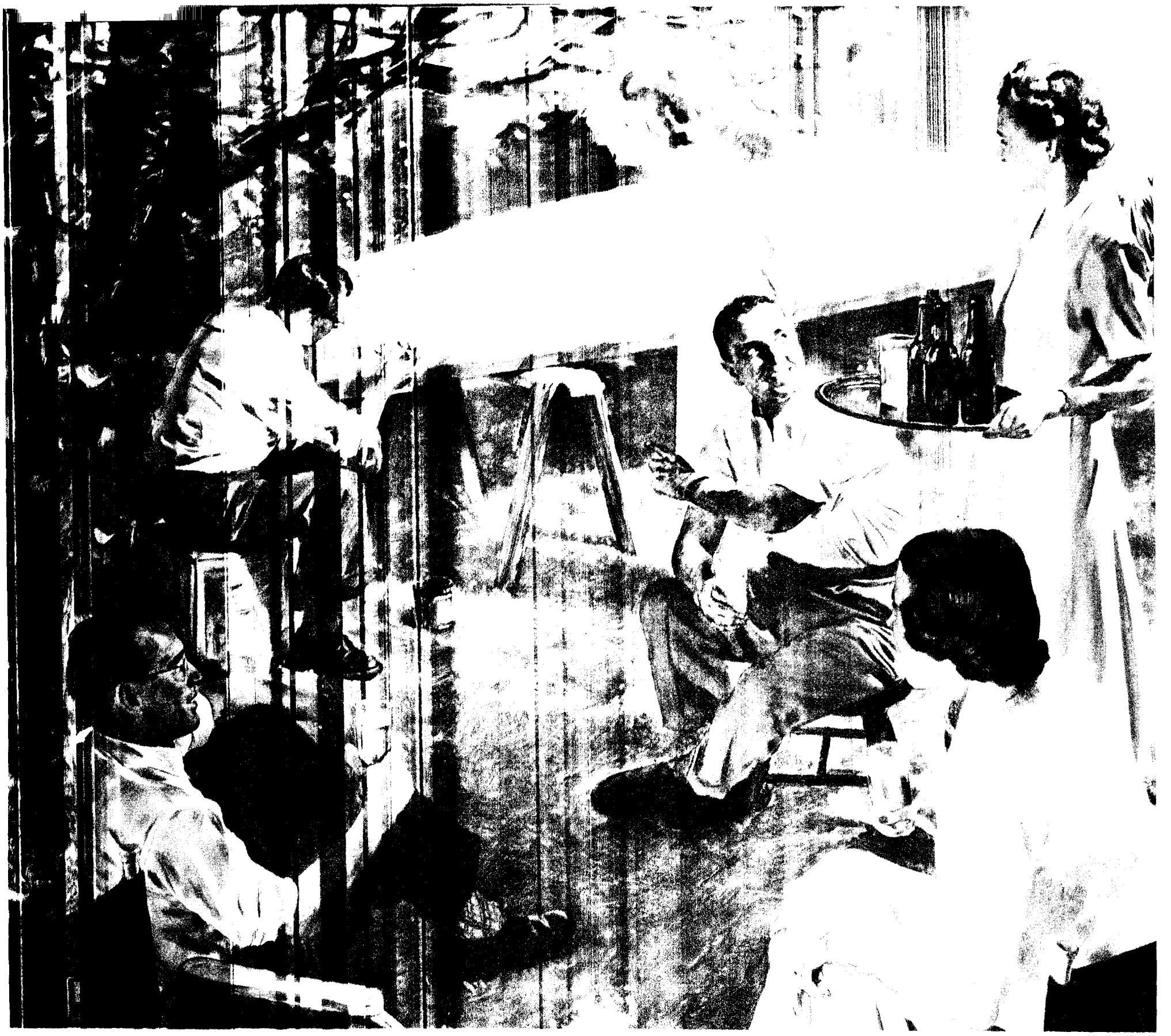
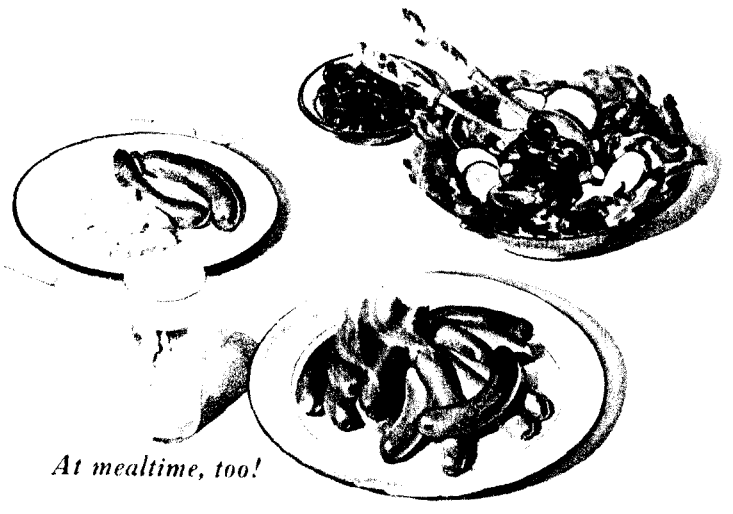


"Getting The Boat Ready," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 42 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



At mealtime, too!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

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When You Come Home

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

paid off for several years. I thanked him and went back outside, into the wind. I was getting so it didn't surprise me much to be surprised.

How do you sell a farm? I wondered. There used to be a newspaper in Clover. Advertise, I told myself. It might take a few days that way, but the farm was clear, and it might pay me to take my time selling it. You should go look at the place, evaluate it, I thought. But I didn't especially want to go look at the farm and the house where had *lived, so memory informed me, a shabby* and ashamed boy who got awfully tired of being ashamed and ran away and joined the Marines. Anybody who was interested in buying would know what it was worth to them, I decided. I didn't want to make a killing. I just wanted to sell quick and get the hell away from Clover.

THE newspaper office was two blocks from the bank, and when I got to the first corner Harmon Davis came trundling around it. "Howdy, George," he said. "Howdy, Mayor," I said. "Where you goin', George?" he wanted to know. "Newspaper office," I told him.

He stood there scratching his neck and staring at the sidewalk. "Wanta talk to you, George," he said. "I'm goin' to the café to *git me some breakfast. Come have some* coffee and listen."

I shrugged and went with him and Sarah was there, dressed in a waitress costume that made her shoulders look nice and square. I had the idea she was a pampered only child, untoiling. I said, "Don't tell me you're a working girl."

"Relief waitress," she said. "I sling hash from eight to one and take a night shift occasionally. What'll you have? Coffee, of course."

"Yep," the mayor said. "I'll order later." He steered me into a booth and sat down. "George," he said, "Wilson was right last night. Clover needs a marshal."

"Constable," I said. "He said you needed a constable."

Sarah brought the coffee and gave me a casual look and went away.

"Marshal sounds better," the mayor said. "You want it, George?"

"Let's run through that last sentence again," I said, and he said, "I'm offerin' you a job as city marshal of Clover, George."

His face was bland in an earnest way. "You're kidding," I said.

"I'm dead serious," he said. "I'm takin' *it upon myself to hire us some law here.* I figure you jist about fill the bill, George."

"Not me," I said. "I'm only going to be here a few days. As soon as I can sell the farm I'm pulling out for the good old West."

"Sellin' the farm, eh?" he said, looking solemn. "Well, that'll take a few days, George, and I'm only offerin' you the job on a temporary basis. We'll have to go through the regular process of electin' a marshal as soon as we can, to satisfy everybody, but in the meanwhile we need a cop of some kind. You heard Morgan say the drugstore was broke into. Well, so was the hardware store, George. Couple weeks ago."

"I heard him," I said.

"George," he said. "Last night someone jimmied the back door of the hardware store. I don't know what all they took, but *I do know they got off with a couple pump* shotguns and several boxes of shells. That makes two robberies in two nights here in Clover, and it's damned near time we had a police force."

"What you need, Mayor," I told him, "is a detective."

"I wouldn't expect you to solve those crimes, George," he said. "But maybe just bein' around would prevent any more like 'em. Also you're the only man in Clover right now that ain't queasy about tanglin' with Charley Rainfall when he's whisky-mean."

"Male nurse for Charley, huh?" I said.

"Dammit, no!" he exploded. "Charley don't git like that often. I jist meant you look like the job wouldn't buffalo you none, and a small town like this without any kind of policeman is a sittin' duck for any kind of crook. They know we ain't got a policeman. I expect they'd go pretty slow and easy if they thought a marshal might be on the prowl nights."

"I don't like to prowl nights," I said. "I do my prowling days."

"You wouldn't have to be no night watchman, George," *he explained patiently.* "I'm talkin' about the psychological effect just knowing we had a marshal would have on that guy with the crowbar. You could be home in bed, and he wouldn't know it—he'd be jumpy, and figure you were about two steps behind him all the time, see. Another thing, we get speeders."

"Look, I'm sorry," I said. "I'm just not interested, Mayor. If I gave you the impression I wanted to be a public servant, I apologize. I don't want to be a public servant. Especially I don't want to be a town marshal."

He was still trying. "Then sometimes Saturday nights the boys git rambunctious and have a little ruckus, George. The way *it is now, two guys can have a fist fight and* make up and be home in bed asleep by the *time the sheriff sends someone over here.*"

I was still trying, too. "I'm not available," I said. I was beginning to get pretty damned irritated. "I don't even live here. I'm not a resident."

"Let me worry about that aspect of it, George," he said.

"Worry about anything you please," I said. "But stop twisting my arm, because the answer is going to keep on being no, Mayor."

All at once he lifted his heavy shoulders and let them fall. "All right, George," he said. He looked at Sarah, who had been pretending to read a paper at the counter but had been tuned in on our conversation. "Fetch me a stack of buckwheat cakes with sausage and eggs, Sary," he said severely.

She stayed where she was and relayed the order to the kitchen, and looked at me without any readable expression. I got up and tossed a nickel onto the counter, but her gaze kept me standing there, waiting for her to say something.

"Nice footwork, Sergeant," she said. "You got out of that neat."

"I'm fixing to stay out of it neat, too," I said, and her mouth went sullen and she said, "Some people are born lucky."

"And some merely beautiful," I told her, grinning. "Like you."

"You don't have to stay in a dingy little place like Clover."

"Nobody has to stay anywhere," I said. "You're free, white and almost twenty-one. What's holding you?"

"I'm free, white and past twenty-one," she said bitterly. "That's the whole point, sonny. You get to be twenty-one in a place *like Clover, and you've really got some*thing. And some people do too have to stay."

"That's tough," I said, and went on out of the café. . . .

The Clover Transcript building had been remodeled since I'd seen it last. There was a new glass-brick front and a big plate-glass window with gold lettering on it, and inside was a clean, comfortable room with a desk and a counter and potted plants and easy chairs. Behind the desk was a pretty, plump woman wearing spectacles with red plastic rims. She looked up from her typewriter and smiled questioningly.

"I want to run an ad," I told her.

She got up and went behind the counter and found a notebook and pen, and beyond the partition I could hear printing presses *clattering quietly and smoothly.* She looked at me expectantly.

"I want to offer a farm for sale," I told her.

She pushed her glasses down her nose and peered over them at me. "You're George Alford," she said. I nodded, and she held out a hand, man-fashion. "I'm Ann Woodruff, the editor's wife and chief flunky."

"Pleased to meet you," I said.

"The ad?" she said, and I said, "Just say an eighty-acre farm with a five-room house, outbuildings and some tools." She wrote it out, frowning; then she gave me a severe look and said, "Does this mean you're not planning to stay in Clover?" I nodded. "I'm sorry," she said. "We need more young blood around here."

Not my young blood, you don't, I thought.

"I want you to meet my husband," she said, and without waiting for me to say yes or no, she went to the door in the partition. She opened it, so that the oily clatter of the machines swelled in volume, and she put fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle. She came back grinning. "Bob is a little hard of hearing," she explained. "He spent too much time in a cruiser's gun turret." She counted the words in the ad, and I fished out change, and when I'd paid for the ad I could still buy a cup of coffee.

Bob Woodruff came through the door and wiggled his eyebrows at his wife. He was new to Clover since my time. A slender man with thin sandy hair, he had direct brown eyes and a pleasant smile, and gave the impression of being intellectual in a *nice way. He shook my hand cordially, and* said he was glad to know me.

"How does the town look to you after all these years, George?"

"I haven't really looked it over yet," I said. "Ask me again when I've checked." They smiled encouragingly, or something, and I said, "When will my ad come out?"

"Friday," he said.

It was Monday. Four more days before anybody even knew the place was for sale. "Maybe I ought to run an ad in the Osage Springs daily," I said.

Bob said he was going over to Osage Springs in an hour or so, and he'd be glad to take care of it for me. I remembered I had just enough money on me for a cup of coffee. "I'll have to go to the bank," I said. "I was just swindled by a shyster named Welty."

Bob Woodruff said he knew what I meant. He said not to worry about it: he'd just go ahead and pay for it and then I could pay him back whenever I got around to it. He asked me how many days I wanted the ad to run, and I said make it a week, but I was hoping I'd be smelling orange groves by the time the ad appeared for the last time.

Ann Woodruff nudged her husband. "George isn't planning to stay in Clover," she said. "I was just telling him we need new blood here, more young people. Can you think of several thousand well-chosen words you might add?"

He grinned and said he could, but maybe *they'd better catch me in a relaxed mood.* "How about inviting him out to supper tonight?"

"Heavens, no, not tonight," she said. "Give a gal time to fix up something nice for chow. George, you come to dinner Saturday night."

"Sure," I said. "If I'm still here Saturday night."

She smiled a trifle archly. "You know Sarah Bailey, don't you?" I nodded, and *she said, "Shall I invite her, too?"*

"Sure," I said. *"Word gets around in a small town,* I thought.

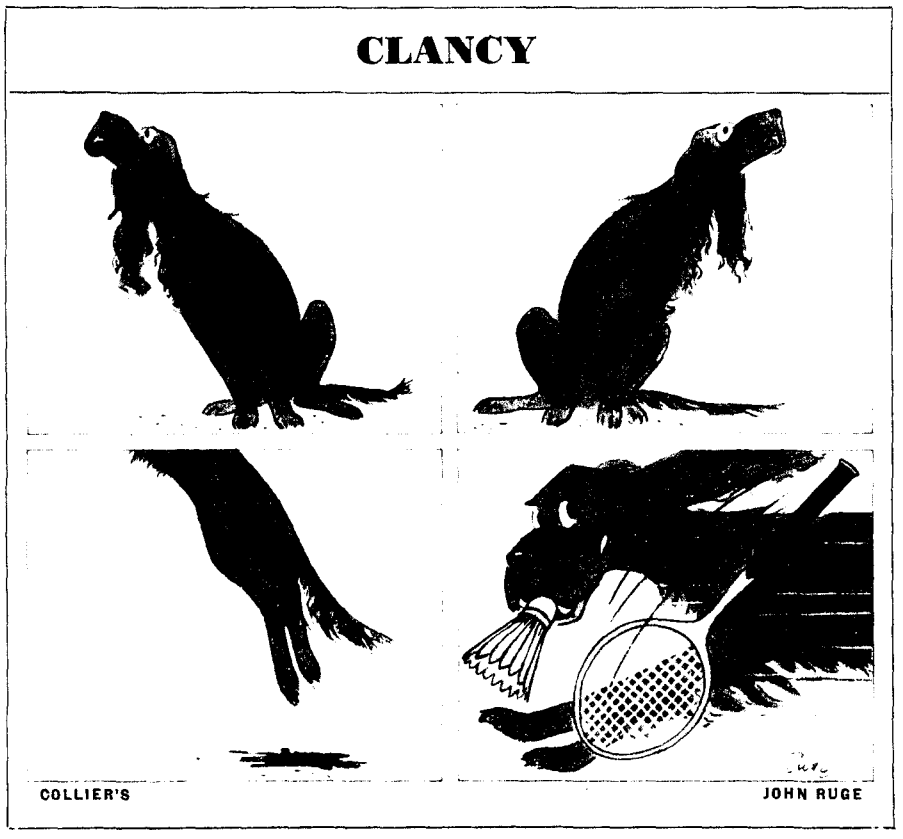
"Then it's a date," she said. "And you better be here, mister."

I LEFT the Transcript office feeling pretty good. I liked the Woodruffs, and I thought idly that if I was going to stay in Clover they'd probably be good friends. I walked down Main Street to where I'd left my car in front of the café, passing a few people I seemed to remember and some I didn't. I imagined old ladies spotting me from grocery stores and lifting eyebrows at one another.

"That's him," I imagined them saying. "Ben Alford's boy, him that took up for that disgusting Indian last night." And, slyly: "Like makes like, I always say, dearie. I wonder if he—like his father, you know?" I imagined the back-alley gossips tossing it around like that, and instead of feeling the way I used to feel as a kid, imagining I was being seen and discussed, now I only felt—well, call it *immune.* It didn't touch me.

I got in the car and unlocked the glove compartment, and the envelope with my War Bonds was gone. Just like that. The Manila envelope with my bonds and the last of my disability checks was gone.

For a minute I sat there in a kind of daze, and then I started going through all



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Henry J. Taylor has been cited for his "distinguished, consistently excellent and accurate reporting." Don't miss his penetrating analysis of world events every Monday at 8:30 pm* on your local ABC radio station. (*General Motors*)

Elmer Davis is America's most distinguished newsman. His outstanding commentary has won him almost every major award in radio. Hear his authoritative analysis of the news on your local ABC station. Mondays thru Fridays, 7:15 pm.*

General Dwight Eisenhower's magnificent book, *Crusade in Europe*, is now on ABC Television! A brilliant film presentation in 26 thrilling installments, *Crusade in Europe* was voted "the best educational" program on television.

Winchell . . . now in his 18th year on ABC! His fearless, rapid-fire broadcasts are "must" listening for millions of Americans. Don't miss "America's favorite newsboy" on ABC, every Sunday night at 9.* (*Richard Hudnut*)

Stop the Music—songs, suspense, sensational prizes AND Bert Parks! On ABC radio Sundays, 8 pm* (*Old Gold Cigarettes, Speidel Watch Bands, Clipper Craft Clothes*); ABC-TV Thursdays, 8 pm.* (*Admiral Corp., Old Gold Cigarettes*)

Lovely Eloise McElhone is a "regular" on *Think Fast* every Sunday night at 8* on ABC-TV. Even the *questions* are spontaneous on this lively television quiz. Exciting guests, exciting fun for all the family.

Super Circus—a super-duper full hour under the Big Top! The biggest thing for little folks in television! Clowns, animals, stunts, acrobats, prizes, FUN . . . every Sunday at 5 pm.* (*Canada Dry, Peters Shoe Co., M & M Candy*)

Counter-Spy is one of radio's most popular and most successful crime-does-not-pay thrillers. Don McLaughlin plays the leading role. Suspense, drama, action! Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 pm.* (*Pepsi-Cola*)

Don McNeill and all the Breakfast Club gang bring you a full-hour frolic every weekday morning at 9.* Tune in for music, inspiration, and wonderful, wonderful fun! (*Swift, Philco, General Mills*)

Prize Programs . . . every one of these ABC programs has won a major radio or television award in recent months. In every field of entertainment—music, news, comedy, inspiration, drama—you'll find top talent, top shows on your local American Broadcasting Company station!

**All times listed are Eastern Daylight Saving. In other time zones, consult your newspaper.*

Keep tuned to ABC

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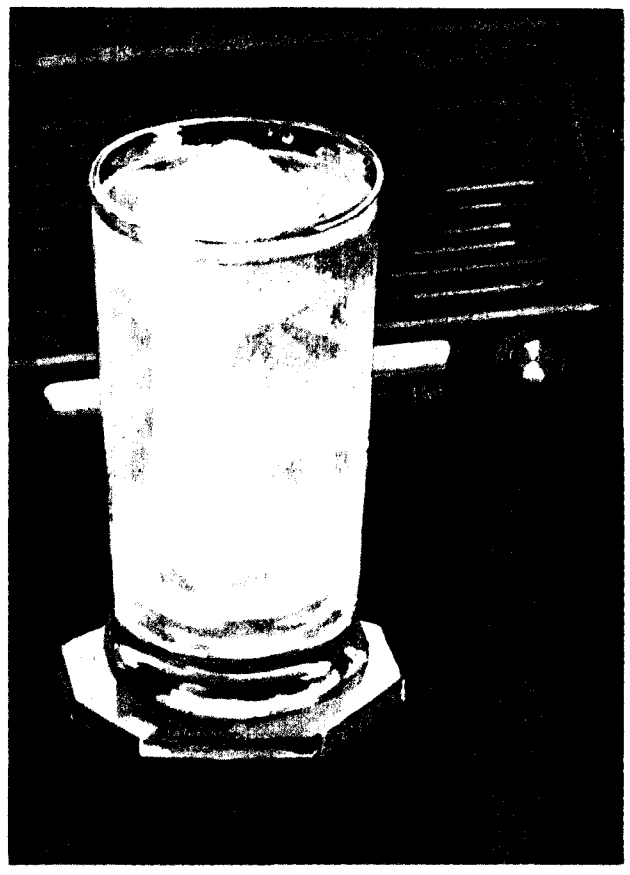
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN COLLINS. Tall, cool and delicious... the whiskey collins has one thing in common with the six other drinks illustrated here: This hot weather favorite is SURE to be at its best when you make it with America's favorite whiskey.

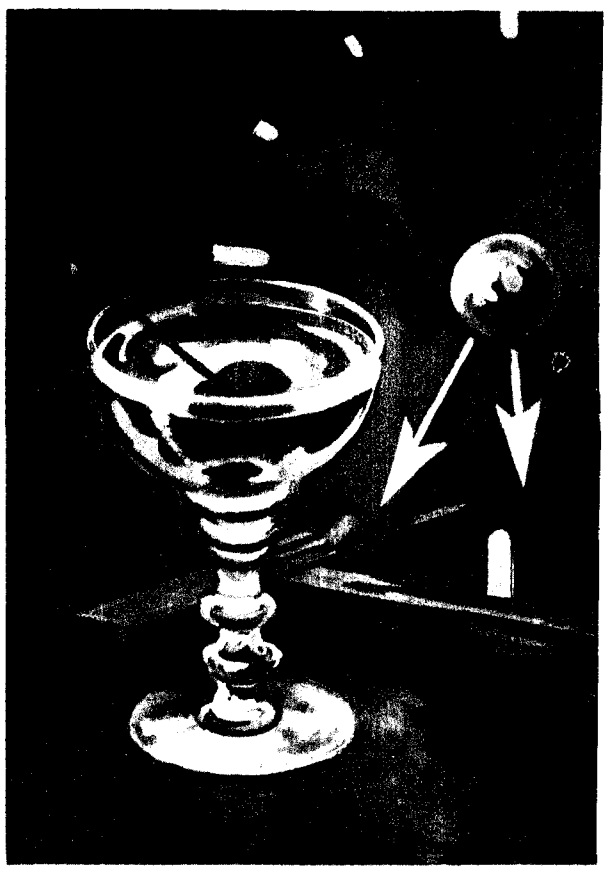
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN SOUR. For the smoothest sour of them all, your lucky number is 7. Yes, it won't take more than just a taste to convince you that the best friend a lemon ever had is the matchless mellowness of Seagram's finest American whiskey.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN "OVER ICE." Getting the call more and more these days from men who really enjoy the *taste* of fine whiskey. A few chunks of ice in an old fashioned glass... then an ounce and a half of Seagram's 7 Crown. Simple... but swell!

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN OLD FASHIONED. Always right up there at the top of the "Sip Parade." And always SURE to taste even better than it looks... when you make it with Seagram's 7 Crown—the whiskey that's always SURE to please.



SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN HIGHBALL. Any time it's put to the test of America's taste, the highball is voted "most popular." And when you make it with Seagram's 7 Crown, plus ginger ale or soda, you can be SURE it's also "most likely to succeed."



SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN MANHATTAN. SURE as Manhattan is the enjoyment center of New York, the most enjoyable Manhattans are centered on Seagram's 7 Crown. You don't know how fine this cocktail can be...till you've made it the SURE way.

In America's 7 greatest cities, hundreds of people were asked, "What are your 7 favorite whiskey drinks?" The winners—*America's favorite Seven*—are illustrated above. Next question:—"What is your favorite whiskey for making these drinks?" Again by a wide margin, it was 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey!

Say

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AMERICA'S FAVORITE SEVEN

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN MINT JULEP. From plantation to penthouse, America's favorite juleps are made with Seagram's 7 Crown. No better-tasting drink—from top to bottom—ever passed from gracious host to grateful guest. That's SURE!

Seagram's *and be* Sure

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. **Blended Whiskey.** 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

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Pick the Thoroughbred of Pipe Tobaccos

LOOK FOR THE RED-COATED RIDER ON THE KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED

You'll never know how satisfying a pipe can be until you light up with Kentucky Club. It's so smooth and mild—has such a grand taste and aroma. Choice white Burley—blended as only Kentucky Club experts know how—make it the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. Buy a tin today.

Produced by the Makers of Famous
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia

THE RED-COATED RIDER SAYS—"Every now and then I hear a man complain that the bowl of his pipe always gets too hot. That's no problem if you follow two simple rules. First, smoke Kentucky Club. Second, don't smoke too fast. Take it slow and easy—and you'll have a better smoke and a cooler pipe."

the gear in the back seat. I didn't find the envelope.

It was a couple more minutes before my thinking apparatus went into action, but then it didn't take long to come up with the answer. I had left the jalopy parked in front of the tourist cabin all night with the keys in the ignition. Step right in, anybody. Help yourself.

But who would be stupid enough to steal War Bonds and a government check they couldn't cash? That answered itself—somebody stupid. Maybe a kid who didn't know any better. After a while I stopped cussing about it, and it occurred to me that I was flat, stony-broke.

What do you always do when you run out of ready cash? I asked myself. What I had always done before was take a job for a while to tide me over until my next check arrived. *Well?* I asked myself.

THE mayor was still sitting in the booth, finishing his coffee and smoking a cigar. Sarah gave me a startled look when I stomped into the café clutching my last nickel. I ignored her and leaned on a stool by the mayor's booth and gave myself one last chance to renege. I didn't renege.

"How much does the job pay?" I said, grinding my teeth.

He thought about it. "Wel-l-l," he drawled. "How does a hundred and twenty a month sound, George?"

"Better than being broke," I said. "Could you advance me a week's pay?" I tossed the nickel up and caught it. "Somebody helped himself to my emergency funds," I said. "This is my total cash assets."

The mayor rubbed his chin. "Don't see why not, George."

"Not George," I said. "Call me *Marshal.*" I turned around and flipped the nickel on the counter. "Keep bringing me strong black coffee until that's all used up," I told Sarah. She put a cup of coffee in front of me and gave me that ambiguous, unenlivened stare.

"This doesn't mean you're going to *stay* in Clover?" she asked me, smiling. "You won't let your sudden success go to your head, will you?"

"Nope," I said. "Clover is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here, Sarah."

Her gray eyes went a little blank, and she said, "I'm glad you'll be around for a while, George. Maybe you'll entertain me with anecdotes about California and all those other wonderful storybook places I'll probably never see." A mouth as petulant as hers could be should normally detract from any female's general appeal, but it didn't. Somehow it made Sarah's general appeal more appealing and maybe less general.

"What are you doing tonight, sour-puss?" I asked her.

She flushed a little. "Nothing with you, comedian."

But I knew her better than that, now. I had a little insight into the nature of her discontent; I knew she had her foot caught in a small town and hated not being able to get out of it.

So I said again, "What are you doing tonight?"

She looked past me at the mayor and shrugged her lovely shoulders. "All right," she said. "What do you want to do, Marshal?"

If I was going to have to hang around Clover for a week, I might as well enjoy it. So I grinned and said, "We could sit in your parlor and eat popcorn, I guess."

She grimaced with distaste. "There are places in Osage Springs that have better popcorn," she told me. "Pick me up around eight."

I stood there, feeling that something had been left unsaid, and heard the mayor heave to his feet behind me, grunting from the strain of being fat and full.

"Run along now and get your tin star and billy club," Sarah said. "Go play cop, little boy." Whatever it was that needed saying, that wasn't it. I turned around and followed the mayor out of the café. . . .

You walked through the dim musty aisles of bins in the store, and there in a back corner was his office. On the door he'd printed: Justice of the Peace. Also Mayor. I followed him inside and waited while he hunted around in a drawer full of odds and ends; presently he came up with a rusty, dented old badge. He began polishing it on his sleeve, squinting at the wall thoughtfully.

"Let's see, now," he said. "City council voted out the last marshal we had about twenty years ago. Figured since we'd helped elect the county law, we'd oughta get some use out of 'em, and gittin' rid of the marshal eased the strain on our fiscal debit, or somethin' like that." He squinted and abruptly he thrust the badge at me.

"Pin her on your shirt, George," he said.

I pinned it on my shirt. "Is this all there is to it?"

"Might' near," he said. "You solemnly swear to uphold your duty and so forth and so forth?"

"Sure," I said. "Is that all?"

"Well, I'll git you a pistol outa the safe."

"I'd rather not have one," I said. "I won't feel undressed if I'm not wearing a pistol, Mayor."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Then that's it. You're in business."

"Almost," I said, rubbing my finger tips at him. "Remember, Mayor?"

He grinned and pulled a wad of bills out of his pocket, counting off thirty dollars. I took it and thanked him. "Relax, Mayor," I told him. "Lawlessness must cease in these parts, starting now." I went out to my car and got in and drove to the tourist camp.

"I've just been appointed marshal of Clover," I told the man. "I understand there was a robbery here last night."

"It's news to me," he said. "Who got robbed?"

"I did," I said. "Somebody stole some valuables out of the glove compartment of my car. You happen to notice any furtive characters loitering in the neighborhood last night?"

"Cripes, no!" he said. "It was a real slow night, mister."

"That's your opinion," I said. "Were the other cabins rented?"

He looked sour. "Just one. Woman come in after you did."

"Is she still around?"

He shook his head. "Left afore I got up this mornin', I guess."

"Can you describe her?" I asked him. Not that it mattered, if she was already gone. He said she was a good-lookin' gal in a kinda tough way. He said she was driving a late model sedan, dark green. That rang a bell in my mind, but not very loud.

"Let me know if you see her around," I told him, as I checked out.

I started the motor and drove back to Main Street and across it and kept going east out of town on the dirt road that led to Charley's place. When I stopped, there was thin smoke coming from the chimney and skinny hounds from under the house.

I knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Charley's voice asked dully.

"The law," I said. "Charley Rainfall live here?"

"Hell, no," he said. "Come on in, you so-and-so." That isn't exactly what he said, but he did say to come in. I pushed the door open and one of the hounds bolted between my legs and began licking Charley's hand. He was on the couch, gingerly holding his head with one hand and slapping the hound away with the other.

"You want a drink?" I said. "I got rum and wine in the car."

He shuddered and squeezed his eyes shut for a couple of seconds, and then he said weakly, "You reckon wine would stay down, Sarge?"

"I know how to find out," I said. I went out and opened the trunk and got a partly used quart of muscatel and took it inside. He sat up and carefully lowered his legs over the edge of the couch. I handed him the bottle.

CHARLEY drank deeply, retched a little, and rubbed his forehead. He looked Indian. He looked real Indian, right then. His beady eyes prowled around the room under the hand he was clasping his brow with. Somehow, in spite of his terrible hangover, Charley managed to hang onto his dignity, and I ached a little for *all* Indians. The Cherokee had been doing all right down South before the Great White Father drove them up to Oklahoma to live among the missionaries. And along with the great advantages of white-man talk, funny last

COLLIER'S **"If you carry on enough, he gives you brandy"** BARNEY TOBEY

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names and God, civilization had also given the red man firewater and the privilege of living in a shabby house, near a white-man community but not really of it. Not a member in good standing.

"Civilian life," I said. "She's rugged, huh, Charley?"

His eyes stopped prowling and rested on me for a moment. "I guess you know it, Sarge," he said. He gestured at the room, and maybe at what was outside the room, and said wearily, "What made me think it was going to be different? We kidded ourselves, Sarge."

He shrugged and stared intently at the wine bottle. Shifting his gaze to the hound, he removed a blood-stuffed tick from the dog's ear, dropped it to the floor, and ground it under his heel. He picked the bottle up, put it down again without drinking, and yawned.

"You sleepy?" I said. "I thought I got you tucked in early, boy."

His eyes slid right past me then. "You should of tied me down."

"You went out and howled at the moon, huh?" I said.

"I went out," he said. "I don't know what I howled at, Sarge."

He was pathetic, and it hit me right where I lived. "Charley," I said, "when I sell the farm I'm going back to California. From there, who knows? Wyoming, Oregon, Alaska—wherever I feel like going. You come go back with me, Charley."

"All right," he said, still staring at the bottle. The wine had had time to warm him a little, to bring him back to life, and suddenly he lifted his head and grinned at me, his teeth very white and even in his bronze face and his dark eyes glittering. He was a handsome guy in a wild, hard sort of way. "Sure, Sarge," he said. "I'll go back to Calidamfornia with you."

I felt pretty good about it then. A guy gets tired of traveling always alone. He needs a side-kick, especially somebody dependable and fine like Charley Rainfall. I picked up the bottle and handed it to him.

"When that's gone, you're through," I said, like I was still a sergeant and he was still the best man in my platoon. "I got talked into being town marshal while I'm here because somebody stole my mad money and I have to eat until I sell the farm. Don't come to town drunk and embarrass me, pal."

SLOSHING the muscatel around in the bottle, he watched it bubble, and he gave me an odd grin. "How about that?" he said. "I got two old friends. So one of them gets to be an escaped convict, and the other one goes bad and turns into a lousy cop." He was still sloshing the wine around and still grinning. "Whose side am I on?" he said.

"Let's not choose up sides," I said. "I'm just pretending to be a cop, for the sake of my stomach." I got a cigarette and lighted it and watched Charley watching the restless wine. "What about Jud?" I said. "You think he's in Mexico, Charley?"

He gave me a direct stare, but an Indian's eyes don't tell you a thing. "Don't you?" he asked me.

"Knowing Jud, I am inclined to doubt it," I said, grinning. And then I stopped grinning, remembering something else, and I said, "Charley, he killed a man in a holdup, didn't he?"

"Accident," Charley said. "The guy put up a fight, and Jud hit him with the edge of his hand and busted his nose. Some bone splinters got rammed into the guy's brain. You know where Jud learned that?"

"The United States Marine Corps," I said.

Charley's eyes flashed suddenly. "How many men did you kill, Sarge?" He quit looking at me then and started shaking up the muscatel again. "How many did I kill?" he said, quietly. "Sarge, they taught us how to kill men. So now we got to watch ourselves, we got to stay out of brawls, because the only way we can fight is dirty and deadly." Charley lifted his shoulders, and gave me a bitter smile. "Us Cherokee," he said. "We got tribal names like Tenkiller and Sixkiller and on down the line, and 'way back it meant exactly that. You and me, we're Tenkillers. Old Jud, he's a One-killer. So here we sit, nobody hunting us with guns. Don't that make you want to laugh, Sarge?"

"No," I said. "Why does Sarah Bailey hate Jud?"

He gave me a quick surprised look then before his eyes went flat and unreadable. "I don't know Sarah Bailey very well," he said quietly. "Why don't you ask her, Sarge?"

I got up. "Maybe I will," I said. "Charley," I said, holding out my hand. He looked at it for a moment, puzzled, and took it, grinning faintly. "Charley," I said. "I always meant to look you up someday and thank you. I'm thanking you." I turned around and walked to the door and opened it. "I'll see you, pal. Maybe we can go fishing or something."

"It's a deal, Sarge," he said, and this time when he grinned his eyes were an open book, his eyes were warm and friendly.

I left him still grinning and holding the bottle of wine. I got in the car and slammed the door, started the motor and gunned it, and drove east.

IN a little while I could see the house ahead through the trees. My house. My legacy, the spiritual prison I'd broken out of when I was still seventeen. Now I was a grown man, with calluses on my heart. I turned in at the gate and drove under old familiar oak and elm trees and parked near the two dogwood trees my mother had transplanted from the woods. I took out the key lawyer Welty had given me, got out of the car, and stood there looking at the house.

It had been repainted and reshingled in the ten years. I walked around the house and looked down toward the barn and the thick stand of timber that marked a bend in the river. There was no sign of livestock, but the barn had a fairly new roof, and somehow the buildings didn't sag as I'd expected them to. Turning back, I noticed the new red pump. The old pump had been rusty and broken. And then I noticed the screened porch built onto the back of the kitchen; and the windows of what had been my father's room now had panes—the old tin coverings gone. It beat hell out of me.

Maybe he didn't spend the money I sent on whisky after all, I thought. Then I remembered.

"Is he dependent on you for his living?" the desk jockey T-4 had asked me. "No," I said. "Then the allotment comes out of your pay," he said. "I know it," I said, and he shook his head. "Well, it's your money," he said.

I didn't quite know why I wanted to do it. Maybe it was a way of hurting my father; maybe I thought it would hurt his pride, if he had any left. Or maybe I just felt that without me to raise his corn and hogs and chickens for him, he'd starve to death without a little money coming in. Anyhow, he got a monthly allotment while I was a Marine.

I went back around the house and unlocked the front door and went in, and got another shock. The front room was neat and spotless. The dining room was the same. I guessed that neighbor women had come in after he died and straightened up the place. Welty's letter had merely said that he passed away, and I still didn't know *how* he'd died. They said it was sudden. *Maybe he fell off his horse while he was drunk and broke his neck,* I thought.

I opened the door to the room that had been mine, and it was clean and tidy like the rest. Something was different about it, but I couldn't see what it was. Same old bed and dresser and chair and table. Maybe it just felt different. I went out to the car and began unloading the gear and carrying it in the room and stowing it in a corner. When I was finished, I looked at the closed door of his room, and decided to leave it closed. They probably cleaned it up too, I thought. But I left it closed. . . .

In town, I stopped at the Transcript of-

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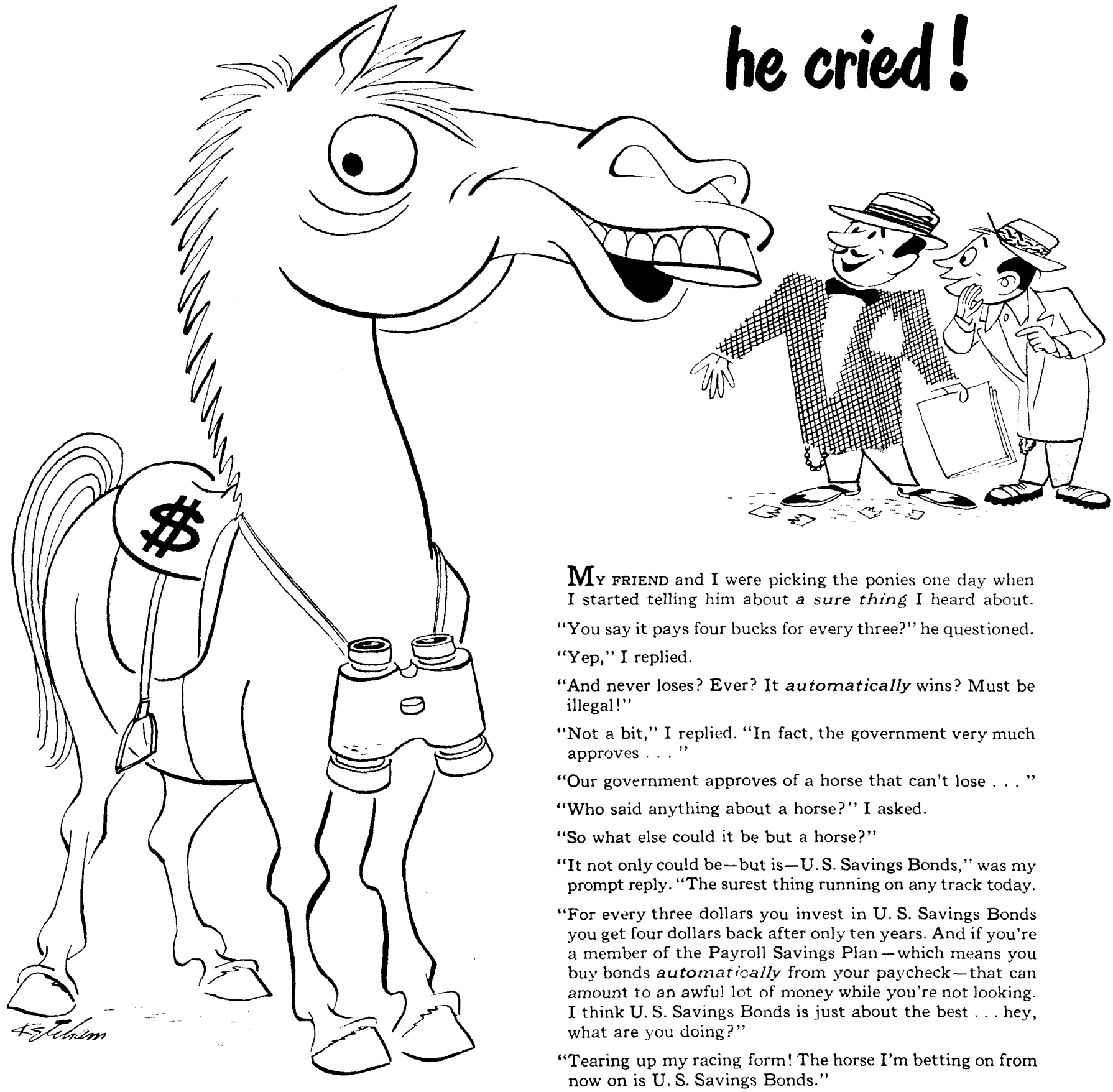
"There's no such animal," he cried!



MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about *a sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he questioned.

"Yep," I replied.

"And never loses? Ever? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves . . . "

"Our government approves of a horse that can't lose . . . "

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money while you're not looking. I think U. S. Savings Bonds is just about the best . . . hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

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fice and paid Bob Woodruff what I owed for the ad in the Osage Springs Chronicle. He congratulated me on becoming marshal, and said he hoped it might induce me to stay in Clover—at least until the fishing got good on Osage River.

"It won't," I said, and the mayor came lumbering in, chewing a cigar. "Howdy, Bob," he said. "Say, Marshal, have you dropped in yet on the merchants whose life, limb and property you're protectin'?"

"No," I said. "Is that part of the job?"

"Won't hurt nothin'," he said. "Come along, George."

SO WE called on the merchants, and after my social debut, we went to the café for lunch. It seemed the mayor was a widower, but a well-adjusted one. My father had been a widower too. It was after one o'clock when we got to the café, and Sarah had gone off duty. I felt relieved, and vaguely disappointed.

We took a booth; Roy gave us menus and we ordered. Then the mayor cleared his throat and said, "Where you puttin' up at, George?"

"I thought I'd sleep at the farm," I said.

"Good. But I'd of taken you in, George. Got plenty room."

I wished I'd known about it sooner. I said, "I was surprised at the place. I expected it to be coming apart at the seams, but it isn't."

His eyebrows went up slowly. "Didn't Ben mention it in his letters?"

"What letters?" I said. "He never wrote any letters."

His eyebrows stayed up. "Why, I had the notion you and him kept in touch with each other, George. I somehow got that impression."

I shook my head. "I dropped him a post card every month or so, figuring it was a filial duty, but he wasn't any hand to write. During the war I wrote a letter now and then, and sent him a monthly allotment. I supposed he'd spend it for whisky."

The mayor's eyebrows came down slowly, and he stared at the table. "Why, now, Ben had a bad sick spell shortly after you left, George," he said slowly. "Seemed like when Ben got well again he'd kinda lost his leanin' toward drink. He sorta pulled himself together and started workin' the farm after that."

He looked a little self-conscious. "Figured maybe you goin' away and enlistin' mighta had somethin' to do with it, George. He told me once he guessed it was his fault you took off like that."

"He didn't make me want to stay," I said.

"Sure, I knowed that, I guess," he said gently. "You never had no easy time here, son. If it'll ease your mind any to know it, Ben was mighty proud of you, George."

"My mind doesn't need easing," I said.

For a while we ate our lunch in silence, and then the mayor started talking about Clover. He said there were lots of campers and fishermen on the river summers, there was good fishing and good squirrel and deer hunting back on the mountain, and the land around Clover was excellent for small farming—berries and vegetables and fruit.

He squinted at me and swallowed a mouthful of food and said, "Yessir, George, if anybody asks you point-blank, you can tell 'em Clover is a growing concern."

It's no growing concern of mine, I thought. I changed the subject. "Look," I said. "How am I supposed to operate? Walk the streets, or sit on the loafer's bench in front of the feed store, or what?"

He said just make a couple rounds every day and be where folks could locate me if they needed me. "Your nights are your own," he said. "I reckon the phone's still in out there, ain't it?" I said I hadn't noticed, and he said it most likely was, so I got up and paid for my lunch. "From now on," I said, "it's going to be against the law to create any felonies when I'm in bed. Criminals got to work bankers' hours." I put on my hat. "I guess I'll go scout around, Mayor. There might be some skulduggery going on right at this very minute."

He said he wouldn't give me odds on it. And I guess he was right, because I didn't have a thing to do all afternoon but loaf.

AN ELECTRIC iron is a "must" for a chronic transient. You could rent a cabin for one night and catch up on a week's washing and ironing. That night after supper I pressed the wrinkles out of my beautiful Hollywood-type suit and worked a shirt into shape, and when I checked in the mirror I decided I looked good enough for the patrons of an Osage Springs *bistro.* So I put on my hat, dropped my badge in my coat pocket, and drove to Clover for my date with Sarah.

"My goodness, you look real sharp, Marshal," she said.

She looked sharp, too, with her black hair swept up on top of her head. Maybe she hoped it made her look sophisticated, but it didn't. It made her look about seventeen and very innocent and vulnerable. She should have been going to choir practice instead of a juke joint.

We drove slowly out of Clover in the chilly, cloudy night. "You got any particular place in mind, or do we just stop at the first neon sign?" I asked, and she said the first neon sign was okay. After that we were silent until, some twenty minutes later, I saw the first neon sign up ahead beside the highway. A mile or so beyond was a faint glow above the horizon, and I judged that would be Osage Springs. So I drove in.

Inside, it was very dim, and as we made our way across a slick floor to a shadowy booth I saw a bottle go under the table next door. We sat down, and right away a waitress came.

"What kind of beer do you have?" I asked her.

"Are you kidding?" she said. "There happens to be a law against serving beer where people are dancing, and vice versa." She peered at Sarah in the gloom and smiled. "Oh, hello, there," she said.

"Hi," Sarah said. "Just bring us Cokes, please." The waitress nodded and left, and Sarah arched an eyebrow at me. "The customers bring their own bottles, Marshal. Does it shock you?"

I got up and went across the dance floor and outside to the car. When I came in again I had a fifth of rum under my coat. I slid into the booth and dropped it in Sarah's lap.

When our Cokes came, I spiked them, and she tasted and decided she liked it. So we draped her thin coat over the bottle and danced. I could tell that Sarah was pleased about my dancing. I was pleased about hers, too. She was light and liquid on her feet, and she danced neither too close nor too far away. She was the best.

When we went back to the booth, I ordered a bowl of ice and a large bottle of mix, as was the custom. We had another rum and Coke, and Sarah's cheeks got rosy and her eyes sparkled, and it wasn't any secret that she was strictly an amateur.

It was about ten fifteen when Honey came in. I saw her at the door with some nice-looking kid who couldn't have been more than eighteen, if that, and I watched them go along the dance floor to an empty booth, the kid walking carefully because he had a bottle under his coat.

I looked around at Sarah in time to see the expression of distaste on her face, and to note that she had been looking exactly where I had been looking. It didn't bother me. If Sarah had been to the joint often, she probably knew a lot of the regulars by sight and must have formed an opinion of a lot of them. The *other* regulars. I didn't like that thought, Sarah being well known in such a damned blind-tiger sort of dump.

We had another drink, which I made weak for Sarah, and then we sat there in a pleasant, companionable silence; her leg was warm and bothersome against mine under the table. She wasn't doing it deliberately. She probably wasn't aware of the contact. But I was. I looked at her and she smiled at me, and then her smile slid off and past me, and she said in a flat voice, "Oh—hello, Johnny."

"Hiya, Sarah," he said. "How's for a dance?"

He was the guy with Honey—the kid—and my first impression was that he was a fairly clean-cut, nice-looking kid; he reminded me vaguely of someone, and he was almost totally lacking in the niceties of etiquette.

"Where I come from," I said gently, "it's customary to ask the lady's escort if he minds, first."

HIS grin stayed put, but it got dirty. On second thought, I decided his was the kind of cocky face I always had an urge to slap. "Sure, fella," he said mockingly. "You mind, fella?"

I minded, but I just shrugged and said, "If she wants to." And then a funny thing happened. I looked at Sarah and I knew she didn't want to dance with the kid, and yet she moved over on the seat so that I had to let her out of the booth, and she got up and went out on the floor with him. He was a good dancer, but she danced with him stiffly, and her face was blank and cold. I felt a small twinge of something, watching her dance with another guy, and I thought: *Grow up, Hor-jay. You've got your high-school diploma.*

And then Honey was there at the booth, smiling at me. She was a pretty magnificent female, tall and big all over, but not too big anywhere. A sort of light heavyweight amazon. She was built like one of those

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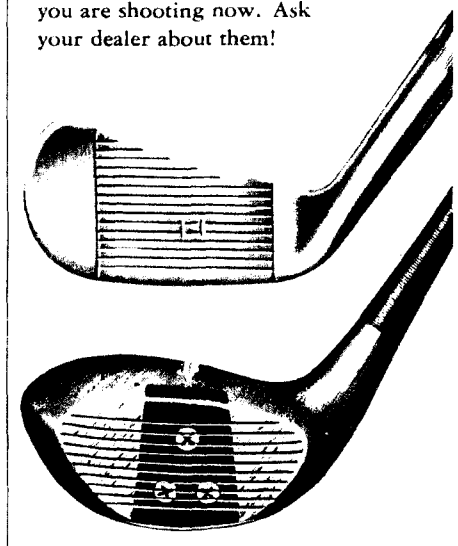

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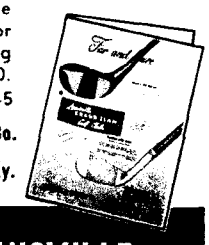

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showgirls who don't dance or sing but just stand around without very much on, being decorative. She eased into the seat across from me and tapped a cigarette on the table and looked at me.

"Are you out of matches *already?*" I said. "So soon?"

She nodded, with that faintly smiling stare. I lighted her cigarette and she blew smoke and picked a shred of tobacco from her lower lip. "Well, here we are, with both of us tied up," she said.

I said, "That's right, Honey. That's how it always seems to go."

She watched Sarah and the kid dancing. "Don't you dance, honey?"

"I dance," I said, getting up. "I'll give you a demonstration."

She stood up, hanging onto the cigarette, and we danced. She was nearly as tall as I was, and she was certainly much too large a woman for me to have to support, the way she was leaning on me.

"I can get untied, honey," she breathed in my ear.

I breathed in her ear, too. "I can't," I said.

"Afraid you might hurt her feelings?"

"No," I said. "I'm afraid I might hurt *my* feelings." We stopped dancing.

She lifted one eyebrow and gave me a kind of weary smile. "Thanks for the demonstration, honey," she said, and she turned and went back to her booth. So I went back to mine, and got there just ahead of Sarah and the kid.

THE kid smirked at me. My palm itched, and I knew he wasn't a guy who would grow on me. He left.

"A nice boy," I told Sarah. "And I use the word boy because I'm not familiar with all the zoological terms."

She didn't say anything. She got out a cigarette and waited for me to light it, and in the flare I saw that she looked a trifle irritated. Then she put her hand over mine and gave me a warm, intimate smile.

"I like you, Marshal," she said. "Don't mind me—sometimes I get in a foul mood for no reason at all. I don't like Johnny."

"Why did you dance with him, then?"

"I don't know," she said. "I won't again." Then she looked at me with a slightly acid smile. "You didn't seem to miss me much."

"I missed you," I said. "Who *was* that I danced with?"

She shrugged. "I don't know her. She's new around here, I guess."

"She wouldn't be very new anywhere," I said. "Let's dance."

We danced, and I tried to tell myself that any pretty girl feels good in your arms, and that Sarah was sweet but just a kid. We went back to the booth, and she stayed close against me and looked up at me with those soft gray eyes, that sulky mouth not quite so sulky, and she said, "Tell me about California, George."

She wasn't tight yet, just mellow. Just glowing. Her mouth turned up at the corners and wasn't dissatisfied, and her glance was cozy, and pretty soon I was telling her about all those glamorous places. I told her about the beautiful sun-kissed valleys and the vineyards and orange groves and irrigation canals and the far, silver graphs in the sky that were the snow peaks of the high Sierras.

"Show them to me, George," her eyes seemed to say. "Take me to all those wonderful places, George. Save me from all this dreariness."

The cocky guy, Johnny, came back, and wondered insolently if I objected to his asking Sarah to dance, and I didn't object because I had a strong feeling she wouldn't dance with him. He wiggled his finger at her, giving off a fine glow of conceit.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said. She wasn't sorry.

He didn't like being refused, and his eyes went ugly. I watched him return to his table. Honey wasn't there, and he poured a man-sized slug and tossed it down, straight, and scowled at the empty glass.

When I returned my attention to Sarah, her mood had undergone a subtle change. Her eyes had grown a bit melancholy, and she told me—or tried to—about her troubles; how it was terrible to be trapped by parents and a small town. That was the first time I heard about the parent angle. It seemed her father got angry if she talked of going off to college or somewhere to work, and her mother was a sort of invalid, a hypochondriac, and would have spells if Sarah even so much as mentioned coming to Osage Springs to find a job. Or *anything.*

She was very close, and her sweet young face was turned up to me. *Don't kiss her, you fool!* I told myself. But I slipped my arm around her soft, yielding body and pulled her tight against me—and then suddenly I sensed an unwanted presence, and my hackles rose.

"Come on, baby," said Johnny, thickly. "This is our dance."

"Oh, hell!" she whispered. Then she said, "Go *away,* Johnny!"

"You're not so much," Johnny snarled. "I knew you when you weren't so damn' particular who you danced with, sister."

I was already getting up when Sarah abruptly started crying, and that gave me a little added incentive. I put my hand against the kid's chest and shoved, and he staggered onto the dance floor, but managed to stay on his feet.

"Beat it, kid," I told him. "You're out of line."

His face was cold white marble in the sickly light. He started back to our booth slowly, fending off the dancers without ever taking his eyes off me. Then his hand dipped into his pocket and out again, and I caught a brief glimpse of the spring-bladed knife flicking open before he had it hidden under his jacket. Nobody else seemed aware of what was trying to happen, but I was aware of it. I reached behind me and found the rum bottle and set it up handy.

He kept moving toward me, slowly. I thought if I had a coat or something I could throw it at him when he got close, and tag him good with the rum bottle while he was fighting clear of the coat. But I didn't have a coat handy. Then I had another thought—a screwy one, probably—and I put my hand in my pocket and felt the cold metal of the marshal's badge.

"You're heading for bad trouble, kid," I told him, palming the badge—but also getting a good grip on the neck of the rum bottle. The badge might confuse him long enough to give me an opening with the bottle. When he was five feet away and the knife was all ready to come out from under his jacket, I opened the palm of my hand and let him see the badge. "All right, punk," I said in a tough voice. "Put the sticker away and blow, or I'll have to run you in."

BACKED up by the official-looking chunk of metal, it sounded good. His mouth slacked out of its snarl, and he stared at the badge uncertainly. He seemed a little confused, but I didn't want him just to be confused. I wanted him to put that knife of his away and go somewhere. Almost anywhere would do.

"They throw guys in the freezer for carrying illegal pencil sharpeners," I told him, watching his fist tighten and relax on the handle of the half-hidden knife. He looked a little like Napoleon—and a lot like someone else I couldn't place at the moment—but mostly he just looked vicious. "You got six months to spare, punk?" I asked.

"You're funny," he said, and took his eyes off me long enough to spit contemptuously. But the knife was farther out of sight now. "I'm laughing, copper," he said. "You kill me."

"Maybe I will," I said. *Now,* I thought. *The bottle—now!* But then reason intruded. I might kill him with the bottle at that. I listened to reason, hoping the kid would too. He seemed pretty unsure of himself, now, but he still hadn't made up his mind.

And then Honey was there. She looked first at the kid, and she flipped back the lapel of his coat and saw the knife. Then she looked at the badge in my hand. And then she slapped the kid in the face.

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"You little jerk," she said. "I should have known better than to let you drink. What're you trying to do—make a name for yourself?"

I thought for a long tense second that he was going to knife her. I really thought he would. And then she slapped him again, on both cheeks. "Get out of here," she said.

And he went. All at once he wheeled and went tearing out of the place. Honey watched him go, and then she looked at me, and the faint, weary smile was there. "Pick on somebody your size, honey," she said. Her eyebrows quivered a little. "Know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean," I told her. She turned and went out of the place without looking back.

Sarah had stopped crying. "Why didn't you hit him?" she said.

"I didn't want to hurt him," I told her. That was maybe half of the truth. I gave her the other half. "I didn't want him hacking the buttons of my best shirt, either."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"The knife," I said. "Didn't you see his pretty knife?"

She hadn't seen it. I could tell by the shocked look in her eyes that she hadn't been aware of the knife. "Knife?"

"Knife," I said. "Incidentally, who is that kid, Sarah?"

She wouldn't look at me. Her eyes darted around and she got a sort of trapped expression. "Johnny?" she said. "Oh, he's—he's just a fellow I've seen around out here."

"What's his last name?" I said. I don't know why I thought it was important, or why I thought she'd know. Her eyes still looked trapped, but then she shrugged.

"Clymer," she said. "Johnny Clymer. He's Jud's cousin."

"Oh?" I said, and I looked at her sharply.

She gave me a hard, stubborn, sullen look. "All right," she said. "You may as well know the rest of it, Marshal. I used to go with Jud." I didn't say anything, and she said, "Well?" I felt a little frozen.

That's what the kid had meant when he said Sarah hadn't always been so particular about her dancing partners. I thought about it and watched her. She poured a glass half full of rum and dumped Coke and ice in it. She made an impatient motion with her shoulders and turned the glass up and gulped. She set it down and coughed and gasped, and tears came to her eyes.

"You've had it," I said. "Let's go home."

"I'll go home when I'm darn' good and ready," Sarah said weakly. Then she hiccuped and looked at me and said piteously, "George—I'm si-i-ick!"

"It's a free country," I said. "You got a right to be sick."

She shuddered and looked panicky. So I got out of the way. She beat it outside, and I gathered up things and followed. She was around behind the jalopy, and I didn't intrude on her distress. After a while she opened the door and climbed meekly onto the seat. I helped her get her coat around her, and then I backed out and drove her home.

She maintained an embarrassed and resentful silence all the way. When I stopped in front of her house she told me not to come in; she sounded a little desperate about it, but I followed her to the door.

WHEN she went in I saw Roy sitting in a chair reading a magazine. She bolted through the room and her father looked astonished. So I went in and shut the door and explained it all to him very simply. I just took the bottle out of my pocket and showed it to him and shrugged.

I didn't expect him to get very sore about it, but his face went pale.

"Where did you go?" he asked, his voice barely under control. I told him where we'd been. "That's what I thought!" he said harshly. He jabbed a finger at me. "George," he said, "Sarah's just a kid. She's never been around. She's innocent, and gullible. She almost made one bad mistake once, and I aim to see she doesn't do it again." I wondered if he referred to Jud.

"Look, Roy," I said. "I wasn't trying to—" I stopped, because I knew what I hadn't been trying to do, but not how to say it.

"*You* look," he said. "I don't want Sarah going to places like that, or with guys who would take her to places like that. I thought you were all right—I'm not sure about you now. You're only going to be here a short while, but a lot of damage can be done in a short while."

"All right," I said. "You've had your say. Good night, Roy."

"George," he said, a little more calmly. "I don't want this to make you and me enemies, you understand? But I just don't want you messing with Sarah."

"Good night," I said. I went out and got in the car and drove home. I didn't feel especially sore at Roy Bailey. The things he said were just the things I should have said to myself. I drove home and went to bed.

I couldn't have much more than dropped off when I came suddenly awake, shivering. Outside a strong wind moaned under the eaves, and the screen door of the back porch was banging quietly and insistently, and somewhere in the house a window pane rattled, and things creaked and groaned and sighed.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "Whew! All finished!" J. WHITING

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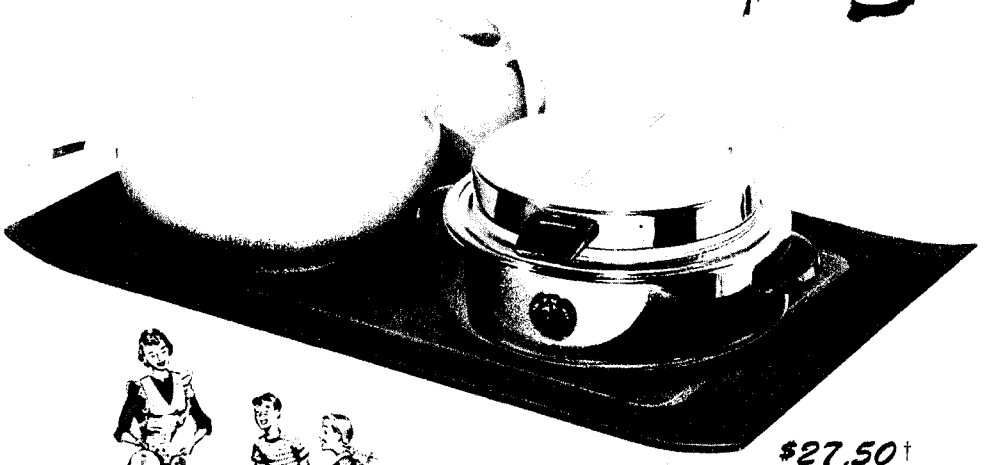

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Seven Parts of a Ball Team

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

turned back to the fat man. "When do we play our first game?"

The fat man looked down at their entry. "Probably on the first draw, at eleven," he said. "Say, where is this town, Indian Leg, anyway? I never heard of it."

"It isn't a town," Milt said. "It's a school district. T'other side of the river."

"No town there at all?"

"None at all."

"Where do you haul your wheat?"

"Holland."

"How far away's that?"

"Eight miles."

"We'll call you Holland, then, so people'll know where you're from."

"You'll call us Indian Leg, mister," Milt said. "Because that's where we're from."

THE two men gazed at each other steadily and finally the fat man shrugged and tossed the entry slip, unaltered, on top of the others beside him.

Ordinarily, if the men around the entry tent hadn't kidded Nels, he'd have been left there to bring back the news when the draw was made, because he was youngest, but now Billy offered to stay behind.

The eight others walked around the fairgrounds. For a time they watched the half-dozen trotters and pacers limbering up around the half-mile track surrounding the two baseball diamonds. Behind the grandstand they saw a small boy win fifty-five cents on a wheel game. They passed a rakish old man and a studious young man standing together near an empty booth, already taking a few advance bets on the races, which would be run intermittently all day. They saw no one they knew among the throngs of red-faced men with purple arm bands and white shirts and blue serge trousers and boots that shone dully under a film of dust. They walked through the animal barns, threaded through the women looking at the exhibits of pies and cakes and sewing, dodged children who ran like hares in the forest of legs.

They were not conscious of the looks they got—five men and a boy in cheap white mail-order uniforms and one, Whitman, the first baseman, in a gray-blue uniform his wife had made, and Fangs Anderson in a red flannel uniform that was too small for him. All had the name Indian Leg sewed across their backs.

Matt and Milt led them now to warm up. Matt, three or four inches shorter than Milt, took short steps to Milt's long ones, pounding his hand every once in a while into his glove. People already were lining up around the main diamond in front of the grandstand. The Indian Leg team picked the other diamond, fairly confident that this would be where they would play. They pitched an old ball around and warmed up slowly.

Milt didn't warm up. If they got to the final round, he'd be pitching three or four games today, depending on how many teams were entered. He didn't feel like warming up, although he knew he could pitch thirty innings any day of his life and still be up the next morning before dawn to work on the farm.

Then they saw Agnew, the catcher Carberry had brought in from Minot. He came onto another part of the field to warm up a tall southpaw pitcher. Agnew was a heavily built man, close to six feet tall. He noticed their stares and yelled out to them in a strong, carrying voice, "Who's doing the milking with all you hicks away?"

The gathering crowd, mostly farmers themselves, chuckled halfheartedly.

Nels turned to Perce beside him and said, "I wonder how he knew we were from a farm."

"Just guessed," Perce said.

Hughie yelled back, "You'll be wishing later we'd stayed and done the milking ourselves."

The crowd laughed.

Agnew tossed the ball back to his pitcher and walked out into the outfield and looked down at Hughie. "It won't pay you to get fresh with me, shorty," he said. "I eat farm boys for breakfast."

Matt came up beside him. "On our farm," he said, "we feed slops to the hogs."

Milt moved closer, thinking Agnew was going to swing on Matt. But Nels, young and as quick as Matt to anger, got there first and said in his half-man, half-boy voice, "Get the heck away from here!"

Agnew turned. "Well, baby-doll!" he said.

"Better go, Agnew," Milt said mildly. "This isn't getting you or us anywhere."

Agnew stared around at them all silently. Finally, turning away, he sneered, "I hope there's some chance we'll be playing you plowboys today."

"When you do, you'll wish you hadn't," Hughie called, tossing a ball to Herb.

As Agnew walked away, Perce said, "Now, what the heck do you suppose is eating that guy?"

Matt stared after Agnew. "I don't think anything's eating him, particularly," he said. "He's just one of those rough, tough bully types. Lots of them in the world."

About five past ten Billy crossed the diamond with his rolling stride, and the others clustered about. "Eight teams in," he said. "Our first game's at eleven. If we win, we play again at three, and if we win that, we're in the final at five thirty. All games seven innings until the final."

"Where's Carberry in the draw?" Matt asked.

"At the other end from us. Their first game's at one o'clock. If we last and they last, we'll play them in the final."

"Can't meet before?"

"No."

WHEN the word went around that the ball games were just about to start, the crowd converged on the two diamonds, with the smaller part of the crowd gathering to watch Indian Leg face its first adversary, a team from Wawanesa.

Wawanesa won the toss and took the field. Hughie was first up and beat out a bunt for an infield hit. Perce singled to center and Hughie got to third in a reckless headfirst slide, and stood on the bag and dusted himself off and smiled broadly, and when Matt was choosing from the three bats owned by the team, the most concentrated cheering in the fairgrounds was coming from the other brothers. They danced and shouted and grimaced on the side lines, raking the Wawanesa pitcher with abuse, and Matt hit the first pitch over the center fielder's head and under the rail onto the race track. Hughie trotted slowly from third, Perce sprinted around to catch up with Matt close behind him, and they crossed home plate in lock step.

Each one raised his baseball cap to the crowd and showed a shaven head, for all the unmarried brothers shaved their heads on the first of each July. The crowd laughed, and from that time on, Indian Leg had the full support of every farmer and his family watching, except, naturally, the few who had come all the way from Wawanesa.

Milt wasn't a thoughtful pitcher. He didn't consider whether he had it today or didn't have it, but with this three-run lead, he saved himself from the first pitch. He had good control, and mostly he pitched for the inside corners, with an occasional curve thrown in.

He struck out the first two. The third man up hit a hot one to Matt at shortstop.

As the ball hopped once in the infield, Whitman, on first base, his right hand in its catcher's mitt out in a target while he toed the bag, gave passionate advice. Before Matt touched the ball Whitman roared, "E-e-e-asy, Matt!" As Matt made the catch: "Lots of time, Matt!" As Matt's arm came back for the throw that was like a whip, straight and true: "Ma-a-a-tt, e-e-asy, boy!"

And as the ball hit his mitt, he yelled, "Damn it!" pulling his mitt back to lessen the impact. After each tournament Whitman's hand was swollen from catching Matt's throws from shortstop. After the first time he played with Matt, he had traded his first baseman's mitt for this catcher's mitt, and now, despite all the ribbing, he would wear no other.

He trotted to the bench, swearing, while the others kidded him and Matt told him, as he always did, that he'd throw it easier next time.

They won that game, 9-4, and walked in a group to the car, jesting casually with the friendly crowds. They got out the cream can full of lemonade and the box of thick sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs.

"We'd best carry some of this grub with us to the next game," Milt said. "We won't have much time between it and the final, if we keep winning."

"We'll keep winning," said Hughie. "What'll we do with that thousand dollars?"

"With my share," Whitman said, "I'm going to buy a hundred dollars' worth of sponges to catch Matt with."

"We could buy a farm and scare hell out of the Old Man," Perce said.

"We could buy something nice for Mother with some of it," said Herb.

Nels stood up. "That Carberry game's started," he said. "I'd like to see that Agnew catch." Milt packed away the sandwiches and put the lid on the lemonade.

They couldn't get very close to the Carberry game, the crowd was so thick along the side lines. Some families sat in groups, eating their lunches while they watched, and keeping up a constant stream of insults at the enemy and encouragement to their friends. The support for the Carberry team was little more than perfunctory, because many of the spectators resented the way the team had been packed. Agnew talked constantly to the batters, and some of them snapped back at him, but what was being said couldn't be heard in the crowd.

Agnew batted cleanup for the Carberry team. He hit each time up. Going into second one time, he slammed into the second baseman. The crowd yelled at him, and the single umpire, who stood behind the plate when the bases were empty and behind the pitcher when there was anyone on, warned him. Agnew spat in the dust.

The big southpaw import had a blazing fast ball. He allowed only three hits, and Carberry won the game, 10-0.

MILT felt good in the three-o'clock game, again on the second-best diamond, but this time the crowd was almost as big there as it was for the second Carberry game, played simultaneously in front of the grandstand. The trotters and pacers whirled in the background, the goggled drivers yelling and cursing on the turns, and Whitman swore his way through the same agonized routine each time Matt threw to first base. Hughie went deep into Billy's position in right field to cut off a liner that got through Billy, and miraculously held the runner to one base. Milt saved his arm, never bearing down except when men were in scoring position. Once he glanced over and saw that the Carberry southpaw was throwing as hard as ever.

Milt hoped the man would wear himself out, because he was afraid of what those imports might do to his pitching, and he wanted his brothers to be able to hit a few and get him some runs because he felt sure he'd need them.

Indian Leg won that game, 6-3, while Carberry won, 12-4, and each was finished in time for a half-hour rest before the final The brothers and Whitman and Anderson moved from one diamond to the other, carrying their food. The races were over,

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and, while everyone gathered for this final game, the Indian Leg team ate beef sandwiches and drank lemonade and finished off with dozens of the thick sugar-coated cookies that Mary, their mother, could make better than anyone else in the world.

Agnew and Milt and the umpire met at home plate for the toss. Milt won. He walked back toward the Indian Leg bench and picked up his glove and waved the others into the infield, and they all ran except Whitman, who walked to first base with the air of a man afraid of his fate. The grandstand was filled with nearly a thousand people, but the greater part of the crowd was behind the chicken-wire backstop and stretched along the first and third base lines and around the outfield at a respectful distance from home plate.

EVEN before the first pitch, the Carberry team started to ride young Nels, the catcher. Someone yelled to the umpire that he'd have to call the game at seven because it would be the kid's bedtime. Agnew rode him hardest, with references to safety pins and diapers and related subjects, and Milt could see the boy's discomfort.

He found the inside corner for two called strikes on the first batter and then blazed in his fast ball, for this was the last game and his arm was fine. The batter swung and missed, and Milt could feel the whole team lift behind him; and when the batter was walking in disgust from the plate, Nels was on his feet, yelling after him.

But the next two men singled cleanly to center, Hughie holding them each to a single base, and Agnew came up with only one out and two men on. He was left-handed, and Milt fed him a curve that broke to the inside, and Agnew lashed at it and hit it on the handle and it bounced slowly at Perce, the second baseman, who tossed it to Matt, covering at second, and above the yells of the crowd came Whitman's pleading roar, "Easy, Matt! Matt, *easy boy!*" and his groaning curse as he caught the ball for the double play.

But as Whitman made the catch, Agnew hit him hard and rolled him over and over, and Milt had to grab Matt as he came across the diamond on the dead run to attack Agnew, who outweighed him by forty pounds. The umpire lectured Agnew, and three tournament officials restrained Whitman's groggy efforts to get at him. Agnew turned away from the umpire in the middle of the lecture and got into his catching gear.

The southpaw struck out Hughie, Agnew riding him from his crouch. Perce turned and told Agnew he'd kill him with his bat if he said another word, but Perce struck out, too. Matt said that went for him, too, but Agnew kept on riding him and Matt got whiter and whiter and struck out, too.

In the fourth, Agnew caught Milt's fast ball for a home run to put Carberry one up. Matt stood on the base line between second and third when he came around, daring the big man to push him out of the way, and Agnew did, and Matt threw out a hip that missed.

They were scoreless again through the fifth and sixth; and in the seventh, when Agnew came to bat with two out, Milt heard Nels's voice from behind the plate.

"You can't be lucky twice, you bum."

Agnew seemed not to hear. Called strike one.

"I got six brothers who can play better ball than you," Nels said.

No reply. Ball one.

On the next pitch, Agnew, seemingly swinging back to get ready for the pitch, hit Nels on the mask with his bat and laid him out in the dust.

When the brothers came in on the run, some of the Carberry team got up, ready to fight, but the brothers gathered around Nels on the ground, Milt holding his head up while Perce ran for water. Matt bent over him, speaking in a low voice, asking him how he was, telling him he'd be all right.

It was five minutes before Nels got to his feet again, pale and dogged, mumbling over and over an unaccustomed swearword. He shook off the hands of his brothers and tried to help Herb straighten the mask. Then he stood alone behind the plate until Milt pitched again. He didn't get too close to Agnew's bat this time, but he stayed close enough to catch well. Agnew hit cleanly to center field.

Hughie fielded it on the first bounce and threw in to second. From the pitcher's mound, Milt saw Matt's set, angry glance at Agnew who was rounding first, and then he saw in amazement that Matt was backing away from second toward the mound. Hughie's fine throw was allowed to bounce once, and then Matt seemed to have it and then dropped it. Agnew had paused for an instant, but when the ball rolled through Matt's legs, Agnew sprinted for second. And then Milt, backing up Matt, was bending for it, and Matt yelled, "No! No, Milt! I want him on second!" And although Perce was on second and a toss would have had a fair chance to catch Agnew as he slid in, spikes high, Matt picked it up, with no chance to catch him, and trotted over to where Agnew stood, grinning, on the bag.

"Yah, ya dumb farmer!" Agnew yelled, and his yell ended in a protesting bellow as Matt tagged him hard with the ball.

Matt turned and tossed the ball back to Milt. Milt rubbed the ball slowly, tense and angry, suddenly knowing, waiting and when Matt yelled for a throw, Milt threw and, at second, Matt swung and slugged Agnew again with the ball, although the catcher hadn't moved off the bag.

The beginning of a chuckling murmur rose from the crowd.

Agnew swore and shoved Matt violently, but Matt tossed the ball back to Milt. Then Perce streaked in behind Agnew to take another throw from Milt and hammer the big catcher in the ribs. Agnew stood on the bag and roared at the umpire, at the shouting crowd, at the brothers; and Perce tossed the ball back again to Milt.

"Again, Milt!" Matt yelled.

When he slugged Agnew this time, the catcher tried to protect himself with his arms and then swung a glancing blow at Matt.

Matt said in a calm voice, "The next time you swing at me I'll tag you in the teeth."

The rest of the Carberry team crowded around the umpire, who kept yelling, "Play ball!" and betweentimes shook his head and repeated there was nothing in the rules said you couldn't tag a man, whether he was standing on the base or not. If the Indian Leg team wanted to waste time that way, the umpire couldn't stop them.

Milt looked at the sun. It was near the horizon, and they were one run down. But the bump on young Nels's head still wasn't quite paid for, and he threw again to Matt, when Matt called, and this time Agnew winced with pain.

The umpire stood behind Milt and said, "I've been umpiring that guy all summer. I was wondering when somebody would finally give it to him. But you better stop now."

Milt walked from the mound toward second base. Perce and Matt came in toward him and the three of them stood a few feet away and looked at Agnew. The big man stared silently back at them, an apprehensive question in his face. He looked more vulnerable than defiant.

Milt took the ball from Matt's hand and walked back to the mound and looked down past home plate to young Nels, who crouched, waiting. Milt read his signal and glanced at the runner and threw up his leg and pitched.

The batter slapped the pitch toward second. Perce charged it and ignored the easier play to first and threw to third. When Agnew saw Herb waiting with the ball he made a halfhearted, limping attempt to slide under the hard, swinging tag. But he failed, and the side was retired.

WHEN the team came off the field, the umpire looked at the rosy glow where the sun had been and shouted to the crowd that this would be the last half-inning.

Agnew had enough left to curse Herb when he came to bat, saying they'd lost the game by stalling.

Herb hit the ball over the race-track fence to tie the score.

Whitman walked, Anderson struck out and so did Nels, and Billy got his first hit in three baseball tournaments, a ball that disappeared into the dusk of the outfield, scattering the crowd. He chased Whitman all the way around to win the game. . . .

It was midnight when the boys got home. The Old Man came down in his flannelette nightgown. He stalked in his bare feet to the kitchen table, where his sons were eating warmed-up beef and gravy and potatoes and bread, and he looked at the pile of bank notes in the middle of the table.

"How much in that pile?" he asked.

"About seven hundred and seventy, something like that," Hughie said.

"What you going to do with it?"

"Look at it a while," Hughie said.

The Old Man rubbed his face and looked at all the money. "Didn't get whopped yet," he muttered. Then he noticed the bump on Nels's forehead. "What happened to you?"

"Got hit by a bat."

"Hit the fella back?"

"Matt did. And Perce and Herb."

The Old Man looked around at his grinning sons, and half grinned in return. "I suppose I'll have hell's own time gettin' you all up in the morning," the Old Man said. "Get to bed." THE END

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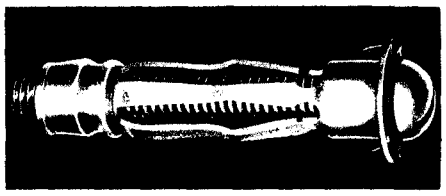

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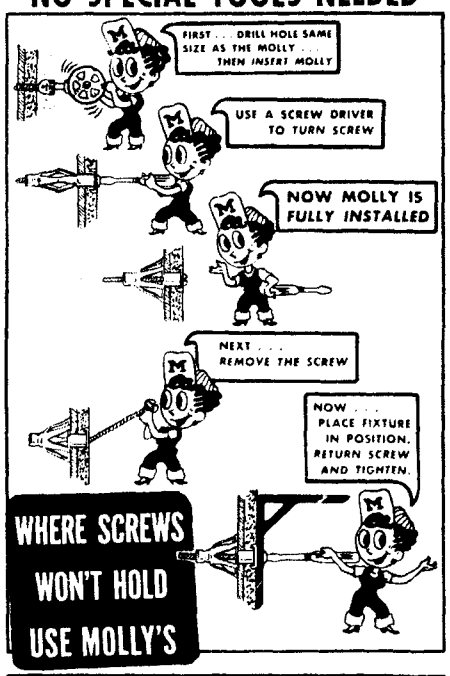

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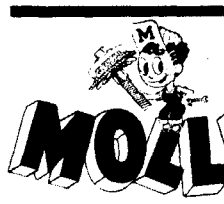

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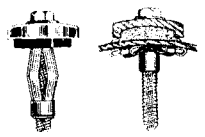

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A Sucker for Babies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

tonight. She had lots of hair, very black, and her skin was dark and rosy. She looked like the angels in the pictures on the wall at Nick's Pizzeria.

"Oh, look at the Vitale baby," said one of the grandmothers in the crowd. "Isn't she pretty?"

Patsy turned to her.

"That's my baby," he said.

"It is?" said the grandmother. "What are you going to call her?"

Patsy looked back at his daughter. "Patsy," he said.

"Oh, that's a pretty name," the grandmother said.

"She's named after me," Patsy said.

He pushed carefully through the crowd and walked toward his wife's ward. He wondered what Stella would say when he told her he had named the baby Patsy. He decided to wait a few days before mentioning it. Stella was not yet feeling very well. She was still in bed and looked tired and nervous. When Patsy bent over her she kissed him briefly and then sniffed.

"Honey, have you been drinking?" she said.

"Only beer."

"Well, go easy, will you, for Pete's sake?" she said.

"Sure," Patsy said.

"I worry about you," she said. "I keep thinking that with me in the hospital like this you'll get, you know, bored. I keep thinking you'll get in a fight or something."

"Hah," Patsy said. "Fat chance."

"What do you mean fat chance? You been in enough fights already. It wouldn't surprise me."

"Well, no more," Patsy said. "Only in the ring."

He looked away from her in the direction of the nursery.

"You know something?" he said. "I get a big kick out of that kid. That kid's going to be the making of me. Give me a year. Two years, anyway. I'll have the title. You can make book on it."

STELLA looked around to see if the others in the ward were listening. She lowered her voice. "I told some of the women here you were a fighter," she said.

Patsy hunched his head down in his shoulders.

"Gee, what did you want to do that for?" he said.

"Why not? It's no disgrace. It's no disgrace when you do it for money. I thought you were proud you could lick all those guys."

"Sure," Patsy said. "But what will they think of the baby?"

"I guess some of them wish their husbands made as much as you do—when you work."

"Sure, but it don't seem respectable for the baby. For that baby I ought to be a millionaire."

"You will be if you win the title," Stella said.

"I'll win it, all right," Patsy said. "Now I'm going out and look at her again."

He walked back to the nursery window, moving lightly and happily on his toes, thinking of Stillman's Gym tomorrow and whaling the heavy bag, and what he would say to his manager, what boys they would get him to fight, how many he would have to win before they gave him a shot at the champ. Standing in the little crowd around the window and looking at his daughter, he said aloud:

"We're in, kid. Don't worry about a thing." He lifted his hands and clenched them in the fighter's salute, making a jerky bow toward the child.

An aunt or something looked up at him. "What did you say?" she asked.

It confused him. "I was just talking to my baby," Patsy said.

The women giggled and he walked back to the ward.

"Well, I better beat it," he said to Stella. "I better get some sleep."

"Why, it isn't even eight," his wife said. "Are you crazy?"

"I know, but I got to get in shape. I'll see you tomorrow."

He left without kissing her. When he got outside he began to jog toward Second Avenue. Might as well start building up his legs now. The night was chilly and a fine rain had begun to fall, but the kids were still out. There was a gang of them playing and yelling under the arc light at York Avenue. He stopped, lighted a cigarette, and looked them over. They were the kind of kids he had always known.

It was the kind of neighborhood he came from, a street of tenements, small, cluttered business places, dirty little bars. He had grown up around this but he had never paid much attention to it before. For the first time he found himself irritated by the antics and noise of the children. There was one boy who made a specialty of tormenting girls. He would twist their arms and the braids of their hair. They screamed and pleaded but they liked it. Patsy was disgusted. He forgot that he had done the same thing himself many times.

While he watched, the boy forced one girl to her knees, standing over her with a cigarette in his mouth, his eyes narrowed like Robert Mitchum. The girl whimpered and swore at him and the boy slapped her lightly. How do you like that jerk? Patsy said to himself. He looked beyond them at the people on the stoops.

A fine kind of neighborhood for his daughter, he thought. A fine place to grow up, having punks slap you around, watching drunks roll into the gutter, hearing the beating and yelling that went on in the tenement bedrooms, hanging out on a fire escape and looking at your neighbors for laughs. All his life Patsy had been too busy assaulting to think about defense. Now for the first time he wished to protect something. He walked on, thinking about the child under the pink-ribboned card that said VITALE 6 LB. 3 OZ. . . .

He was taken out of his thoughts by the sound of weeping. He looked around and saw a little girl about seven years old standing in the middle of the sidewalk crying and rubbing her eyes. All she had on was a nightgown. At first he was not surprised. There had been eight kids in his family and he was used to them in nightgowns. Then he saw that she was shivering, and at the same time he felt the cold rain on his own face. Some night to be out in that costume.

"Hey, what's the matter?" he said. "You lost?"

The child shook her head and kept on crying. He squatted on his heels in front of her.

"Look, kid, give," he said. "What's up?"

The child turned away and wailed. He took one of her arms. They were all goose flesh.

"Come on, honey," he said. "Tell me what's the matter."

HIS face was close to hers. In her dark eyes he saw his own daughter and in the tears and the dirt on her thin face he remembered things he had forgotten or had scarcely felt. He heard somebody laugh behind him and turned around. He saw two men and a woman standing on one of the stoops watching him. He didn't like the smiles on their faces.

"What's funny?" he said.

Still holding the child's arm, Patsy stood up quickly and walked over to them. The two men stopped smiling but the woman laughed again. Patsy spoke to the men.

"What's the matter with this kid?" Patsy said. "What's she crying for?"

The men looked at each other. One of them opened his mouth and closed it without saying anything. The other one shrugged. They didn't recognize Patsy, but they knew he looked like the guy that can lick anybody in the block. Patsy turned to the woman.

"You're getting a big laugh out of this," he said. "Let me in on it."

The woman stopped her laughing and glanced at the men. She moved closer to one of them.

"Come on," Patsy said. "What's the story?"

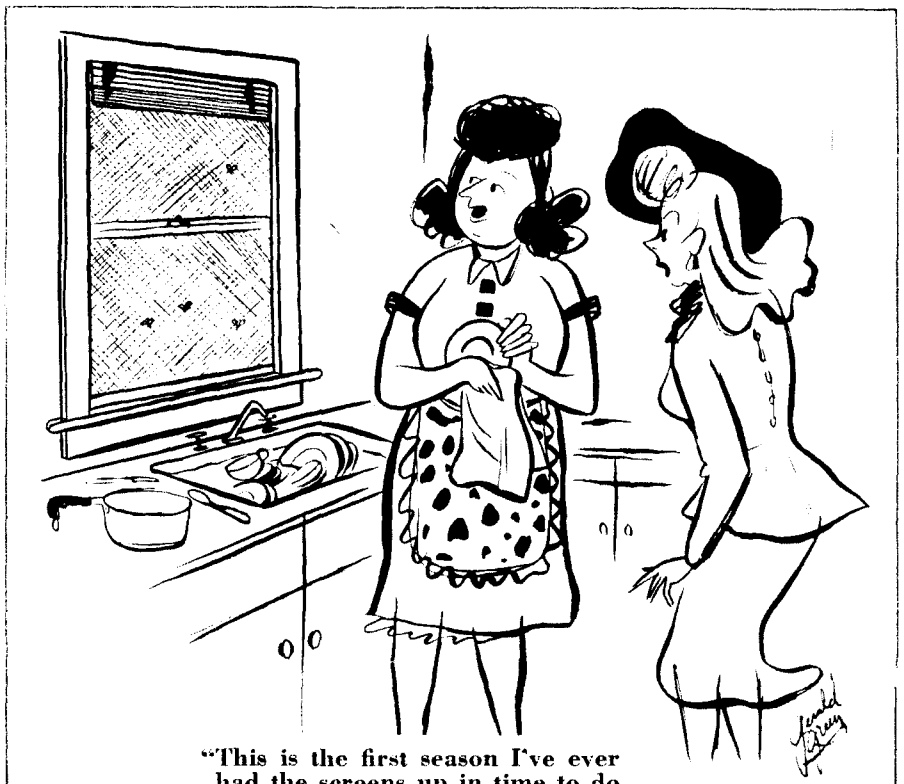
He could feel the child shivering and he was getting very angry. He was filling with the rage that won his fights for him.

"What's her name?" Patsy said.

"Helen Something," the woman said.

Patsy stooped down again. "Helen what, kid?" he said.

The child stopped crying just long enough to speak. "Helen Graham."



"This is the first season I've ever had the screens up in time to do any good. John didn't get around to taking them down last fall"

COLLIER'S — GERALD GREEN

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Derbyshire Acres reported. "I meet a college boy in one of these big places," he said. "He's home from his basketball practice with a cut on his head and a headache. It seems the family has got a nice, large, pretty maid, and he don't want to talk. But he did. You know how college boys are. He was alone at breakfast this morning, and he gave her a kiss. The maid gets sore, rushes to her room, comes back with a forty-five and clouts him. Then she bends down, kisses his aching head, and scrams. We got a nice description. Do you think—"

"Yes, I do," C.E. said happily.

He and Francesco went up to the Records Section and talked to the boss, an elderly unmarried civil servant named Cordelia Herbst, who had solved many crimes in her day by sorting cards. "Size, weight, age, coloring, occupation, caliber of gat, type of offense, nutty and so forth," Miss Herbst said. "Okay, boys. I'll make a run on the machines. Give me two hours."

They had dinner and visited Miss Herbst again. She provided them with full particulars on a Mrs. Josephine Dellser, including pictures. Mrs. Dellser had a record, filled the bill physically, and had been released from a state mental institution as cured six months previously.

"Another woman ran away with her husband," Francesco said. "She cracked. Found the other woman and beat her up with a forty-five belonging to her husband, but didn't shoot her. Convicted of assault with intent to do great bodily harm. Adjudged temporarily insane."

Grabbing a radio car, they called upon three of the victims with siren open and red light on. Each woman positively identified Mrs. Dellser from the pictures. Then the aching college boy clinched the deal. They went howling back to Central Station and issued an all-points bulletin. Francesco gaped at C.E.'s next proposal.

"For pity's sakes!" he said. "I hope and pray your old man don't hear of this."

Mrs. Farinacci was surprised to see them. She was also surprised at having to lend C.E. a pleated skirt, a sweater, a gabardine coat, a hat with a veil, and a pair of bobby sox; but she soon fell into the spirit of the thing and presently tossed a mysterious device into the room where C.E. was dressing.

"It's a pair of falsies I just whipped up out of anything," she called. "You're going to be lovely, Charles."

IT TURNED out he couldn't walk on high heels. Ballet slippers were substituted. He underwent an inspection out at the curb, beside the radio car.

"He still doesn't look right," Mrs. Farinacci complained. "You don't wear a hat and veil with that kind of outfit. Maybe with a corset on he could get into one of my—"

"Oh, leave him alone," Francesco said. "He looks sweet enough to kiss."

"Look," C.E. said. "How would you like to be able to wear your teeth as a charm bracelet? I'll take off my dress and—"

"Take off your dress?" Francesco said. "For shame, dear!"

"Besides," Mrs. Farinacci said, "why does he have to have a hunch Cynthia might be operating tonight? I thought crime detection was a matter of scientific detail and—"

"Wait!" C.E. said. "Listen!"

The car radio was going. Missing Persons was putting out a tentative query on a gorgeous, blue-eyed blonde named Dorothy Derby. She had unaccountably disappeared from her home and the company of her father, Mr. Samuel T. Derby, at approximately 7 P.M. Mr. Derby feared she might meet with, or even perpetrate, foul play. "Subject allegedly armed with thirty-two-caliber automatic," the announcer said, "but is not regarded as dangerous."

"No?" Francesco said. "Well, for my dough—"

"Come on!" C.E. yelled. "Hit the siren and the red light! She's after Cynthia and the poor kid might find her!"

Francesco was a fast man with a radio car. A good deal of the city's rubber was burned off. They were doing seventy when they went past the Derbyshire offices.

"This is a swell public way to make a pinch," Francesco said.

"Turn off everything," C.E. said. "Headlights too. We'll look around."

Derbyshire Acres was simply that—acres of well-cultivated grounds and remote houses, traversed by narrow winding lanes that were insufficiently lighted. All they found were two couples necking and an affable great Dane who wanted to get in the car and go for a ride. C.E. found himself perspiring.

"I'll try it on foot," he said. "Tail me in the heap."

He spent what seemed like hours trudging the wildwood, ducking bushes and branches, being barked at by dogs, getting his ballet slippers soaked by the evening dews and damps. If you were a cop, he reflected, no matter how you were dressed, you ended up on your feet, and they always hurt. His heart was in his mouth at the slight prospect of the toothsome private eye having her brains, if any, beaten out.

Then he circled a high eugenia hedge at the end of an estate, stumbled on the curb of an ornamental pond, and pitched toward a bedraggled but stylishly dressed little figure. In attempting to save himself, he clutched at her and his hands settled upon her purse. The next instant, he straightened up with a pistol in his midriff.

"Gotcha!" the blond dick said triumphantly. "This is the end of the road for you, Cynthia. Stick 'em up. I'm a shamus."

C.E. had always been given to paralysis in the presence of innocents brandishing firearms. He did not want to die accidentally, now that he had so much to live for. He said nothing as he was relieved of his own gun.

"Don't make a move," Dotty said, "or I'll blast you. I've got a very dear friend on the force who wants you, Cynthia."

"Mustn't look now, darling," Francesco said from behind her, "but that ain't Cynthia. That's the very dear friend on the force."

He relieved the two-gun woman of her weapons. C.E. got his revolver back, in the midst of explanations that drifted into high words. His shoulder holster had become entangled with the falsies and he jabbed himself cruelly with the front sight on the revolver. But it didn't hurt as badly as what the private eye was saying to him.

"You mind your own business, Sweeney," she said. "This is my caper, see? Always butting in, you cops. You've made a fool of me, but you won't again!"

"Oh, go home," C.E. said wearily. "You'll get hurt if you don't, and I couldn't stand that. We found Cynthia in a card index. I'll keep the gun. Take her home in the car, Francesco."

"Nobody takes me home," Dotty said. "Especially not you, flatfoot. You go your way and I'll go mine. And give me back my heater."

C.E. looked helplessly at Francesco, who described a whirling motion at his temple with his index finger.

"We have to protect her," C.E. said, in a low voice. "It's for her own good. We'll take her to Western Division and book her for having a gun without a permit."

COLLIER'S **"I'm a 'real pal'—a 'reg'lar feller'—a 'good scout'! *That's* how I made out!"** SIDNEY HOFF

En route, the girl in custody made some very harsh statements. It was emphatically the end of a beautiful friendship, if there ever had been one. C.E. was silent until they arrived at the station.

"Take her in and book her, Francesco," he said. "I'd better wait outside."

Dotty paused to sneer at him alarmingly. "Years from now," she said, "when I do my reminiscences, I'm going to call this The Blonde Caper—on account of you, you lousy female impersonator."

"Good-by forever, Dotty," C.E. said simply.

Some minutes later Francesco returned to the car and his dejected partner. He said Dotty was down on the blotter, that she was making a speech, and that the paper boys were gathering from near and far. "I tried to give one of them the dope on how we had Cynthia taped," he added, "but he said he was too busy. He suggested we try peddling the story to the Shopping News."

"Did she mention me in the speech?"

"Yes, yes," Francesco said. "And such language from a mere slip of a girl! It seems she would enjoy tearing off your veil, dear, and feeding it to you, a thread at a time."

"Let's go to your house and try to forget," C.E. said.

But no forgetfulness came to C.E. there, though Mrs. Farinacci plied him with coffee and soothing words. His house of cards had collapsed, his heart was broken, he wished he was dead, and meanwhile he paced monotonously up and down in his damp ballet slippers.

"I certainly didn't do much for your figure, Charles," Mrs. Farinacci said. "You've got a bigger bulge on one—"

"That's my gun!" C.E. snapped.

"Oh," Mrs. Farinacci said. "Say, I wonder if Cynthia happened to read in the papers about the private eye being after her. It must have handed her a laugh if she did, and—"

Abruptly, C.E. stopped his pacing. He dived for his hat and veil. "Let's go, Francesco!" he said. "I've got a hunch!"

"Oh, no!" Francesco said. But force of habit sent him running after C.E. to the radio car.

"Hit the siren and red light," C.E. commanded. "Burn this heap to the Derby house. I mean burn it!"

They made it in four minutes flat, which for the distance was impossible. "And I used to wish I'd got in the fire department," Francesco said.

A MAID opened the front door in response to C.E.'s frantic rings. "Yes, honey?" she said. "Don't tell me he's hired another one too." The badge Francesco flashed stiffened her.

"Mr. Derby home?" C.E. said.

"No. I don't know where he is. He went out looking for Miss Derby hours ago—"

"She home?"

"Yeah. Just got here, mad as a hornet. Went up to her room. The new upstairs maid Mr. Derby hired—"

"Is she a big, tall dame?" Francesco said. "Brown-haired—"

"Yeah," the maid said. "She came about eight o'clock from the employment agency. Said Mr. Derby had called—"

"Which is Miss Derby's room?" C.E. said.

"First one on your right, upstairs."

"Get out of my way!"

The skirt was no help to C.E., yet he kept up with Francesco. They burst into the bedroom, where an interesting tableau confronted them. Mrs. Dellser was about to paste Miss Derby on the head with a huge pistol. Plunging a hand inside his dress, C.E. leveled a pair of falsies at the assailant. Fortunately his partner was at his side, something heavier in his fingers. Cynthia hesitated and was lost.

"I heard your siren," she said. "I knew you were coming. But I thought I could get this loudmouthed dame first."

"Here's a nice bracelet or two for you, Josephine," Francesco said. "They're only nickel-plated, but they're the only jewelry I got."

Mrs. Dellser looked at C.E. "I hate dames," she said. "You too."

"I hate myself," he said, and glanced at Dotty.

Dotty was beginning to totter. "Somebody call the police," she mumbled. Then she rolled up her eyes and went down.

Francesco led Mrs. Dellser away, leaving first aid to his partner. He called for help on the car mike. Another radio car arrived in three minutes. Going back upstairs, Francesco discovered C.E. on the landing. "Gee, you're smart," he said. "How did you—"

"It figured," C.E. said, "and I should have caught on sooner. Cynthia hated women because of her husband. She read the papers. Here was another woman saying she was going to get her. Well—"

"I forget whether we rouged your lips before we started out," Francesco said. "Did we, dear?"

"No," C.E. said happily. "When she came to, she gave me a big kiss—and not just for the department either."

"Oh, the poor chief!" Francesco said. "Trying to tell his cops-and-robbers stories to a bunch of private eyes!" THE END

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Last Days of Tojo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

altar was standing in its proper place in front.

As I was wearing a morning coat with a stiff collar, I put the Buddhist gown on over it and hung the ceremonial beads around my neck. Then I decorated the altar with the beautiful white and yellow chrysanthemums and narcissuses, which the American authorities had sent, and lighted the U.S.-made white candles. Then I burned some fragrant incense. And then I waited.

At one o'clock the prisoners of cell block 1-A, entered and took seats on the double lines of benches. Soon there were more than 60 men sitting side by side. No one was handcuffed. The six doors were locked tight. Outside the windows only the tops of the Himalayan cedars were visible.

Now I was seated on the chair in front of the altar, facing it. With my eyes closed and hands clasped softly, I bowed down three times, recalling my debt to my parents, Buddha, and the Emperor. Then, ringing the little bell, I read the *Shōshinge*—a gospel by Shinran—and finished the reciting of six short prayers. Then I stood up, and, turning around, took my place in front of the pulpit.

The sermon took 40 minutes, but they listened earnestly. Then they went out in good order.

At two thirty, the men from cell block 2-A came in, sixty of them. This time Chaplain Scott and Major Swanson, the officer in charge of prisoners, came in to watch proceedings. When the service of about one hour had ended like the previous one, both officers praised me, saying that they were quite satisfied with my Buddhist service.

Two weeks later ex-General Hideki Tojo appeared in chapel for the first time. He sat on the front bench, wearing a military uniform without shoulder tabs. The men seated near him appeared to be young privates. His famous spectacles glittered.

He listened most earnestly till the last word of my sermon without moving a muscle. I prayed in my heart that someday this, his first attendance, would bear fruit.

Religious Feeling Deepens

At first, the prisoners attended chapel in any old costume—some even in night clothes. Some made a great commotion with their clogs. Others came as if to a show. But gradually, as the services were repeated, an earnest feeling seemed to spread and deepen.

I remember late June of that year, when the mercury registered over 90 degrees in Tokyo. Old generals, having no summer suits, wore winter uniforms or ancient morning coats in heat as humid as the steam room of a bath. The beads of sweat were streaming down their faces, but they neither used their fans nor wiped away the sweat with their handkerchiefs. Such trifles as heat and discomfort did not matter for those confronting the greatest problem of life—death.

I was so deeply impressed that I made the following resolution: The university where I teach has summer, winter and spring vacations. But there is no such leisure in the imminent presence of death. I told myself that I would never take a day off from Sugamo. I preached there even on the Emperor's birthday, on which the entire nation is supposed to rest. I held services on two days every week and held personal interviews with from four to ten condemned prisoners a week. I induced them to read religious books during their long empty hours.

I had supposed, when I entered Sugamo, that I should hold services for a few people for a few months; but, contrary to my expectation, I was there for three years, preaching sometimes to from 700 or 800 to more than 1,000 prisoners.

As the war criminals grew more earnest in their attitude toward religion, I wished all the more keenly to comfort their senses of sight, hearing and smell, at least while in the chapel. So I endeavored to procure flowers, candles and incense at any cost.

But in the burnt-out Tokyo of that time it was difficult to buy a small bunch of flowers for even 50 yen. People were too busy scratching for food to have the leisure to cultivate and appreciate flowers.

Need of Flowers Questioned

One day Chaplain Scott came to me with an embarrassed look.

"Doctor Hanayama, do you really need flowers? In the Christian service, we can get along without them."

"Though I cannot get them," I replied, "I presume that the U.S. Army can."

"Okay. You win," he said, smiling.

But he made it clear that even for the Army they were very hard to procure. So he asked again, "You really need them?"

"I need them at any cost. They are necessary from the religious standpoint. They are not a luxury like flowers to put on a family table."

Later, Captain Bourns, the Protestant chaplain, spoke to me:

"Do you really need flowers?"

"Yes, I need them by all means."

"Why? Will you explain the reason for me?"

"A candle is, as it were, the light of life. In Buddhism it symbolizes the wisdom of Buddha."

"I see. And incense?"

"Incense cleanses away the sins of a human being. It symbolizes purity."

"And flowers?"

I looked at him and sighed.

"Okay. I understand. I will do my best to get them somehow or other."

As a result, the flowers of each season—such as the narcissus and the yellow chrysanthemum—decorated Buddha's altar and helped to console the numbed senses of my condemned criminals with a flicker of warmth from the outside world.

It was my custom to sit on a chair in front of the altar and first chant the *Shōshinge* reverently, and then, stepping to the pulpit, preach. Gradually more and more of the prisoners joined me loudly in chanting the *Shōshinge*.

This was true not only of the younger men of the B and C Classes but also of the ex-generals and ex-statesmen. Surrounded by such voices and such figures, I became more and more impressed with the irony of the situation: Though they had sat in the seats of the mighty for many years, this was probably the first time they had read the *Shōshinge* with sincerity and knowledge.

I often laid out strings of prayer beads and gradually these beads became indispensable to most of the men.

One day Major Swanson came in and, looking at me suspiciously, remarked, "I wonder how General Tojo got a string of praying beads."

Showing him mine, I asked, "The same as these?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Well," I said, "though I have preached to his group three times, he attended only the first time. And I don't think there were any beads in the chapel then."

I thought that probably it wasn't so much the beads

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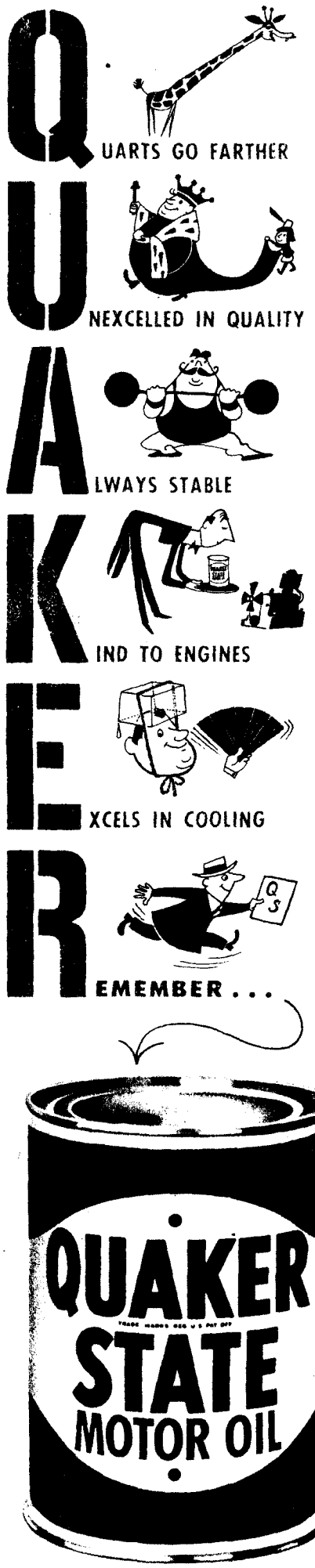

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themselves that worried the major as the string, which might be employed as a means of self-destruction. At any rate, I hadn't the slightest idea how Tojo had managed to possess himself of them.

The first time I met the ex-premier personally was when I paid a call on him at the U.S. Army hospital, accompanied by one of the chaplains and a guard with a rifle. He was sound asleep as we entered the large room, but upon our gentle intruding he awoke at once. He remarked, "I belong to the same sect as yours. The Jodo sect."

He added with deep feeling, "As a matter of fact, my mother was the daughter of a priest of Ogura." Then as if suddenly aware of the Bible lying by his side: "The chaplain brought this Bible the other day. All religions are the same, aren't they?"

"Yes; 'though there may be various ways to reach the mountaintop, the peak is only one,' after all," I answered.

The impression I received of the man Tojo during this conversation was not that of the haughty personage I had heard of or read about in the newspapers. He was like an utterly plain and elderly "grandpa."

As the day of judgment approached for the 25 accused wartime leaders, realizing that matters were approaching a crisis, I made up my mind quietly to do my best to prepare the 25 accused for their probable condemnation.

I was allowed to hold a special service for these wartime leaders. As I looked around the audience, I noticed Doihara, Hata, Hirota, Kaya, Kido, Matsui, Oshima, Sato, Shigemitsu, Shimada, Tojo, Kimura and a few others.

After the sermon I handed them various religious magazines, such as World Buddhism, Buddhist Culture, and Faith.

Request Removes a Doubt

At that moment ex-General Tojo spoke up. "I'd like to have Shinran by Eiji Yoshikawa sent to me, if possible."

Until then I had been doubtful as to Tojo's attitude toward religion. But on that day I felt that I touched its core for the first time.

When I was given a second opportunity to deliver a special sermon for the A Class men, I spoke, in effect, as follows:

"I think today is probably my last chance to preach to you. Life and death visit us human beings every moment. Death does not come unexpectedly. As has been said: 'We cannot expect to keep our lives even until tomorrow.'

"By the way—early this morning I sent off one of your subordinates. On the way to the execution ground he fell asleep and snored loudly in the car—proof of the fact that he was sustained by firm religious belief and had mastered its first principle: the ability to stand aloof from both life and death. When his execution by shooting was over, almost without exception the American officers present expressed to me their admiration for his dying attitude. As a Japanese myself, I too was much pleased at it."

On November 12, 1948, I heard the final judgment of the court over the radio.

Those sentenced to death by hanging were seven: Doihara, Hirota, Itagaki, Kimura, Matsui, Muto and Tojo. With the exception of seven years for Shigemitsu and 20 years for Togo, the other 16 men were sentenced to life imprisonment.

After that Tojo-san came alone to the Buddhist chapel, except for the guards. Tojo was the only prisoner who was always handcuffed on both hands to enlisted men, with an officer following close behind. His head was bowed and he wore his beads on his left wrist.

I told him how deeply impressed I had been by his assuming entire responsibility for the war.

When I had finished, he took out some notes and gave me some messages to transmit. These were of two sorts: the first public and the second private. Four points were enumerated in the public message:

1. The trial is over, and having fulfilled my duties, at least to some extent, I am filled with relief. So far as I am concerned, the sentence of death is deserved.

2. As for the atrocities and other inhumanities committed against prisoners, I sincerely regret them as utterly deplorable. I only want the peoples of the world not to misunderstand this fact: that these atrocities and inhumanities were committed by a small part of the military, and that neither the Japanese nation nor the army as a whole is responsible for them.

3. I cannot but be fearful of the future awaiting Japan. Yet I have a firm conviction that the spirit which Japan has cultivated and nurtured for nearly 30 centuries will not be lost in a day. I want to go my way believing that finally, with the aid of world-wide sympathy, the Japanese people will succeed in building themselves up again.

4. For the war dead, for the dead who died of wounds, and for the sufferers from the war generally, and for their people, I request further sympathy not only from our government but from the Allied Powers as well. These people have simply worked and died for their country, and if any crime has been committed in this war, it is men like me—the leaders—who are guilty. With my execution, expiation should have been made.

Then followed an item he wished me to transmit to his family:

I am very healthy and feel quite well. I hope the execution will be carried out as soon as possible. Morning and night, Buddha is with me.

My second visit with Tojo was for nearly an hour in the afternoon of November 26th. "There is one thing I feel I must ask you," I said. "If you do not tell me honestly why you tried to kill yourself, Tojo-san, I fear that the various false rumors going around will not be dispelled."

Suicide Attempt Explained

"Well," he replied, "the explanation boils down to this. All my life I had been teaching my subordinates, through the Code of the Battlefield, never under any circumstances to let themselves be captured, but to choose death instead. I was merely practicing what I preached. Only in my case, first-aid measures were taken immediately."

"Yet if you had died then," I said, "I feel that you would not have enjoyed the blessings of religion that are yours now."

"Yes, I agree with you," Tojo-san replied. "I am glad I didn't succeed, first because I have been able to bring religion into my life, second because I have learned to understand the beauty of human life as never before."

The third meeting lasted for forty minutes, the afternoon of November 29th.

"Immediately after I met you last," Tojo said, "I sent in a petition to the colonel, making the request I told you about the other day, namely, (1) that we be given a sermon at the very end, and (2) that we have your attendance to the end."

"By attendance, you mean seeing you off, don't you?"

"I don't care what it is called, just so I can have you with me until the very end."

He added that he was glad "we are to be killed here in Japan." It appeared that he had been thinking that they might be taken to some other country and humiliated there.

"Tojo-san, are your clothes American-made?" I asked him. He was wearing a long purple gown over what looked like working clothes with an open collar.

Wanted Clean Death Clothes

He looked down at himself. "These rags—I only wish they'd at least give us something clean to wear. We Japanese usually change into clean clothes when we die, you know. Of course, we can't expect them to understand that."

"It's probably because they don't understand the conditions," I said consolingly. "How about sending in a complaint? If you do they will give it serious consideration." And I described the trouble they had gone to in my behalf when I had needed candles, flowers and incense.

Chaplain Francis P. Scott

Chaplain Paul R. Bourns

The fourth meeting was on the afternoon of December 2d. Tojo spoke of his deepening religious faith. He handed his hair and fingernail clippings over to the officer, and asked repeatedly that they be given to his family. I received them from the officer and gave them to Mrs. Tojo the next day.

"I thought that we should not meet again in the chapel," I said. "But it appears that just when matters came to the brink, an appeal to the American Supreme Court has been made and the execution postponed."

Tojo said, "I don't like this dillydallying. But the postponement makes me grateful for two things. For one thing, Buddha is telling me that my belief is not zealous enough; for another, my wife and daughters came to see me yesterday and I had a good talk with them."

He suddenly smiled. "I felt terrible about this at first," he said, glancing at the hand chained to that of the officer beside him. "But this is good, too. When I raise my hand, he raises his, you see. This is one of the ties of Buddha.

"I am trying to keep myself healthy by some means or other until the execution. I should hate to find myself unable to go down the stairs from my cell because of a cold or a fever, or too weak to climb up those last steps to the scaffold. To guard against such a possibility, I requested an extra bedcover, which I am thankful to say has been issued me."

The fifth meeting was on December 10th. Tojo came in handcuffed to a single enlisted man, with only one officer guarding him—something that had not happened for a long time. It was quite a change from the tension of November 29th.

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"The other day while meditating," he said, "I suddenly realized that few people in this world had been as fortunate as I. For one thing, I was able to attain high position and high rank. For another, I have been given this chance to deepen my religious faith. I have also attempted to show my personal feelings in this tanka.

"Nothing now
Beclouds my soul,
As with a full heart
I start my journey West."

On December 21st, four of us—Colonel Morris C. Handwerk, commandant of the prison, his adjutant (a captain), the interpreter Sugino and I—were seated in the chaplain's office while four or five officers took turns in bringing in, in alphabetical order, the seven men who had been sentenced to hang, Doihara and Hirota, Itagaki and Kimura, Matsui and Muto, and finally Tojo.

The announcement was made:

". . . The execution will take place at 00:01 December 23, 1948, at Sugamo Prison."

Tojo-san nodded at each word of the pronouncement, and after it was over he raised the hand with the beads and said, "Okay, Okay," several times, bowing deeply. Asked if he had any requests, he came out clearly and said:

"About two or three weeks ago, on two occasions, I sent in a petition to the colonel. It was addressed to the authorities and was itemized. Practically everything listed therein has been granted, and I wish to tender you my thanks and appreciation."

Favors That Were Granted

The five items concerned personal matters, such as a request for medicine which would enable him to sleep at night. Two other requests were that before the execution he desired a religious talk of two or three hours by Hanayama-san, since he understood that the authorities believed in freedom of religion and all seven condemned men were Buddhists; and that he wanted me to be with him at the end.

Tojo went on: "Your precautionary measures are too strict. We will never try to kill ourselves. We will show you that we can die noble deaths. For example, you guard us at all times, even when we use the latrine, and this to a Japanese is an unbearable thing. I am sure that if you were treated this way, you would understand.

"Another matter, though trivial. We should like to have at least one Japanese meal. We are Japanese, after all. Anything—even *sushi* (chopped pickles, etc., wrapped in cold rice)—will do. And we should like to have at least one drink of sake.

"The families of most of my colleagues here in prison are living in wretched conditions. Unlike American officers we are poor, and I should like to have some measure taken to enable our families to live. For instance, would it not be possible to turn over to their families the wages of the officers for the work done here every day?"

To this, the colonel answered, "Your first and last requests are out of my power to grant. I am only following the orders of my superiors."

At four o'clock in the afternoon the next day Tojo entered the chapel wreathed in smiles, and clasped his hands and bowed to the altar.

Then I read him two letters from his wife, and after thanking me he said, "Please take care of my personal effects and my will. Take care of my pictures—i.e., the Photostats of the letters that have come from outside—my dentures, my glasses, and tell my wife the details of what took place at the last—at the execution.

"My father died on the twenty-sixth of December, my father-in-law on the twenty-ninth of December, and now I go on the twenty-third. It's really quite a coincidence, isn't it?

"You know I am dying at a very opportune time. For one thing, I can tender my apologies to the people. Next, I am able to offer myself as a sacrifice to peace and become one stone in the foundation for the rebuilding of Japan. Thirdly, I can die in peace of mind because no trouble was brought upon the emperor. Fourth, is the fact that I can die on the gallows—my death would have had no meaning if it had come through suicide. Fifth, I was physically weak and ill as a child, and have lived a little too long as it is. I have only one or two teeth left; I cannot see well; and my brain doesn't function well any more. I couldn't go on living like this. It's just about time I should die.

"Sixth, the accusation that I helped myself from the public funds has been disproved now and I can die in peace. Seventh, it is more fortunate to die in one instant than to suffer a lingering illness. If I had been given a life sentence, I should have been tormented with worldly passions and it would have been intolerable. The most important thing is that through faith I can die and go to the Paradise of Amida-Butsu."

He asked about the gallows, and so I explained that he would die instantaneously because the spinal cord would be severed.

"I am very grateful that I can be reabsorbed into the soil of Japan," he said.

He bade me good-by with great courtesy, and left.

At eleven thirty that night I made certain that the chapel was in perfect order, poured the wine into the cups, got the water ready, and awaited the coming of the seven condemned men.

Ready for the Last Mile

Within a few minutes, the first group to be executed—Doihara, Matsui, Tojo and Muto—came filing down in that order. To each man there were two guards. Both hands were handcuffed, and the cuffs were thrust through a band, fastened in loincloth style. Their clothes were the usual American Army work clothes, but their shirts stuck out of their trousers here and there. They wore Japanese laced shoes on their feet.

Being informed by the officer in charge that I had only seven minutes, I lighted the incense and the candles in front of the altar, handed each man a stick of incense and had them place it in the incense burner, which I lowered and brought up close to them, and then asked them to sign their names on the heavy Japanese paper I had set up folded by the altar. Lifting with difficulty their encumbered hands, they took the inked brush and wrote their names. Then I placed the cups full of wine at their lips and had them drink it. Tojo-san's desire for "at least one drink" was thus fulfilled somehow or other and he was quite happy.

At this point I was told I had two more minutes, so I read the first three and the last eulogies of the Sutra of the Three Promises. The four men bowed their heads, listening in silence with their eyes closed, and as I ended they expressed their gratitude, saying, "Thank you very much." And then (who spoke I do not know) someone uttered the word "banzai," and I think it was Tojo-san who said, "Matsui-san, if you please." And so, with Matsui-san taking the lead, three "Long Live the Emperor's," and three "Long Live the Empire of Japan's" were shouted.

After the wine I asked them, "How about some cookies?" but they had all taken out their dentures and they refrained, saying they were without teeth. Yet when I placed a soft biscuit in Matsui-san's mouth he munched it.

At this moment, Tojo handed me his beads as he had promised. Then they exchanged their good-bys and shook hands with two or three of the officers. I also shook hands with each man and exchanged good-bys.

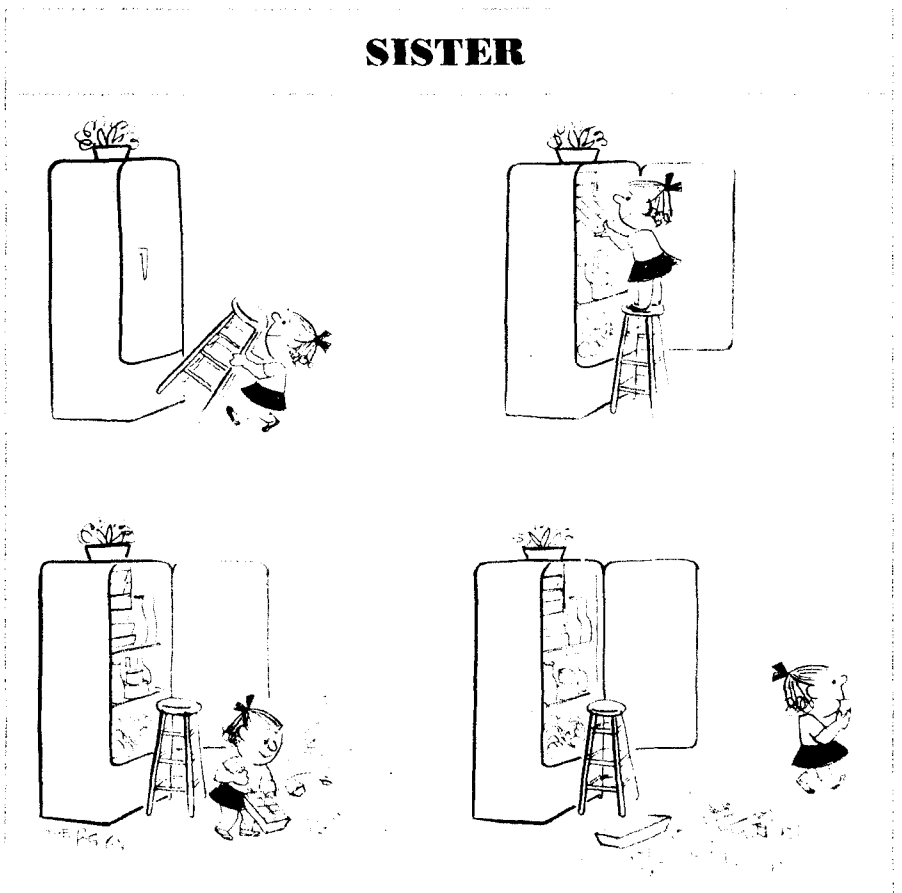
The time was at hand.

The steel door at the entrance opened. With the officer on duty in the lead, the chaplain and me following, and then Doihara, Matsui, Tojo and Muto in that order, we crossed the courtyard. Each man had guards on both sides of him, and two or three officers brought up the rear. It took only about two minutes, but the voices of the men, especially Tojo's, chanting the "Namu-Amida-Butsu," could be heard throughout.

At the door of the gallows (which was walled in with concrete), I left the group and, shaking hands with each of the four again, gave them my priestly blessing.

With a "Thank you so much for all you have done for us; please take care of our families for us," they turned away smiling and disappeared into the gallows.

As I was hurrying back to the chapel, I heard a loud crash and turned instinctively for a last look behind me. It was one minute after midnight. THE END



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Summer Night

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

or bronze, they would have enclosed all of the tenderness and trustfulness of childhood. She had a small, pointed nose and a small chin with a dimple. Her face was too white, Walter realized suddenly. She was pale. Her forehead was moist.

"Are you feeling faint?" he asked alarmed.

"Yes, I am, a little bit," she replied. "It's this heat. How did you know?"

WALTER had been warning himself sternly not to be inane. He must make his first words impressive. He said, "I'm going to be a doctor. I've trained myself to observe." Oh, Lord! Now she *would* think he was a fool.

"You'll be a good one," Lenore said. "You're so kind."

"You don't know what I am. You've just met me." Why did it sound rude? He had certainly not meant it to. Lord, Lord.

"It shines out all over you, that's how I know. I feel better now. I really do. I was self-conscious with that Merrell or Merritt boy with all the white teeth; he was being silly, telling me how gorgeous I am, and that always makes me squirm with embarrassment. You're awfully lucky you're not a girl," said Lenore. "I don't know how to talk with boys. I never have known how."

"Men," Walter said. "We're men. If you don't call us men you'll hurt our feelings."

She took him seriously. "Oh, dear, I've done it again," she said. "You see?"

He had to convince her she had not said the wrong thing, and by the time she was at ease once more they were chatting as unaffectedly as two old friends—about her mother's dress shop; about her younger brother's homemade coaster on baby-buggy wheels; about watermelon and whether or not it smelled of the sea, which neither of them had ever smelled.

It did not seem possible that an hour and a half could have gone by when Ted Gillespie's wheat-colored, deep-bosomed Valkyrie broke in on them. "For Heaven's sake, Lenore," she said, "come on. Everybody's left." There were hasty good-bys and, the next thing Walter knew, Lenore too was gone. He was the only one left in the lounge, alone with the layers of cigarette smoke and the electric fans that rippled them and the pots of mother-in-law's-tongue drooping like real tongues in the heat.

Lenore had not mentioned the party. He understood why. She had promised to go to it with Charlie Merritt, of course. "But I didn't even walk out through the lobby with her," Walter said to himself. "I haven't even got decent manners. What's the matter with me? Why must I always behave so badly? I know better. Why do I always say and do the wrong thing?" Whatever it was that he ought to have done, he had not done it, as usual. But it was too late now. He sighed. Perhaps there was still time to read a chapter of anatomy before dinner.

"Walter."

For a moment he thought he was hearing her high, soft little voice in his own mind. Her name, when he spoke it, was half a question: "Lenore?"

"I came back. You didn't say whether you wanted me to go out to Mr. O'Connor's with you after the show tonight."

"Well," he stammered, "I thought you were going with Charlie. I mean, I heard somebody say the girls were supposed to ask the boys, or something like that, or we'd all just go together, or—"

"Will you take me, please? I'd like you to."

They stood twenty feet apart, Walter at the end of the wicker sofa, Lenore in the doorway.

"Your friend sent you back," he said bitterly. "She knew you were the only one I wanted to go with, so she told you to come back and ask me."

"No, she didn't, Walter. I thought you knew I wanted to go with you, but when I got out on the sidewalk I remembered you hadn't said anything. I was afraid maybe you didn't want to, but I came back anyhow to ask."

That had cost her something in pride, Walter knew. He hurried to her, and somehow it surprised neither of them that he should take her hand. "I'm sorry," he said. "I mean I'm glad; I'm awfully glad you came back. Thank you, Lenore."

THE show in the high-school auditorium ran off smoothly. The club sang The Bells of St. Mary's, Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and a dozen more tried-and-true songs including My Grandfather's Clock, in which everybody pretended tremendous consternation and confusion on the words "But it stopped—" and raced pell-mell off the stage. Artie Detweiler did his imitations of movie stars, letting his long, oiled hair hang over his face. Ted Gillespie sang his solo, Asleep in the Deep, bringing squeals of laughter from the kids in the audience with his last low notes that went down, down to the bottom of the sea.

Afterward, the girls waited in their sparkling evening dresses under the basketball net and the boys in their white jackets and dark trousers collected them and took them grandly out to the cars. Charlie Merritt made a great to-do of tapping cigarettes on his gold case for the benefit of the high-school boys looking on.

Mr. O'Connor had added a station wagon and a big sedan to the club's cars but, even so, some of the girls had to sit on laps. Lenore sat on Walter's. They drove out of town along a highway for a dozen miles, with the orange moon rolling along beside them over the growing corn in the fields. At ten o'clock at night, although it was not yet July, the earth was baking hot.

Mr. O'Connor, sure enough, was rich. To see it, all you had to do was look at his huge barns and silos. The dance, he said, bellowing, would be in his rumpus room. This was not in the house. It was in a separate building a hundred yards out in the fields, a kind of pavilion on stilts with a conical roof that gave it the appearance of a broad, low water tower. It was glowing with light from electric bulbs tinted orange and blue. The dance band played the college song and then swung into dance numbers.

They danced, changed partners, and danced again. Walter had feared that the night would be different, that the bond of the afternoon had been an illusion; but Lenore was exactly the same as she had been earlier. He talked to her when he had something to say and was silent when he had nothing, and the understanding was always there.

On his side, he knew without Lenore's saying so that her dress was cheaper than the other girls' dresses, and she was ashamed of it; but the knowledge only made him want to protect her.

After an hour, words were no longer merely unnecessary but actually a hindrance. When Lenore danced with another boy, Walter ached with the loss of her; but then when she returned to him he simply opened his arms. And each time she glanced up at him with a smile, nestling her cheek against his white linen jacket with a little sigh.

Here and there on the floor, the talk and laughter were growing noisy. Charlie and Ted got into a quarrel over the deep-chested girl. Walter realized that Mr. O'Connor must have provided whisky. Walter was the last to learn of it, of course. Whatever tacit arrangements the world made, he was always the very last to learn of them.

"It frightens me when people drink," said Lenore. "My father drank. He was such a wonderful, dignified man, and then all his dignity would just vanish. Do you suppose Mr. O'Connor would be hurt if we left?" she asked.

"I can't take one of the cars," Walter told her. "There aren't enough to go around."

"We'll stay, then. I mustn't be such a baby."

"We could go for a walk and not come in *until everybody is ready to leave*," Walter suggested.

"Have you had enough dancing?" Lenore asked.

"I only want to dance with you, and just being with you is as good as dancing with you."

"Let's got out and sit in one of the cars and talk, then," said Lenore. "I can't walk very far in these high-heeled slippers."

Everything they said was true, and the hurrying minutes were growing precious, growing frightening. They looked at each other in alarm. Whatever hours of the party were left to them, they felt, must be spent together.

The moon, small and pale, had risen high in the serene, remote sky. The air gleamed with it. The uppermost blades of Mr. O'Connor's early corn, striped with dark blue, shone silver in the night.

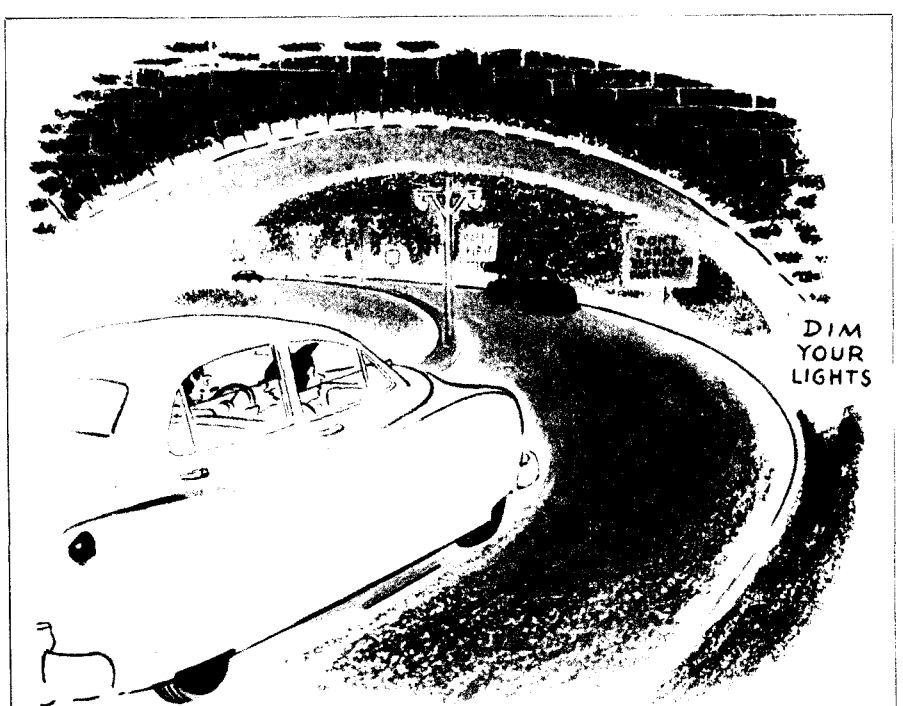
The tops of the convertibles were down, so they got into the black sedan, which afforded them a shadowed cave of secrecy. There they exchanged their life histories.

LENORE had been born in Whitewater; she had graduated from the high school at which the club had sung. Since her father's death, she and her mother had been trying to make a success of a dress shop on a side street, but they were not doing well. Walter told her of his minister father's calls to one country church after another, each with a smaller congregation than the one before; of the hand-me-down clothes and the many dinners of potatoes. He really could not afford college, much less a course in medicine, but he hoped to get his degree by earning money during vacations and by winning scholarships.

"I don't actually belong to the glee club," he said. "They're paying me. These pants belong to my dad, and I bought the white coat at a kind of hock shop we have on the campus."

"But I think it's wonderful," said Lenore,

COLLIER'S — **"I forget whether he's an important man who's writing a book—or whether *he's* not important, but is writing an important book"** — JOHN RUGE



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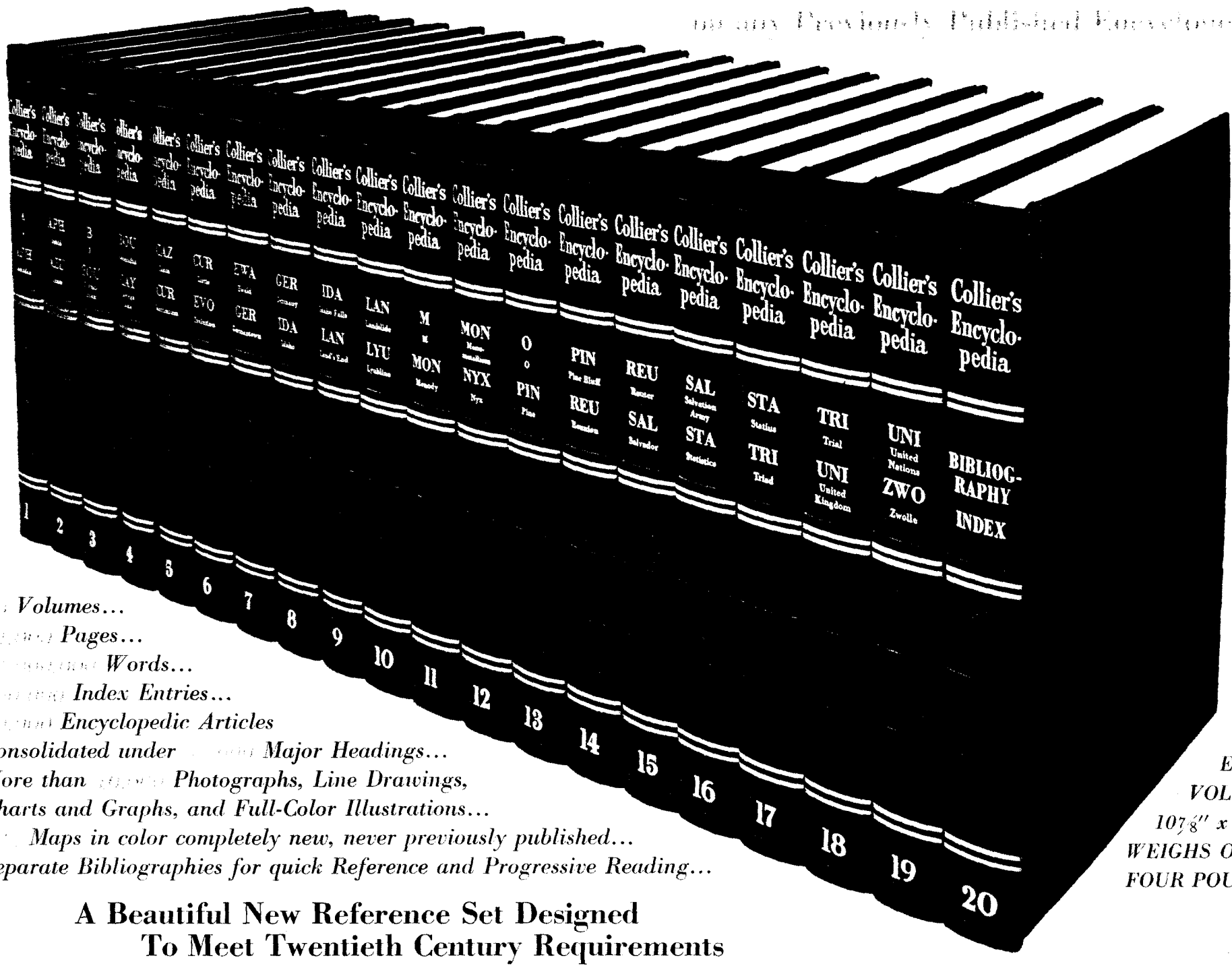

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"to put up with hardships because you want so much to be a doctor."

Now he was making himself sound noble! "Some families go into business. Mine just doesn't. My father's a minister and his father was a country schoolteacher. We're just that way; we can't take any special credit for it."

Lenore was silent. "It's so strange," she said thoughtfully. "Here we've just met each other today, and you want me to know everything about you and I want you to know everything about me."

"There's something I want to ask you," Walter said. "I'm afraid to because I can't believe it could be true. It just couldn't happen."

"What, dear?"

"Did you—when you saw me—did you feel the way I felt, this afternoon?"

"I think I did. I think I mean what you mean."

"I didn't think it ever really happened. I guess it must, though. I love you, Lenore." Walter had always imagined that it would be difficult and embarrassing to say; but it was not—not in the least. He felt dizzy, that was all.

"I guess I love you too. Oh, I know I do, I know I do!"

She turned on the seat and pressed her forehead hard against his sleeve, hiding her face. Bending, Walter kissed her fragrant hair. They sat that way for a long while.

"Darling," said Walter, using the word for the first time in his life: wonderful, miraculous word, countersign for all the lovers down all the centuries. "Darling, I can't ask you to marry me now, with medical school ahead of me. It'll be six years before I can practice."

"I don't mind waiting. I'll be proud to wait."

"But six years—"

"I promise. Here is my promise." She lifted her cool little mouth and he pressed his lips against hers, softly lest he hurt her.

"What are six years?" asked Lenore lightly; and as she asked it they were no more than six seconds. "We can write to each other every week. We can start planning now, the more things we get settled now, the less planning we'll have to do later."

"We have to get married," Walter said resolutely. "When two people find each other like this they just have to marry. Anybody else would be wrong for both of us. It would be dishonest. It would be—well, it would be ugly."

"Just think, we won't have one of the worst problems most married couples have. We'll never quarrel."

"Oh, I suppose maybe we'll quarrel once in a while. That's only human nature, darling." He could not resist saying "darling" again; he wanted to say it over and over.

LENORE was firm. "No; we'll never quarrel. I don't mean I'll never do anything to make you lose patience with me, because I'm sure I will. But I'll always know you're not really angry with me. And I could never be angry with you; never!" She laughed. "Oh, if we have trouble it's going to be on the other side of the fence; I'm afraid I'll pet and pamper you so much you'll get tired of it. You're going to be the most spoiled husband in Kansas."

"Kansas," Walter said thoughtfully. "Say, there's something we'd better discuss right now. You say we ought to start planning. Now, a doctor can practice anywhere, and I think people ought to travel while they're young enough to enjoy it. Will it be all right with you if we practice for a few years in—oh, say Borneo, or maybe Sumatra?"

"I'll love it! I've never been anywhere at all. Now here's something I want to ask you. How many children do you think we ought to have?"

"Well, I've never thought much about it," Walter replied. "I didn't know this was going to happen to me. More than one, I guess. An only child often has psychological problems in later life. Two? How about two?"

"I think two would be fine. Of course you can have more if you like. I'm very healthy."

"Now, I'm worried about that," Walter said. "I don't think you are. You nearly fainted this afternoon. Do you eat enough green and yellow vegetables?"

"How many should I eat?"

"Lots. All you can cram down, the books say."

"I'll try to eat more of them," Lenore promised earnestly. "I'll begin right away, because I do want our babies to have good teeth. How I hate to go to the dentist!"

Bits of dance music reached them: Orange light streamed from the doors and windows of Mr. O'Connor's rumpus room.

There came an angry shout. "Oh, is that so!" somebody demanded, sarcastically, and growing surly, "or I come in get you. *H'mm? H'mm?*

Lenore whispered, "He'll never go away. I'm opening the door on my side. Run! Come on!"

Walter followed the flash of her pink dress. They were deep in Mr. O'Connor's standing corn, the leaves rustling around them, the clods knobby under their feet. "Don't move!" Lenore whispered. They breathed deeply, making not a sound. Charlie cursed. They heard him blundering down a row a few yards away, rattling the long leaves, but he soon gave up. He stamped back to the sedan, blowing the horn once in derision, and after that they heard no more from him.

"You can't sit down, I'm afraid," said Walter. "You'll get your dress dirty. It's such a pretty dress, Lenore."

"You just think it's pretty because I'm in it," she answered, lightly kissing his chin. "I don't want to sit. I want to stand just like this. Hold me tight against you. I want to feel every inch of you. I want to remember exactly what you feel like."

"Now for Heaven's sake," Walter said, "don't talk as if you're never going to see me again. I can't come to Whitewater this summer, because I've got a job in a gas station at home. But I'll be here for Christmas vacation. Before I leave tomorrow, I'll ask Mr. O'Connor to try to find a job for me. No, I can't do that. We're leaving at six o'clock; we've got a long drive tomorrow. But I'll write him. I'll ask him to find a job for me, and then at Christmas when I'm here I'll line up a job for next summer. We'll see each other for three whole months every summer and two weeks every winter." He felt her fragile body wrench violently against him. "What's the matter?"

Lenore was sobbing. "Nothing."

"There is too something. You're crying. Now, darling, is this anything to do? Why are you crying?"

She covered her face with her hands and wept. "Please, please," she said, "don't pretend any more. I can't bear it."

He was astonished. "What are we pretending? We're not pretending anything."

"Yes we are too! We are, we are so! We're pretending we can marry each other."

"Well, we're going to marry each other," Walter assured her.

"Six years!" she sobbed. "Six years! Not everything will turn out the way you hope it will. It never does. Things will happen to you. You'll change. And me—me! I'll try to wait, but all the time my mother will be nagging me, 'Lenore, who do you think you are, isn't anybody good enough for you?' There's a horrible boy here she wants me to marry. In two years, three years, maybe I'll give in. Maybe I'll have to."

"Listen to me," he said solemnly, knowing that the words might change his whole life. "If I don't win the scholarships, if I have to quit school, I'll come here the very next day. You gave me your promise. This is my promise. Or, if that doesn't make you sure, I'll leave school right now and we'll be married this summer. I don't have to be a doctor."

"Oh, no. You can pump gasoline for the rest of your days. That's what my love will do to you."

"It doesn't make any difference how people earn a living when they have what we have."

"It makes a difference when you love somebody and you know your love is doing him harm."

WALTER said severely, "Lenore, I swear if you go on talking like this I'll write a letter to the dean of men tonight, telling him I'm not coming back. I won't even finish the trip with the club. We'll get a marriage license tomorrow. I mean it."

She stood back from him, thoughtful and sly, looking at the dark ground. He could not see her face but in the shadow her tongue licked her upper lip.

"Yes. I do know." Quickly, she went on, "I guess I just wanted to hear it. I guess every girl just wants to be sure." Drying her eyes, she smiled. "I told you I was an awful baby. Here I am, talking as if it's all over, when really it's only beginning. Isn't that silly?"

He laughed in relief. "Well! You had me worried."

He laughed, so she laughed. "We can make the Christmas vacation come soon if we write to each other every week," she said.

"Twice a week," Walter vowed. "And you be sure to tell me right away if your mother nags you about this other fellow. I've got an idea that'll take care of that. Do you know shorthand? Can you type?"

"Yes, I can."

"Well then, if it gets too bad here, all you have to do is hop on a bus. You can get a job near me, right on the campus maybe, and we'll get married before I graduate."

"Yes. Oh, yes, Walter! Or I could get a job selling, if there's a women's shop near the college."

"There's no reason why we should wait until I graduate."

"No, of course not, dear. Why should we wait?"

"I'll come to Whitewater this Christmas and meet your folks. Then you come back to college with me and we'll be married right away. See? Everything is going to go just the way we hope it will. Now may I kiss you again?"

"Oh, once more, once more! Hold me. Kiss me. Oh, Walter, dear husband, dear husband—"

The moon was high now. Across Lenore's face there fell a shadow, black as a pattern in black ink on white wallpaper—the dark outline of a corn tassel. . . .

It was a hot summer. There had been no rain. And there would be none. There were many green stalks in Mr. O'Connor's field that year on which no ears would form, on which no kernels would come into milk—many stalks which would burn dry. THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Agronomist, Louisville	Kentucky bluegrass isn't blue—it's green, just like other grass.
Zoologist, University of California	Animals didn't originally develop fur as a protection against cold—but against heat.
Chemist, American Chemical Society	Saccharin isn't sweet for everybody—to some it's tasteless or bitter.
Doctor, Nagasaki Medical University	The atom bomb explosion did not create freak births—not one has been reported.
Researcher, Smithsonian Institution	The wise old owl is not wise—many birds, e.g., the raven, are much more sagacious.
Naturalist, New York	Storms don't occur at the equinoxes any more than at any other time of the year.
Zoologist, Trinity College	Weasels don't grow winter coats because of the cold, but because the days are shorter.
Chiropodist, Michigan Chiropodist Association	Policemen don't have flat feet any more than men of any other group.
Biologist, Solomon Islands Laboratory	The sting of a giant jellyfish isn't fatal—it only hurts a lot.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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The Kentucky Derby's Bill Corum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

to do about the Derby," he was telling me not long ago in his suite's living room—which looks like a set from Katharine Brush's story Young Man of Manhattan, which Bill (and Joe Williams, Richards Vidmer and Westbrook Pegler) inspired.

"My job is to perpetuate the race in the tradition and way of Colonel Winn. But I've got some ideas, and I guess more will develop, for I'm going to be there a long time. I want to get more Hollywood people to come, for one thing. Bing, for instance. His mother and father always show up, but he's usually only a 'threat.'

"The Colonel fixed up a nice room for Mr. William Woodward (the Jockey Club) and the Whitneys and Wrights and other good friends. He called it Room Twenty. I'm going to build one next to it for other nice folks, and I guess it'll be called Club Twenty-One . . . you know, a place where you can get a drink, and bet in comfort, and get a good view.

"Everybody wants a box at the Derby. I'm going to add some more of these and open them up to people who didn't inherit boxes from families who have been going to the Derby for a couple of generations.

"But the first thing I'm going to do is learn the business from the back side of the track . . . get to know the folks around the barns to see what they need, and old Tom Young, the track superintendent for a long time, and Russell Sweeney, another one of the Colonel's sons-in-law who is the resident manager. I'll be around the press box, too, on racing days—though that, of course, will remain Brownie Leach's job."

Bill's good friend George Krehbiel, racing editor of the Detroit News, was in Louisville the day Corum signed his contract with Churchill Downs. And he saw him do something that assured George that Bill was the same old Bill who had been covering and idealizing the Derby since he rooted Earl Sande home on Flying Ebony in 1925. A photographer, taking shots around Winn's old souvenir-heavy office, asked Bill to pose in the Colonel's chair.

Bill shook his head. "Sorry," he said. "Anywhere else; but not there." He will leave the room as Winn left it, including the 12 silver goblets he had made to commemorate his dozen favorite Derbies among the 75 that passed before his sharp eyes.

A veteran sports writer, Bob Considine, like Bill Corum, has reported the color and excitement of the Derby for years. He is a columnist for International News Service and also has written several books, including The Babe Ruth Story and the best seller—Thirty Seconds over Tokyo

Farewell to the Air Waves

Millions of U.S. boxing fans who through the last decade have come to know and like Bill's deep, convincing voice on fight nights will probably hear the end of these broadcasts this year. The demands of his Derby job are only one reason. Bill thinks that radio will be replaced with television as the prime distributor of fight broadcasts in the very near future.

As for his sports writing he'll probably beat out the final "30" to his rambling, folksy, informative prose within perhaps two years.

"I'm fifty-five," he told me, in a brief and rare dip into melancholy. "It's a rough go—six columns a week." He looks forward to confining his work to Churchill Downs, a track which pays its way and makes some money on the strength of two of its annual several dozen racing days—Derby Day and the day before it. It will give him more time at his Florida home, near his wife, who has not enjoyed very good health in recent years, and his now fifteen-year-old boy. As close neighbors of Henry McLemore, another writing man, such a semiretirement will not be as sedentary as the reader might suspect.

But if he quit today, Bill would be ahead of life and not too far behind the short-nosed horses on which he lavished loving care and a sizable fortune through the years. He has shot past the grandstand a lot of times, always with his colors flying.

Corum marched out of the University of Missouri in 1916, climbed into uniform, and saw a little action along the Mexican border. He got to France a few yards behind Pershing, was gassed and shrapneled, won three Silver Stars and came out as the youngest major in the A.E.F.

Embarrassed in St. Louis

He returned to St. Louis—for whose Cardinals he remains an unquenchable rooter—just in time to be arrested by the MPs for impersonating a major, a pardonable mistake in those pre-Air Force days. He had planned to stay in St. Louis, but a strain of the East had got in his blood, perhaps from association with the men of the Yankee Division with which he had served with such valor.

He found his way to New York, entered the Columbia School of Journalism, and hooked on to a desk job in the sports department of the New York Times. The wheels of a remarkable sports-writing life were beginning to grind. And he began to get more mileage, more fun, more laughs and more life out of $40 a week than most men had hitherto wrung.

Before his name ever appeared in print—the Times then being opposed to dignifying sports writers to the extent of giving them by-lines—he was one with the mob: Runyon, Rice, McGeehan, Pegler, Mercer, Slocum, Lardner and the other top sports writers of the time. In the speak-easies of the era he began picking up what since has amounted to at least 10 tons of checks.

It was the all-night period of his life, a habit he has had trouble breaking. His day began with an afternoon tea dance, followed by his work at the Times, then the clubs until the first pink glow of dawn enameled the garbage cans of the Roaring Forties and Fabulous Fifties. Then, after a few more stops, the ride to the apartment he shared with his mother near Columbia University. That devoted lady, still his constant, spry and gracious date, used to worry about his health.

"Why live way uptown here if you're going to stay out all night?" she asked him one morning when he arrived at the crack of eight thirty.

Bill quickly reassured her. "You meet a better class of people," he said, referring to the students he had just passed on the way to their morning classes.

Corum got his first money break out of the 1924 World Series, a dramatic one involving the Washington Senators and the Giants. His story about Walter Johnson's performance as the winning relief pitcher in the seventh and final game of the series—after Johnson had been knocked out of the box twice in a classic that had evaded him for many years—struck the eagle eye of Arthur Brisbane.

Brisbane barked for Journal sports editor Bill Farnsworth, waved the unsigned clipping in his face, and said, "Get this baseball writer off the Times."

Farnsworth turned the matter over to Ford Frick, now president of the National League, then writing baseball for the Journal. Frick read the piece and called his old Times friend Jim Harrison, then considered the best baseball writer in the city. Harrison usually wrote the lead story for the Times—also unsigned.

"Good news, Jim," Frick told him. "Bris-

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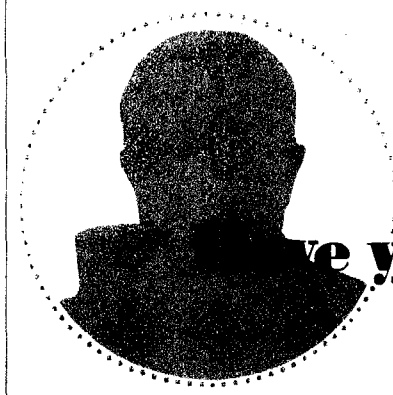

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bane wants to hire you. He's crazy about that piece you did on Johnson."

Harrison needed the extra money very badly, and he could have filled the job with ease. But he answered, "I didn't write it, Ford. It was written by that young fellow we've got. Bill Corum."

This information was relayed to Brisbane, with the notation that Harrison was the top man in town and would go fine on the Journal.

"Get Corum," Brisbane ordered. Then he added, "No, wait'll next spring. There's no baseball news now."

What with one thing and another, including the fact that Corum did not have a telephone, he didn't hear about his good fortune until months later when Warren Brown, long since moved on to Chicago, ran into him and told him.

Another baseball season was getting under way and Corum had troubles. The Times had decided to give by-lines to the writers covering the Yankees and Giants, but not the Dodgers. Bill was the Dodger writer.

But he found a way to get over that obstacle. The acting managing editor, he discovered, was a hopeless Brooklyn rooter. Bill went to him, made a speech which included the words "unfair" and "ridiculous," and got his first by-line the following day.

One morning, shortly thereafter, he rolled home to his place on 106th Street and found a note from Brisbane in his mailbox. It ordered him to appear at once.

"You the fellow?" Brisbane said to him, wheeling around from his roll-top desk.

"Yes, sir."

"Got one in today?"

Bill showed him the Dodger story in the Times.

Brisbane read the lead. "That's what I thought," he snapped. "You write short sentences. People like it that way."

Talking for a Big Raise

Corum tried to explain, in a long sentence, that he liked working on the Times, and that he couldn't consider working for the Journal for less than (he gulped slightly, he remembers) $150 a week. That meant a $110 increase.

Brisbane reached into a pile of junk on his littered desk and extracted a contract.

"Sign it," he said. Bill signed, then went back to the Times to explain things to kindly Carr Van Anda. Van Anda let him finish before he spoke.

"Don't worry," he said. "Mr. Hearst's money will buy just as many groceries as Mr. Ochs's will."

Corum shook hands and started to leave, but Van Anda stopped him at the door.

"You can always come back," he said.

Bill was on the road for the Journal for only two weeks when he received a wire from Farnsworth. "You're going to do a column," it read. "Wire some suggestions for a stock head." Bill and the writers traveling with him got up a long list of fancy titles and wired them. But Brisbane had already chosen one of his own. It read "Sports." That pleased the editor. He was equally pleased when Corum's first column came over the wire. It was an interview with Rogers Hornsby, about the muscle-building properties of steak. Bill has been down-to-earth ever since. He has never missed a day's work. In fact, he's a day ahead. Years ago, when he attended his first 500-mile Memorial Day auto race at Indianapolis, he composed a long and fervent piece and rushed it to the Journal, only to receive a bleak note in return.

"Mr. Hearst founded the Journal in 1896," it read, "and the paper has never printed on a holiday since then. I doubt if he plans to break that rule now."

It was inevitable that Corum, with his champagne tastes and beer income, a fact that never bothered him greatly, would cross paths eventually with the fun-loving freewheeler who became his best friend—Toots Shor.

They met at the end of the 1920s when Toots—now a New York restaurant man with a gross business of $1,700,000 a year—was a combination manager-bouncer at the old Five O'Clock Club, which Bill frequented. Hardly a day has since passed when they have not either been together or spoken over the phone.

"I never met a guy like Uncle Will," Toots remarked to me in his intimate roar recently. "He's the least excitable fellow about money I ever saw. And about people: I mean their color and religion and dough. Everybody's an American with him.

"He gets less tired of saying 'yes' than anybody. Holy criminy, what a soft touch. He even went on a note for *me*. When I was trying to build my joint, he was about the only guy thought I could do it. The guy even reads books, too."

Last December 12th, Shor gave Corum a "Kentucky Derby Dinner" which attracted perhaps the most outstanding gathering of sports celebrities into one room in the history of athletic banquets. They ranged from Joe DiMaggio, who flew in from San Francisco, to that notable pillar of racing, Herbert Bayard Swope, from ex-amateur heavyweight Bernard Gimbel to ex-professional boxing commissar James A. Farley. On the dais, between her son and baseball commissioner Happy Chandler, sat the only lady guest—Bill's mother—quietly and proudly composed.

Kieran said he sympathized with the racing game now that Corum had become Mr. Derby. It meant, he said, the end of racing's most consistent source of income, Bill's bets, for Bill had announced that he was giving up that which has been so close to his heart and pocketbook through the years.

Closing the book on Corum's betting is the closing of a weighty tome, filled with almost as many ups as downs. Jerry Lewis, a radio writer, says that Corum, the bettor and handicapper, will be remembered in history as the man who gave his readers Red Rain (which wound up as a jumper) and Nellie Flag (which wound up making jumpers out of the bettors).

Yet, one day at Hialeah, Bill was introduced to two elderly ladies and with his unswerving gallantry, and boundless optimism, marked their programs for them. It was their first appearance at a track and he wanted them to understand thoroughly the Republic of France's mocking gift to the world—the pari-mutuel system.

"Now, I'll tell you two ladies what to do," Bill said. "One of you go to the seller's window, buy a ticket on the horses I've marked, and hand it to the other.

"Then you, my dear lady," he said to the other one, "you go to the cashier's window, *wait till it opens, give the man the* ticket, and collect. That way, you'll be sure of being in line before the man runs out of money."

With increasing wonder they did as he instructed them. Bill had picked the first seven winners, all at good prices. In the cool of the evening, after the eighth and final race, in which the horse he had given the ladies was beaten by a whisker, Bill was dragging his battle-scarred portable out of the horse park, nonchalant in the face of what—for him—had been a losing day.

He saw the two old ladies, and they were quite agitated. "Mr. Corum," one of them said, with some indignation, "the man refuses to pay us for the last race."

Maybe He'll Get More Sleep

His retirement from betting will mean a drastic revision of his daily schedule. For years it has been his custom to spend a good portion of the night—say from 3:00 A.M. after he finishes his column to dawn—studying his Racing Form. Now there is this horrible void which, in desperation, may have to be filled by something Bill has been avoiding like a plague ever since he came to New York: sleep.

But so far as his Derby picking record is concerned, Bill will always be known as the Gene Tunney of handicapping. He's retiring at the top. In the early hours of the morning of May 6, 1949, the day before the final Derby of his legendary predecessor, Corum sat down to write a column which, had you followed it, would have made you a very rich person. He subtitled it "Against Advice of Counsel," which meant that he was cutting away from the consensus of the other experts and ignoring, for once, the pessimistic moans of his trainer-friend Ben Jones. The column concluded:

"I'm going to bet on Ponder, if only because I don't believe a trainer Ben Jones entry should be held at 15 to 1, if Ben was running an old brown billy goat off a dump heap.

"And Ponder's a heap better than that. Better off his past performance sheet than the owners Wright or the trainer Jones seem to think.

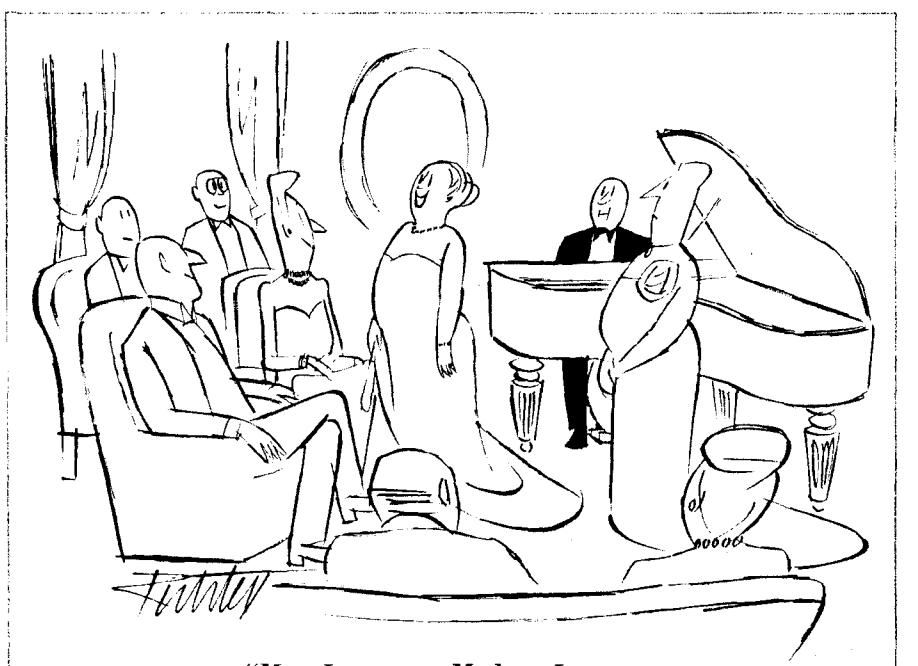
"He was a running horse at the finish of the Derby Trial. He comes from the winningest strain there is, from a Derby stable trained by a Derby trainer, and he strikes me as having had just about enough racing this winter and spring to take it all.

"So, here we go, good friends, and it's strictly against the book:

"1. Ponder. 2. Capot. 3. Palestinian. 4. Old Rockport."

P.S.—Ponder won and paid $34, $11.60 and $6.20 across the board. Capot placed, at pay-offs of $9.60 and $5.80. Palestinian was third, paying $4.80. And Old Rockport came where Bill said he would come, fourth.

And you can't find a fellow around today who'll doubt that he'll do as well at running the Derby as he did in his last and greatest assault on its pay-off window. THE END



COLLIER'S "May I present Madam La Bour and her accomplice?" MISCHA RICHTER

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Did You Get Overseas?

By RICHARD ARMOUR

JOHN RUGE

Most of the veterans I meet were all through the hardest fighting

SOMETIMES I wish I were a veteran of the Civil War instead of World War II. I'd be a little grayer and a bit shakier on my pins, but I'd be saved a lot of embarrassment. Strangers wouldn't be asking me, as soon as they'd shaken hands and borrowed a cigarette and a match, "Did you get overseas?" The Civil War boys were all heroes. When they were asked which side they were on, they knew right away the questioner didn't mean which side of the water.

If you gather from this I didn't get overseas, you're right. I'm told there were a few others who didn't, but I seldom run into them. Most of the veterans I meet were all through the hardest fighting in Africa, Italy and France, or worked their way up from New Guinea to the Philippines when the going was really tough. Their mantels are chockablock with Nazi hand grenades and Japanese ceremonial swords, and out in the garage they've got part of the wing of a kamikaze plane they shot down with a carbine. They also saw a whale of a lot of the world, going and coming, and had pretty fancy furloughs in Paris and Switzerland, or a ménage that included three maids and two houseboys during their assignment in Tokyo.

They're a decent lot, these fellows. I'll have to admit they don't brag about their exploits the way I'm sure I would, and they don't make any issue about my not having been along with them. In fact, they're not even the ones who ask me if I got overseas. The ones who are so curious usually weren't in uniform at all.

One thing that impresses me is the way the question is always phrased. You'll notice it's invariably "Did you *get* overseas?" It's never "Did they send you overseas?" or "Were you ordered overseas?" The assumption is that I was right in there all the time nagging my C.O. and writing letters to the War Department and the President and making a hell of a fuss about being kept in the Z.I. when I'd have been such a shot in the arm to some front-line outfit during the Battle of the Bulge.

When they ask me, "Did you get overseas?" they picture me doing my darnedest to keep the medics from knowing about my flatfeet, asthma and heart murmur; and they are sure I tried forging orders to get transferred to an alerted outfit, and took at least one crack at going A.W.O.L. and stowing away on a troopship bound for one of the nastier spots in the southwest Pacific.

So, when they pop the question, I don't let them down. I drop my eyes, dig my toe savagely into the dirt (if I'm outside), or tear a hole in the rug (if I'm inside), and with a hoarse, emotion-filled voice, reply, after a significant pause, "No—I didn't make it." They are at once all sympathy for me and indignation against a military establishment that played favorites, denying me my lifetime ambition and keeping me from risking my life for my country and incidentally winning the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"Dirty shame," they mutter as they pat me consolingly on the back with one hand and, with the other, wipe away tears of compassion.

Sometimes I, too, get a little carried away by the drama of the situation. I have found myself putting on a sneer of hatred at the thought of the way I was shackled by the chain of command, and clenching my fists until the already pale knuckles are white. My questioner, seeing how much I am stirred by these painful old memories, hastens to change the subject to something pleasant, such as the recent increase in traffic fatalities.

This brings to mind one of the high points of my military career. Still in uniform, with a row of ribbons on my chest, I was driving across the country to California, where I was to be discharged after four years in the Army. At the end of a long day at the wheel that probably made me look as worn and weary as I felt, I pulled into a small Kentucky town for dinner. The corner café looked clean and inexpensive, and I decided to give it a try.

Perched on a stool at the counter, I picked out a likely-looking meal from the menu and gave my order. As I ate, I became aware that the small, middle-aged man on the stool to my right was stealing glances in my direction—at my travel-stained face, my insignia, and the barely visible ribbons over my left pocket. Finally he mustered the courage to speak. "Where've you been?" he asked me. "East or West?"

Without thinking, I said, "East."

As soon as I spoke, I suspected that I had not understood his question. I knew it for certain when he said to me, in a voice made husky by emotion, "Pretty tough on you boys out there, wasn't it?" In his sympathetic, moistening eyes I could see his recollection of stories about grim Far East campaigns—Bataan, Iwo Jima, Okinawa.

"Yes," I answered after a pause. "Pretty tough." And I prayed a little prayer that he wouldn't discover that my chest was decorated with the Good Conduct, American Theater, and Victory ribbons. A fellow from California who spent the war in the East—in Washington in my case—doesn't get this sort of hero worship every day. THE END

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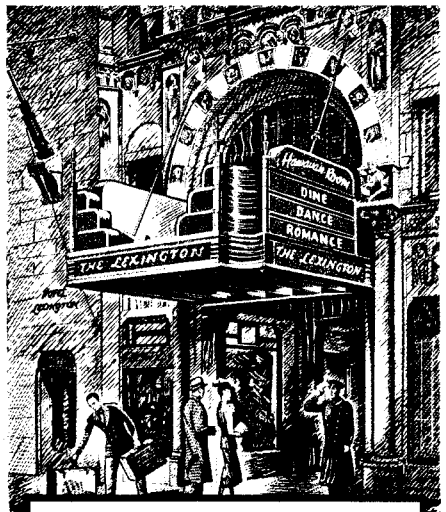

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You Can't See That Movie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

said, "There is a Negro Methodist chapel. It's called the Lloyd Binford chapel, because I helped build it." A Negro cemetery, for which he donated land, is also named after him. Binford said that at his funeral he has willed that "two rows of seats in the rear should be set aside for my Negro friends."

Binford said he had made the chief funeral oration at four Negro burials at Duck Hill in recent years. Of one Negro neighbor, the mother of 10 college graduates, Binford had eulogized:

"Here are the remains of the best neighbor I ever had."

The octogenarian summed it up:

"When Senator Bilbo got up a petition to send a million Negroes to Africa—I said I wanted to go with them. Otherwise, where would I get servants?"

The new South generally has come to accept the portrayal of the Negro as a dignified human being doing his share of the world's work. But for years Binford has permitted no such portrayal on Memphis screens.

"It might start riots," he says.

One putative inciter-to-riot whom white Memphis movie-goers have never been permitted to see is the lovely Lena Horne, the singing star. When Miss Horne rears her handsome head in a picture, censor Binford simply lops it off.

This he did in the musical, Words and Music.

"The white people don't want to see her," Binford decided for the white people. "They have all kinds of fine white singers in this picture. Then, all of a sudden, they put her over everybody else." Here the old man raised his voice in derisive mimicry. "They announce—'LENA HORNE!' "

A Comic in the Doghouse

Another inciter-to-riot, Binford figures, is Eddie Rochester Anderson, the bug-eyed comic of Jack Benny fame. Many thoughtful Negroes wince at Rochester's bumptious antics and regard the Negro he portrays as a libel on their people. But Binford feels Rochester is "too familiar."

For this reason Binford banned Brewster's Millions in which Rochester plays the role of valet. Memphis was the only town anywhere, North or South, where Brewster's Millions was censored.

Because censor Binford's personal tastes conflict, Memphis bobby-soxers have had to forgo some hot musical licks purveyed by leading jazz artists. Cab Calloway and his band were lifted bodily out of the musical Sensations of 1945. "Inimical," said Binford.

Inimical too was Louis Armstrong, the great trumpet player and band leader. His role in the picture New Orleans (depicting the development of jazz) was so important Armstrong couldn't be deleted without ruining the picture. So New Orleans didn't come to Memphis. When Tommy Dorsey brought his band to Memphis, he learned he would be allowed to perform only if his star trumpeter, Negro Charlie Shavers, didn't play.

Portrayal of Negroes in any but menial roles has often been a sure invitation to censorship in Memphis—even for serious pictures like Imitation of Life.

In the movie, a Negro girl loses her white, childhood friend when the two grow up and run into the facts of segregated life.

"Imitation of Life illustrates some pretty strong things to Negroes—that they are better than white people," said Binford.

Later, threatened by a lawsuit, Binford let the picture show. Other pictures with Negro problem themes have been shown in Memphis in recent months, but no one ever knows when the censor's shears will strike. This is what municipal censorship of movies is—as the citizens of Memphis have known it for 25 years.

Censorship, Memphis-Binford style, concededly provides an extreme case of capricious and mischievous interference with the freedom of adults.

Yet, many worried parents ask: Isn't some setting of standards necessary? Are our children to be subjected to any exhibition—pornographic or unmoral—that unconscionable moneygrubbers may set before them? After all, the movies portray people and events with such vividness that these are as real to the child as something taking place right in his own back yard. If the pen is mightier than the sword, what about the film with its full-size, vivid images?

The answer is that a sizable array of standards has already been established which movie producers must meet before their pictures even get to the local censor, and these standards movie makers strive to meet.

Here are the previewing organizations all pictures pass through.

There is, first, the industry's own Production Code Administration (an arm of the Motion Picture Association of America) once known (and dreaded) as the Hays Office. Now known as the Johnston (Eric) Office, this self-censoring agency reads scripts in advance to prevent expensive shooting of objectionable material. If the movie company's own censorship departments slip up on stories or scenes that audiences may object to, Joseph I. Breen of the Production Code, will remind them.

For instance:

Before American audiences, no Bronx cheer or razzberry can be emitted; no branding of animals can be shown, no surgical operations.

The movie producer who negotiates the Johnston Office must next cope with the National Board of Review, an unofficial body, headed by Quincy Howe, the radio commentator. The board opposes censorship but it reviews and classifies all pictures for their artistic, educational and entertainment value.

There are other, unofficial citizens' groups that select pictures the whole family can see. One such group is the Catholic Legion of Decency, whose moral standards are closely followed by all responsible movie producers. Then there is the elaborate previewing machinery set up by 10 national organizations, including the influential Protestant Motion Picture Council, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Library Association and others.

Representatives of these ten joint groups screen pictures once a week in New York and let the folks back home know whether a picture is worth seeing—or worth showing to children—through a weekly called Joint Estimates of Current Motion Pictures.

Two Kinds of Censorship

It is this Joint Estimates previewing machinery along with the Catholic Legion of Decency that the movies regard as their democratic answer to censorship. For here, representatives of millions of Americans either recommend or criticize films. Quite a contrast to one man, alone in his office, deciding, "You can't see that!"

When Senator Johnson starts his movie censorship hearings, Hollywood will plead the foregoing self-regulation and previewing machinery as proof that no further official interference is needed.

But before the Senate and before the Supreme Court, too, a more fundamental plea can be made, one that reaches down to the roots of our democracy.

It has been against the American tradition to establish censors who decide in advance what may or may not be lawfully printed, spoken or enacted on a stage.

If a man's book, play, newspaper or speech violates laws against obscenity or libel there is ample provision for punishing him—but only *after* a fair and open trial. This American method is contrary to the practice of dictators who suppress an idea, a book or newspaper in advance of publication—by imposing what lawyers call "previous restraint."

The English people's freedom from "previous restraint" is only a few centuries old, which shows how long it took to win. As recently as 1695, it was dangerous for John Milton to demand, "Give me the right to know, to utter and to argue . . ."

When Benjamin Franklin said, "Whoever would overthrow the liberty of a nation must begin by subduing the freeness of speech," some of his countrymen thought he was voicing pretty radical doctrine. If censorship through "previous restraint" can be clamped on movies by means of a federal police, why not censorship of pictures in newspapers—or in magazines?

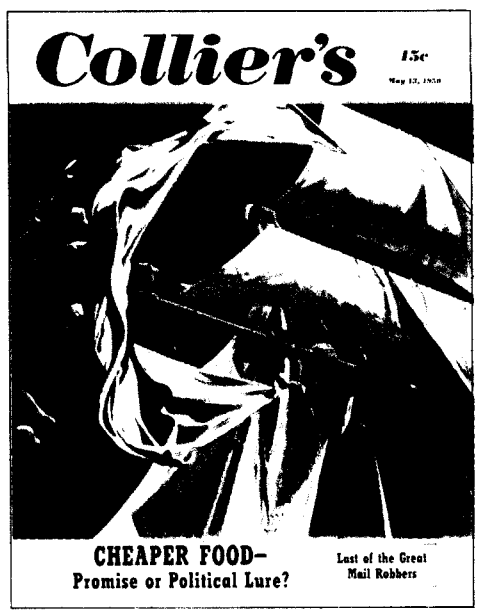
Such censorship is not as farfetched as you might think. In December, 1927, a bill (H.R. 7476) was actually introduced into Congress which sought to bring all magazines under stringent censorship. At this moment there is before the City Fathers of West Memphis, Arkansas, across the river from Memphis, Tennessee, an ordinance that would set up a board of censors with authority not only to screen movies, but also to "examine papers, magazines, books and other publications offered for sale in the city of West Memphis."

When Mayor William J. Gaynor of New York vetoed a proposed film censorship ordinance almost four decades ago he said:

"There seem to be a few . . . who wish to retrace our steps and resort to censorship again in advance of publication . . . If this ordinance be legal then a similar ordinance for newspapers and the theaters generally will be legal . . . Once revive censorship, and there is no telling how far we may carry it . . ."

Senator Johnson wants to carry it as far as the private lives of the folk who make movies. After that, what? THE END

NEXT WEEK



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Uncle Mike and the Big Strike—Joe Louis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

give him a chance in one of the Garden shows this winter."

Roxborough told Johnston how much he thought Louis was worth for his first Garden appearance.

Johnston hit the ceiling, which was very nearly zero in this particular instance. "Listen," he snapped, "I don't care how many guys you've knocked silly out there, don't forget he's still—" and he made a slighting reference to Negro fighters.

There was a click at the other end of the line. Mr. Roxborough had hung up. Someone had neglected to tell Jimmy Johnston that Mr. John Roxborough had two things in common with his fighter, the color of his skin and the strength of his pride. It isn't often one pays so dearly for his bigotry.

Twenty Grand on the Line

While Johnston was being caught with his racial slip showing, Mike Jacobs was heading west to size up Louis and talk matters over with his astute Negro advisers. Of course the first thing he did ("the scratch was always up") was to lay on the line a sum of money said by insiders to have been at least $20,000. That was for openers, to prove his intentions were strictly honorable. Then he told Roxborough and Julian Black, in his own blunt way, that he was going to expect young Louis to go out and win every fight as fast as possible. Mike knew this is what they were hoping to hear.

It's one of the nicer ironies that Mike Jacobs, whose interest in civil rights had never been conspicuous, rates the credit for giving a Negro the first chance at the heavyweight crown in America (Jack Johnson having had to chase his champion to Australia). Not that Uncle Mike deserves a place among the great American humanitarians. He was simply shrewd enough to appreciate how times had changed. Depression and the dreary succession of pale-faced hammola champions had broadened the outlook of fans who no longer pleaded for "white hopes."

Now they didn't care whether their "hope" was white, brown, green or pink-striped so long as he had something to offer and gave the best he had.

When Mike got back to New York he had an exclusive contract with Joe Louis. That little piece of paper, tucked away in his safe at the Hippodrome, was as good as legal tender for $15,000,000—payable in gate receipts.

One of Uncle Mike's curious contradictions is the dual personality motif in his attitude toward money. Said a well-known manager after years of matching wits with him, "Mike loves his little larcenies. I used to let him think he was nicking me for a grand here and there just to keep him happy."

But this same manager pointed out, "This is a big-league town and if you want to cop the pennant you can't do it with bunts and squeeze plays. Mike would squeeze against the little guys, but every time he went against the big stuff he swung with everything he had." For example he cited not only the tidy sum Mike spent before Louis faced a single major opponent, but the excursion to Detroit Mike set up for all the New York sports writers to unveil Louis against Natie Brown.

"That little outing must've set Mike back at least twenty G's," the manager said. "See what I mean? Nothing chintzy there. So Mike was in around forty G's already when Louis was still fighting for chicken feed. Rickard always gets the credit as the top-drawer gambler, the guy with the big vision, but from where I sit Mike had it all over him. Don't forget Tex operated in the boom days. Mike had a depression going against him. Everything petty you can think of you can put down about Mike, and the odds are ten to one you'll be right. But if you want to keep the picture in focus you've got to get in somewhere how Mike thought big and shelled out big, always looking for the big angles, where the competition was playing for the little ones."

That summer while the Garden operators looked on in helpless confusion, 62,000 people saw Joe Louis cut down the hapless Carnera in six rounds, and the combination of Jacobs & Louis was on its way to the greatest financial coup in the history of the business. Just two weeks before Mike's first big outdoor show had filled the ball park, the Garden-promoted championship bout between Max Baer and Jimmy Braddock did less than two thirds the business of Mike's nontitle fight.

But Mike had just begun. While Jimmy Braddock and the Garden sat on their title, Mike promptly signed the ex-champion, Baer, to meet the Brown Bomber in another big outdoor fight that September. Louis now was the biggest attraction since Dempsey, and sports writers estimated that the fight would draw over half a million dollars. But they underestimated Mike, who, with this fight, set the pattern for all the great outdoor promotions of the next decade.

If Mike sold every seat in the house his gross should have been $750,000. But Mike confounded the experts that September by coming up with the first million-dollar gate since the crash. Adding that extra quarter of a million is about in a class with dealing 70 cards out of a regular 52-card deck. And like all sleight of hand it's simple when you see how it's done.

Mike kept an eye on his ticket sale the way an old man does on an attractive young wife. If he saw a greater demand for $30 seats than $20 ones, he'd revise his seat plan to stretch the $30 section at the expense of the $20 locations. A little foresight in having printed differently priced tickets for the same seat gave Mike flexibility. Similarly, if the line was a block long at the $3 window while the customers seemed to shy away from the five, he'd drop the window on the threes so bleacherites would have no choice but to go for the next price range.

"Service Charge" a Bonanza

Another cute innovation of Mike's was a new section euphemistically called "raised ringside." These seats, set up behind the already overenlarged ringside, turned out to be bleacher seats at ringside prices. With apparent benevolence, Mike would give away hundreds of these seats as complimentaries. On a "raised ringside" ticket, the benefactee would only have to pay the tax plus a "service charge" of from $5 to $10. Since Mike's generosity did not include sharing this income with his fighters, he could net nearly as much on his complimentaries as with his regular ticket sale.

This is probably the only time a man has ever played on a 70,000-seat arena as if it were an accordion.

Jacobs & Louis went on expanding through 1935-'36 until an unexpected setback at the hands of *der Führer's* most prominent exponent of Strength through Joy, Herr Max Schmeling. Schmeling's incredible victory—Louis' only defeat in a brilliant and honorable 14-year career—appeared to be a body blow to Uncle Mike's ambitions. Herr Max went back to the Third Reich where the party leaders fawned on him as a magnificent example of Aryan supremacy over the decadent, mongrelized democracies. The following summer he was to return to meet Braddock for the championship under Garden auspices. It looked like a sure victory for Joe Goebbels' favorite athlete, as well as a clean-cut decision for Jimmy Johnston and the Garden over Uncle Mike and his defeated heavyweight.

At this point Uncle Mike began to dem-

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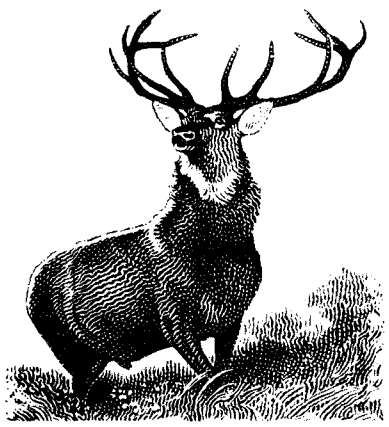

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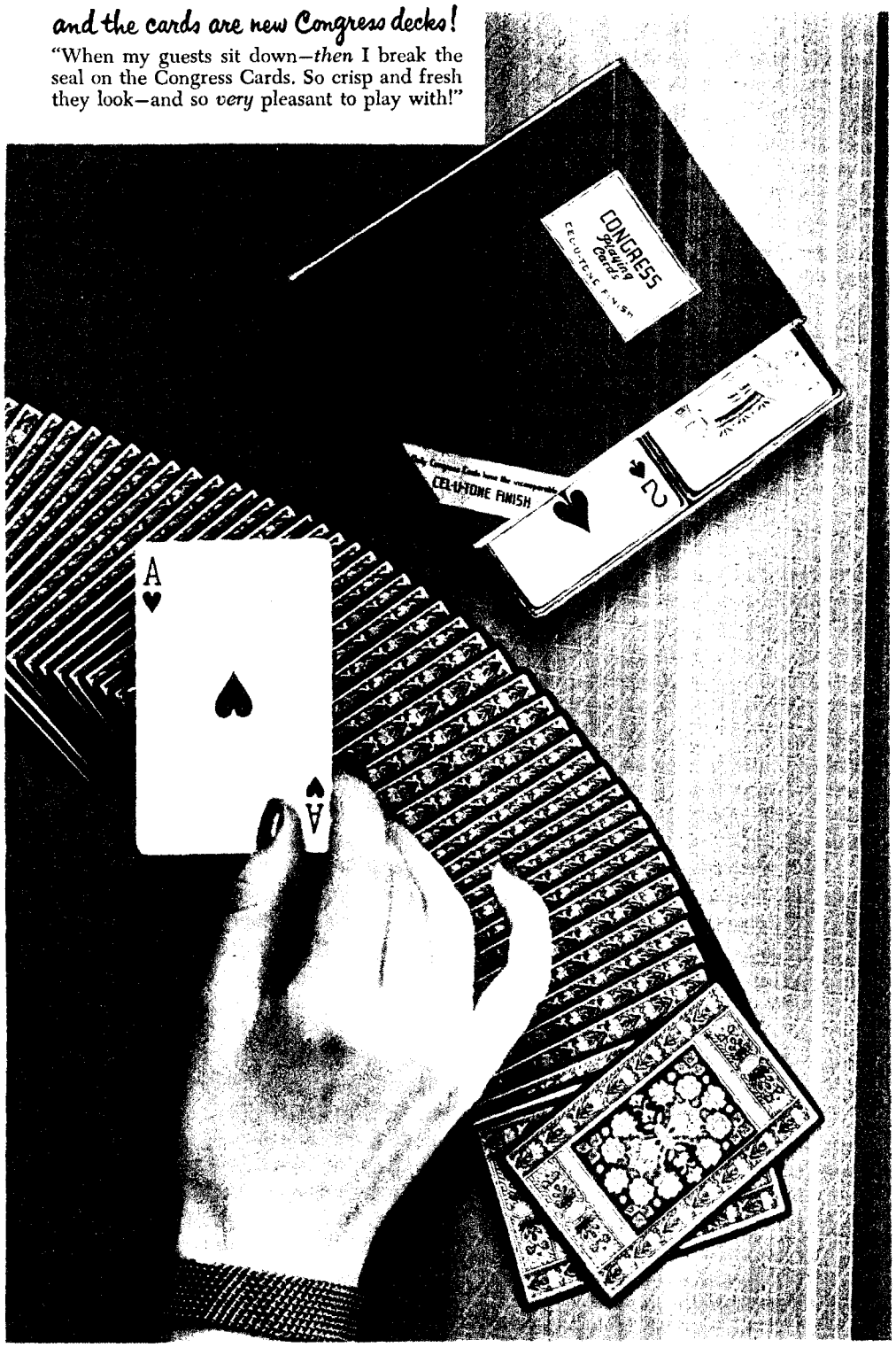

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onstrate the shiftiest footwork since Benny Leonard's, matched only by that of Braddock's pilot, Joe Gould, a managerial Fred Astaire, who could spin so rapidly that no one ever was able to tell in which direction he was really looking. Together with the Schmeling directorate and the Garden management they began to play a game of "Braddock, Braddock, Who Fights Braddock?" that was to involve more techniques of high-level intrigue than occurred even to the Borgias. Before old Jim Braddock finally put his championship on the line, not only rival boxing promotions were involved, but rival state boxing commissions, rival organizations and eventually the highest echelon of Nazi Germany.

Nazism Made Coup Possible

Again, not just good timing but the very fortunes of time were to carry Mike forward. For if the year had not been 1937, when Nazi bestiality was beginning to shock the entire civilized world, even Mike might have hesitated before so brazen a move as attempting to "steal" Champion Jimmy Braddock from the Garden and the title match with Schmeling that had the official sanction of the New York Boxing Commission.

Fortunately for Jacobs & Louis and Gould & Braddock the Anti-Nazi League to Champion Human Rights, headed by such civic leaders as Samuel Untermeyer and Jeremiah T. Mahoney, took a dim view of Herr Schmeling. They argued, not without reason, that he was an outstanding representative of Goebbels' propaganda service and that a victory for Max would be a source not only of American dollars for Germany but of invaluable ammunition for its psychological warfare machine. If the heavyweight championship went to Germany, the anti-Nazis feared, astute propagandist Goebbels would see to it that it remained there.

At this point Mr. Gould, a charter member of the No-Stone-Unturned Club, ripped a page out of Gallup's book by polling boxing writers on the respective box-office strength of a Braddock-Louis and Braddock-Schmeling fight. According to his findings, anti-Nazi feeling was running so high that a Schmeling fight would be effectively boycotted, and could draw two or three hundred thousand dollars at most, while Louis-Braddock looked like a sure $750,000.

From that moment on, Mr. Gould became an even more confirmed anti-Nazi than he might have been before. Meanwhile Uncle Mike, sublimely oblivious of Gould & Braddock's contract with the Garden, began pulling out all the stops in an effort to talk the champion into breaking with the Garden and meeting his Brown Bomber instead.

Throughout this crucial period Uncle Mike was the epitome of generosity and benevolence. Gould's and Braddock's every wish, as we used to say, was Mike's command. He even sent them his personal tailor to make them as many suits as they wished at his expense.

Meanwhile, he and Joe Gould began feeling each other out in a memorable series of tête-à-têtes combining the most accomplished arts of seduction, poker, chess and Big Three conference.

When rumors of Gould's defection floated back to Schmeling, he made daily calls on Gould, begging him not to pull out of the fight. Not only had he promised his *Führer* that he would grab off the world championship for *der Vaterland* but he stood to make himself a hatful of Uncle Sam's certificates, something he always showed the highest respect for, no matter what he and the Berchtesgaden set may have thought of everything else we had to offer.

Finally, in a fit of frustration, Schmeling sailed home to the Reich. Meanwhile, with Braddock's crown in the pot, the poker game went on. The Garden raised, and Uncle Mike raised again. For Gould it was every fight manager's wish-dream come true. The aging fighter he had rescued from the relief rolls and shrewdly resurrected just a few years earlier was now the prize over which the mighty Garden and Mike Jacobs, the mighty upstart, were struggling for promotional supremacy.

Whichever syndicate could stage a Braddock fight first had the heavyweight title, and whoever controlled the title controlled this multimillion-dollar industry. It was as simple as that. The fact that Schmeling had been declared the rightful challenger and that Braddock and the German had contracts with the Garden hardly gave Uncle Mike a moment's pause.

With a "damn-the-injunctions, full-speed-ahead" attitude, in the face of Boxing Commission edicts, previous contracts and threatened lawsuits, Uncle Mike kept his sights fixed on the heavyweight championship that had been for so many years an established Garden property. And using that Garden contract as a wedge, Gould was determined to pry Mike loose from more money than any pugilist had ever received; but the steepest demands Gould could make (and he was an inspired demander) would not stop Mike from coming on.

During these hectic crossfire negotiations, Joe Gould was at the home of his aged mother when her phone rang and she said to Joe in her halting accent, "What's this? Somebody is making a joke maybe? Germany is calling us?"

Joe picked up the phone. It was Max Schmeling. After tender inquiries into the state of Joe's health, and that of his family (while indescribable pogroms were raging throughout Germany), Schmeling said, "Joe, I am speaking from the office of one of the most important people in Germany—in the world," he corrected. "Reichsminister Goebbels wants to talk to you personally."

"Mr. Gould," Goebbels began in broken but understandable English, "we are ready to make you a very interesting offer to bring your champion to Germany to fight Max."

Said Gould, "Just a minute, Mr. Goebbels. Has Max told you the kind of deal we want?"

"He has given me a general idea," Goebbels answered. "But let me hear exactly what you want. The match will be very popular in Germany and I feel sure we can meet your terms."

"All right," Gould said. "I've got three conditions. If you can agree to them I will bring Braddock to Germany."

"Excellent," Goebbels said. "I feel sure I can arrange everything to your satisfaction. Now your three conditions, please."

Mr. Gould States His Terms

"In the first place," said Gould, "I want $500,000 in real money—I mean American dollars—deposited in my name in a New Jersey bank before we get on the boat."

"I can promise you that will be done," Goebbels said without hesitation. "Go on, Mr. Gould."

"Second, I want to bring over an American referee, and one of the two judges must be an Englishman. We won't mind if the other's a German," Gould continued.

"One minute, please," Goebbels said, and apparently after conferring with Schmeling he told Gould, "Yes, we will agree to that also. And now, please, the third point."

"The third point," Gould said matter-of-factly, "is that you get Hitler to stop kicking the Jews around. Unless he gives them back full citizenship and property rights, you know what you and Max can do with your fight."

But before Gould could finish, the receiver had been slammed down at the other end.

"Nu?" Gould's mother asked. "What is all this big conversation with Berlin?"

"Aw, nothing," Gould said. "I just told a little fly-by-night promoter what he could do with himself."

Soon after Goebbels' failure to grab the title fight away from Mike Jacobs, who was working 16 hours a day to grab it away from the Garden, Gould announced that the champion would not go through with the

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Schmeling fight but would meet Joe Louis in Chicago for Uncle Mike instead. The Boxing Commission called Gould on the carpet, where he stoutly maintained that it was his responsibility to protect the economic interests of Mr. Braddock and that he would be derelict in these duties if he were to permit him to go through with the Schmeling fight in the face of the threatened anti-Nazi boycott.

Gould's sense of duty was to be profoundly influenced by Uncle Mike. Not even a demand of $400,000 seemed too much to ask for his renovated titleholder. Tomcats yowling on a back fence had nothing on Jacobs and Gould as they went round and round in the final stages of their deal. But Mike had to have Braddock and that title at any price and, the story goes, he finally acceded to Gould's unprecedented demand for 10 per cent of the profits of all Jacobs' heavyweight promotions for the next 10 years.

With unerring judgment, Uncle Mike chose Chicago as the site of the title bout, for the Windy City was not only the scene of Louis' early triumphs but a convenient distance beyond the jurisdiction of the New York Boxing Commission that was trying to block the bout. Two steps ahead as usual, Mike had also foreseen that, in welcoming a chance to put one over on New York, Chicago and Illinois officials would give him every possible protection.

Court Decision Ends Dispute

Lawyers for the Garden were trying to stop the Louis-Braddock fight by injunction, but Mike lined up behind an impressive forward wall of legal heavyweights who formed a flying wedge against the Garden die-hards. The injunctions were gradually shaken off and the game was won when a New Jersey judge decided that Gould's and Braddock's service contract with the Garden would not prevent the champion from placing his title at the disposal of the new firm.

While Louis and Braddock were getting ready for the fight that Uncle Mike had already won, regardless of the outcome, Max Schmeling returned to go through the motions of his quixotic "phantom fight" with Braddock's ghost.

In an effort to strengthen his and the Garden's legal case, he went into training, weighed in on the day of the "fight" and made a token appearance at the empty arena that evening.

Despite the machinations that had surrounded it, the Louis-Braddock fight at Comiskey Park that night re-established the prestige and dignity of the heavyweight title. Louis fought at the top of his power and skill, and Braddock went down as old champions are expected to, with proud and unflagging courage.

Mike had the Garden on the ropes now. Like his boy, Louis, he was ready to move in for the kill.

"Now I want to show 'em who's boss," he confided to sports writer Wilbur Woods. "I wanna do something twice as big as any promoter ever thought of."

"Twice as big?" Woods thought a moment. "Why don't you stage two championship fights the same night? No one's ever pulled that off before, Mike."

For a moment Mike chewed restlessly on his bridgework. "I'll double that. I'll give 'em four championship fights," he said.

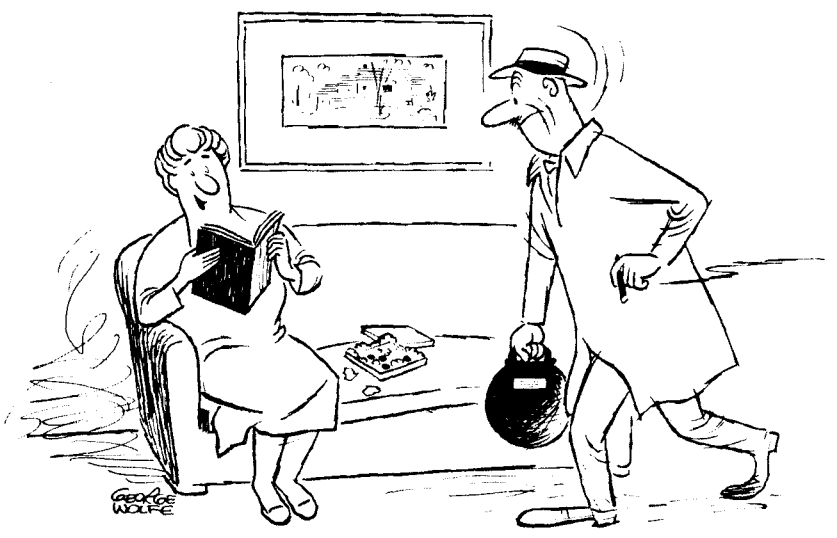
A Masterpiece of Promotion

That September his Carnival of Champions lived up to its name when two great titleholders, Barney Ross and Lou Ambers retained their crowns while Harry Jeffra and Fred Apostoli reached the top of their divisions in brilliant battles. But the real winner, of course, was Uncle Mike. Although his grandiose promotion was in the red, he now had a corner on the boxing market. Monopoly Mike, as he began to be called, had exclusive contracts with five champions and since no contenders could meet those champions without first signing over to Mike complete control of their future services—a device the Garden operatives somehow had overlooked—he could write his own ticket, for a price Mike was never shy about marking up.

The Garden was ready to cry Uncle. Mike was officially invited in. Mike's rival, Jimmy Johnston, was on the outside looking in. He swore he would wipe the Twentieth Century Sporting Club off the fistic map. His first move in that direction was to form the Thirtieth Century Sporting Club. He was going to top Mike in everything. Unfortunately for Jimmy, his organization didn't last out the year.

Just a little short of 50 years from the time Mike first hustled up to the box office in knee pants as a digger at the old Garden, he was the unchallenged czar of the fight business, with Madison Square Garden for his winter palace and Yankee Stadium for his midsummer nights' dreams of further million-dollar gates.

Money poured into Uncle Mike's pocket for a decade. Then came a stroke that almost cost him his life and actually did cost him control of the boxing game. Author Budd Schulberg concludes the Story of Mike Jacobs in next week's Collier's



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Traffic Nightmare—and a Promise of Dawn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Despite the fact that Los Angeles is far ahead of most other cities in attempting to do something about traffic congestion, minor variations of that tie-up happen nearly every day.

A few years ago, for instance, a fire broke out in the San Carlos Hotel. Again Fifth Street was so jammed with traffic the fire engines could not get to the hotel until the police had cleared the street—one hour later. A fire captain complained it sometimes takes precious minutes for the equipment just to get *out* of the firehouse on Figueroa Street; and the Automobile Club of Southern California recently ran tests which proved that at 5:00 P.M. every evening a San Fernando Valley-bound commuter crawls along this same Figueroa Street at the rate of five blocks in 25 minutes, or three fifths of a mile an hour.

Most telling of all, a recent Los Angeles official survey revealed that the California Public Utilities Commission allows Los Angeles trucking companies to charge for "undue delays by reason of congestion." For example, it is only 16.5 miles from Beverly Boulevard to Santa Monica. But the trucking companies are allowed to charge as if the distance were 19.5 miles.

You can take the woes of any other traffic-congested city and multiply them by two for Los Angeles—because the great Pacific Coast metropolis has more than twice as many cars as most population centers of comparable size. When the war booms "exploded" the city into dozens of outlying communities, the trolley and bus systems couldn't keep up with the expansion, and people who otherwise wouldn't have done so bought automobiles. As a result, Los Angeles County, with a population of around 4,000,000, has more than 1,500,000 registered vehicles.

New York City, with double the population, has a far smaller registration. The January, 1949, figures were 1,712,802 vehicles for Los Angeles County; 1,125,982 for the five boroughs of New York.

Cinema Folk Cause Tie-Ups

But in addition to this, Los Angeles has traffic complications which are peculiarly its own. Complication number one is Hollywood. Movie *premières* often block off a square mile or so of streets in the busiest sections of town; producers and actors have been known to tie up traffic with special cops and 50 or 60 cars outside their homes for cocktail parties.

For producers, newspapermen and other nonglamorous movie-colony denizens, there is another device which is as effective as the charms of the movie stars. This is the deputy sheriff's badge, a holder of which may park wherever he wishes while theoretically engaged in such activities as "the pursuit of criminals, the rescue of civilians in floods, and the prevention of looting."

It is estimated that the county of Los Angeles probably is the best protected area in the world, since badges have been issued to 13,000 deputy sheriffs. There has been much speculation about what would happen if some enterprising sheriff were to invoke the law and actually mobilize all 13,000 of his deputies into a posse against, say Mickey Cohen's gang.

"There would be so many glamor girls and gleaming convertibles," said one wit, "that Cohen would think he was at an automobile show."

In the meantime, however, the deputy sheriffs' convertibles, parked in loading zones and in front of no-parking signs, continue to clog traffic.

The second of Los Angeles' big traffic complications is its geography. Hemmed in as it is by desert and mountains, the city sits on a narrow coastal plain, and the great east-west and north-south highways must funnel directly into it. Thus, in addition to its own 1,500,000 cars, Los Angeles streets also are traveled every day by tens of thousands of automobiles and huge trailer trucks coming across the continent or plying the coastwise route to San Francisco and San Diego.

One of Los Angeles' most traffic-befouled sections is the fabled Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street business center. Much of the long-distance traffic from San Francisco and the Pacific Northwest comes down U.S. 101, into the San Fernando Valley, through the Cahuenga Pass and directly into Hollywood and Vine. On the eastern approaches to the city, it is even worse. U.S. 66 from Chicago plows through 30 miles of city streets and then ends up smack in the middle of downtown Los Angeles.

But none of this is as serious as traffic complication number three—the fact that Los Angeles has become one of the nation's few decentralized or "exploded" cities. The explosions began mostly after World War I, when the population shot up from a few hundred thousand to over 1,000,000, and auto registrations increased from 200,000 in 1920 to more than 600,000 in 1925. By 1925, the main downtown business section of Los Angeles had become so jammed with traffic that disgruntled shoppers began to take their business to the suburbs, where they could park their cars. As a result, completely new business areas sprang up in outlying districts, generally on major crossroads.

But soon the new satellite shopping districts also became clogged with traffic; and the explosion process was repeated, the satellites shot off more satellites. Residential areas developed around the satellite and subsatellite business centers, and this accounts in part for Los Angeles becoming the largest city in area in the United States today.

But in any exploding city, the great danger lies in what happens to the core downtown areas in which the explosions first occur. Generally there is blight and business depression, with near-by residential sections turning into slums; and the city must wage a constant battle against the decay-causing traffic congestion, in order to keep the exploded core from collapsing completely and dragging the economy of the city down with it. In Los Angeles, the battle is compounded twelvefold, because in addition to the main downtown core, a dozen of the earlier satellite cores must also be saved from future collapse.

When their residents moved out to the more accessible satellite areas, fine old near-downtown sections like Boyle Heights and Bunker Hill became slums. Today they are the breeding place of much of the city's juvenile delinquency. All the major department stores have opened big branches in the suburbs; and just before the World War II business boom, many stores were threatening to leave the downtown section altogether. It still is touch and go.

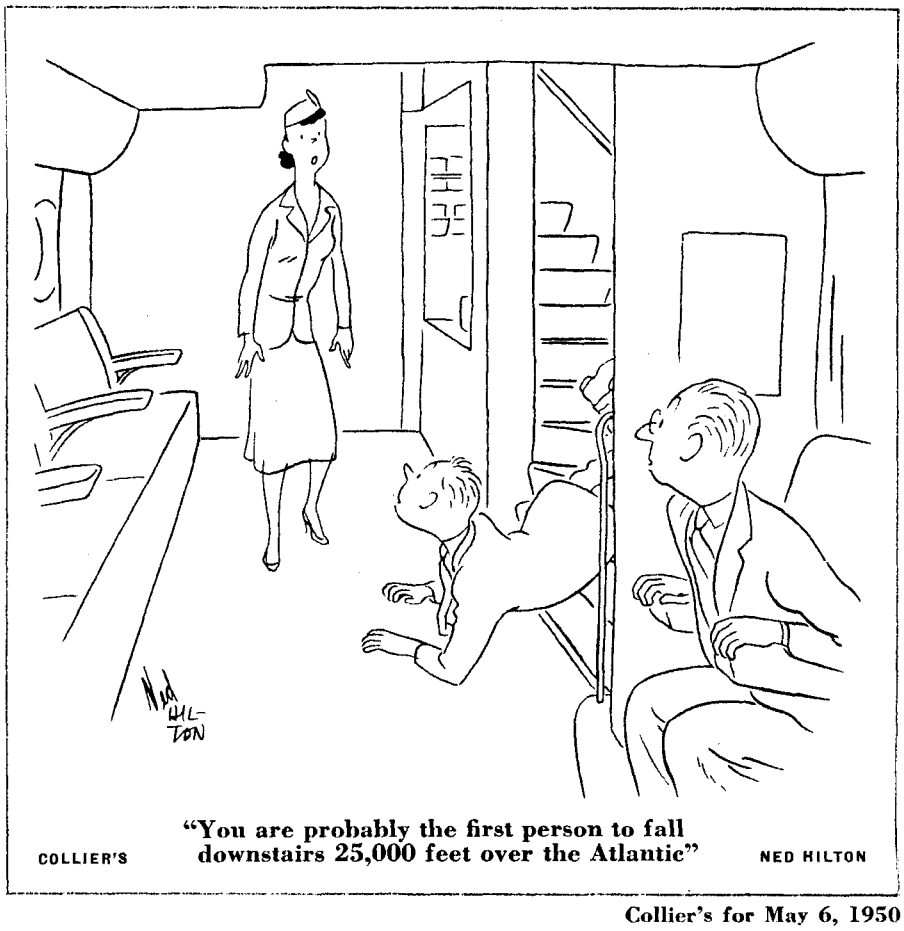
Sick—But Not Incurable

As all this indicates, Los Angeles, as E. E. East, a leading traffic engineer, once wrote, "is a very sick traffic patient." Fortunately, the patient is being attended by some excellent physicians, and accordingly is in much better condition today than most cities with lesser ills.

Chief among Los Angeles' physicians is City Traffic Engineer Ralph T. Dorsey, a sharp-faced, white-haired man who has been one of the nation's top traffic experts for 29 years. One day in 1928, Dorsey was watching the home-going jam-up of cars on Figueroa Street. The three northbound lanes were clogged with automobiles moving bumper to bumper, but the three southbound lanes were practically empty. Suddenly Dorsey said to himself, "Why must we have a street divided exactly down the middle at all times? Why can't we have four lanes in the direction of the heavy traffic flow, and only two lanes in the opposite direction?"

So today, Los Angeles has more than 60 miles of "reversible flow" arteries, in most of which four lanes are used for the heavy inbound commuter traffic in the morning, and four lanes in the direction of the outbound traffic in the evening. The result is startling. Olympic Boulevard, for example, now moves 4,000 cars an hour where it used to handle only 2,000 cars.

The manner in which the center lanes are reversed is a fine piece of Dorsey ingenuity. He has a fleet of jeeps manned by 16 men who go out just before the reversible-lane periods begin at 8:00 A.M. and 4:00



COLLIER'S "You are probably the first person to fall downstairs 25,000 feet over the Atlantic" NED HILTON

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P.M. The jeeps are loaded with 27-inch, white-painted rubber cones with the words "Keep Right" lettered on them. The jeeps roll along at 20 miles per hour, and every 150 feet one of the men (strapped by a safety belt into an airplane seat bolted onto the jeep) leans out and deposits a cone neatly on the lane marker. The jeep never stops until the end of its run. When the rush-hour traffic is over, the jeep drives back along the lane and the man in the safety belt hauls in the "Keep Right" cones.

Another example of Dorsey ingenuity was the method he used to get no-parking regulations on key streets in the vital downtown area. He figured he couldn't get the measure through a city council that was subject to much pressure from merchants, so he went to the merchants and said, "Wouldn't you like to have a truck-loading zone outside your store?" or "How about a no-standing zone to keep your entrance free of cars?"

The delighted merchants agreed, and before anyone knew what had happened, nearly every curbstone was painted yellow (for a truck-loading zone), white (for a passenger-loading zone), green (for a 15-minute-parking zone) or red (for a no-standing zone). When this was accomplished,

As staff writers for Collier's traveled to America's major cities to study the problems of traffic congestion, they became increasingly conscious of another automobile-age problem which afflicts nonurban areas chiefly —the crossroad accident. Last year more than 3,000 lives were lost in accidents where two or more roads crossed. The urgency of the problem was recently emphasized as follows by the Caterpillar Tractor Company: "It costs money to eliminate grade crossings where heavily traveled highways intersect. But would you hesitate to spend money to stop a killer who threatened your life and the lives of those you love? The problem needs to be faced soberly and now, while thousands of miles of new and improved roads are being planned."

Dorsey went to the council and pointed out that he was spending a small fortune on paint, and that No Parking signs would be much cheaper. So the ordinance went through—strictly on the basis of economy.

Today Dorsey, who started in 1922 as a one-man outfit in the electrical department, heads a City Traffic Engineering Department of more than 300 people, including 17 highly skilled technicians and engineers. By sheer frontal attack as well as subtleties like the above, he has managed to install just about all the congestion-clearing tricks known to the traffic engineering profession.

Rush-Hour Regulations

Los Angeles has broad one-way arterial avenues and no-parking regulations on arterial streets during the rush hours; it forbids truck unloading during the rush hours and all daytime parking throughout the downtown area, and has a progressive-traffic-signal system that allows cars to move along a street at a fixed rate of speed without stopping.

He ran into opposition on all of these. A few years ago, for instance, the Wilshire Boulevard merchants were strong enough to get the city council to consider repealing all no-parking restrictions, on the grounds that they had converted the avenues into dangerous, 60-mile-per-hour speedways. Dorsey fought this by getting a radio station to make a national broadcast from a car which timed an attempted speed run down Wilshire Boulevard, from Figueroa Street to Beverly Hills.

In the southern California manner, this broadcast was ballyhooed like a running of the Kentucky Derby. But it served its purpose. A radio audience of millions heard the evidence that the car averaged only 34 miles per hour. Even though he was licked temporarily, Dorsey soon was back with most of his no-parking ordinances.

Today, Dorsey gets almost perfect co-operation from the merchants (most of whom now realize the shortsightedness of their early stand) and he is continuing his campaign to install more one-way avenues and more no-parking restrictions—but only where tests prove that they are needed. He also gets excellent co-operation from another important group of gentlemen: the county's traffic court judges and Deputy Police Chief Bernard R. Caldwell, the city's traffic enforcement boss. The judges are noted in California for incorruptibility and their predilection for handing out jail sentences to repeated traffic violators.

A Firm Statement of Policy

Caldwell, a graduate of the Northwestern University and F.B.I. police schools, is renowned for his dictum: "As long as I'm in charge, I'll write tickets on any violator—even the governor." Unfortunately, this feeling does not permeate all the way down to the lower echelons, where cops have been known to go easy on movie personalities and on the parked cars of butchers, who might be tempted to supply them with a bit of free fresh meat for the dinner table. Even so, traffic enforcement in Los Angeles is far ahead of nearly every other city visited by Collier's on this nation-wide survey.

But more important than all this, Dorsey's campaign is assisted by three other factors which probably may prove to be the key weapons in winning the Los Angeles traffic battle.

Factor number one: The state is building a $450,000,000 freeway system which will carry the crippling transcontinental and commuter traffic *around* the city, instead of *through* it.

Factor number two: The city of Los Angeles is going into the parking business—one of the chief recognized cures for traffic-strangled cities.

Factor number three: Private enterprise itself is doing a remarkable job of providing off-street parking to save the city and its satellites.

Traffic engineers believe that the freeway system will do more to relieve the congestion than anything else. For instance, the Hollywood Parkway, the first part of which will be completed in 1951, will be a by-pass around Hollywood for the hordes of vehicles now funneling through the Cahuenga Pass from San Francisco and the San Fernando Valley directly into the heart of the Hollywood and Vine business center. The commuter cars will roll along the freeway to exits at the downtown and near-downtown business sections; while the through vehicles will continue on other freeways until they are out of the city. The same thing will happen on a dozen other approaches to Los Angeles.

The city's Traffic Survey Committee makes the startling prediction that the freeways will take 50 per cent of the traffic off the city streets.

Another interesting feature of the freeways is that they are expected to help stop the exploding of the city. The theory of this runs as follows: New satellite business centers always spring up on important roads. The state will allow no commercial building on the new parkways. Therefore, the merchants presumably will stay where they are and do something about traffic congestion so customers will continue coming to the old stand.

To help attract customers back to the oldest stand of all, downtown Los Angeles, the city currently is planning to build a huge underground garage beneath Pershing Square to hold 2,500 parked cars. Bing Crosby is one of the bidders for the job of constructing and operating the garage. There have been loud wailings that the new garage will disrupt nearly all of the trolley lines that terminate at Pershing Square. It is also claimed that 2,500 cars milling about the garage in the rush hours might create

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more of a traffic hazard than the one the garage is intended to alleviate.

However, the important thing is that the city has made a tremendous step forward by recognizing its responsibility in the matter. Even if the Pershing Square garage is not built, the city probably will build other smaller garages aboveground in various parts of the downtown area.

In the meantime, private enterprise has accomplished some parking miracles in Los Angeles. In the newer sections, every hot-dog stand, drugstore, grocery and dress shop is set back from the street and surrounded by parking space. In the older downtown sections, nearly every store has a deal with nearby parking-lot owners whereby the merchant pays the parking fee for customers. The new General Petroleum Building has a modern, seven-deck, self-service ramp garage for its tenants; and the new Statler Hotel is being built with an underground garage that exceeds the recent zoning law requirement of one parking space for approximately every three rooms.

Most interesting to traffic engineers is a new shopping center called Crenshaw, which really is a tiny island of thriving stores set down in a sea of parking spaces. As you approach Crenshaw (in the old open-field country southwest of Los Angeles) you turn off Crenshaw Boulevard into a four-lane service street that separates you from the through traffic. The service street leads directly into a parking area that literally covers acres of ground.

It is so huge that it can handle thousands of cars with ease, and, as someone put it, "still have enough room for a B-29 to take off." The shops back up on the parking lot (two big downtown department stores, the May Company and The Broadway, have branches here) and the biggest display windows are at the rear of the stores, facing the parking lot, rather than on the street.

Some Los Angeles residents have been known to go fifteen miles out of their way to shop in Crenshaw rather than buck the congestion in other shopping centers.

Progress Could Be Retarded

All this adds up to the fact that Los Angeles is making considerable progress. But there still are many dangers for the residents of the city. For one thing, Dorsey and the Traffic Commission are nonpermanent bodies, and they can be swept away overnight, with all their good works, by a vote of the city council.

A second danger is the persistence of the backsliders. Recently, for instance, one of the writers sat in on a hearing of the Traffic Commission where a group of Sixth Street merchants almost succeeded in lifting the rush-hour parking ban on that key arterial thoroughfare. In a steady procession, they testified that prohibiting customers from parking in front of their stores from 4:00 to 6:00 P.M. threatened the American way of life, struck a blow at the vast American heritage of free enterprise, converted Sixth Street into a child-killing speedway, and was driving them all to pauperdom. A city councilman added his outcry to theirs, and the stampede was on.

Then Dorsey got up. First, he reminded them that the use of parking space in front of one's property is not a God-given right, but—according to Section 370 of the California Penal Code—actually a punishable nuisance, if it interferes with the movement of other people.

"And on Sixth Street," said Dorsey, "it interferes with the movement of 47,000 people every day." He then pulled out charts to prove that the average rate of speed on Sixth Street was 16 miles per hour, hardly a child-killing pace.

After that came the Dorsey heavy artillery. One chart listed all the vacant lots in the neighborhood that the merchants could have purchased for off-street parking—but didn't. The final chart showed that on the side streets, where curb parking is allowed, every available amount of space was occupied all day, not by customers' vehicles, but by the cars of the merchants themselves. This brought the stampede to a standstill, and Dorsey won again.

Time spent on such fights, however, slows down progress. And Los Angeles can't afford too many slowdowns. Her problem is too acute. Joseph E. Havenner, brilliant Yale-trained traffic engineer of the Automobile Club of Southern California, sums it up like this: "When my baby gets sick and the doctor won't come because of the traffic congestion between his office and my home—Los Angeles doesn't have time to fool around." THE END

Woman Trouble in Charlie McCarthy's Future

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

seemingly beyond repair. Bergen shuddered under the caustic mail, especially when some parents reported that their children had fled sobbing from their radios, and added, "We will never tune your show again."

Even adults are not immune, as was demonstrated a few weeks ago when Bergen played a courtroom scene in which he was asking to adopt Charlie. The dialogue was purest corn, lampooning the court clerk, the attorneys, and a judge who was placing horse race bets from the bench. Bergen even got in a line about his pet phobia when he had the judge say, "Mr. Bergen, I'm confused. I've often heard Charlie McCarthy on the radio, but somehow I've never heard of you." Bergen estimates that half the attorneys and judges in the land doused him with vitriol via the mails after this broadcast, accusing him of attacking the dignity of the democratic process.

Bergen wrote apologies, but has since decided that there are only three things he can ridicule with safety: "Swedes, ventriloquists and bald-headed guys."

Always in the Stooge Role

In any discussion of his brand of comedy, Bergen agrees with the thesis expounded by many of the great clowns of history, to wit, that successful humor is based on ridicule, gentle or otherwise. But the paradox, and perhaps the tragedy, in Bergen's performance is that, by contrast to Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields, Harold Lloyd and other immortals, he is not and can never be funny, as Edgar Bergen. He must have an instrument. In effect, Bergen plays straight man for himself.

Bergen's ridicule, as expressed through Charlie, runs from sarcasm soft as a zephyr to impeachments that crisp the microphone like a blowtorch flame. "I can say things through Charlie," he explains, "that I can never say through myself."

As a twelve-year-old boy, for example, Charlie grouches about classrooms and teachers, reflecting Bergen's own thorny attitudes on education. Bergen has no use for stuffed shirts. Charlie invariably hails them with a "Hi, stinky." Bergen takes an astigmatic view of politics, and Charlie cracks: "Political economy is the most votes for the least money." Bergen is girl-shy, but Charlie cackles: "Women are all alike—and ain't I glad." Bergen is fascinated by steamboats, steam engines and other products of science—Charlie turns up on a program as Robert Fulton or Benjamin Franklin.

Bergen can also kid himself. Frequently Charlie sneaks in a line which refers to Bergen's thinning hair, his age, family, hypochondria, Scandinavian background, emotions or other personal facets. Charlie has called Bergen "an emotional hermit" or "an old squarehead," and even slightingly refers to the fact that Bergen can't function without him.

But Charlie's sharpest scalpel is used on celebrities he meets at parties, or who are guest artists on the show, and most of them leave bleeding in one or more places. Thus Al Jolson was hailed as "you Civil War Sinatra"; Louella Parsons became "old blabbermouth"; Emily Post was tagged "a vulture for culture." Charlie disposed of Noel Coward with "Who the hell is Noel Coward?" and said of Orson Welles's program, "I thought something had died in my radio." It is a tribute to Bergen's virtuosity that none of his victims ever takes umbrage, no matter how much skin is peeled off.

Essentially, Bergen's art is based on "situation comedy," which revolves around a current event, a historical happening, or the specialties of the guest star. Bergen picks the situation, dictates the story line, and turns it over to Frank Gill, Jr., his producer, and a crew of four writers. One is improbably named Zeno Klinker (no connection whatever with the dummy, Effie Klinker). The others are Keith Fowler, who got his diploma via Burns & Allen; and Hugh Wedlock and Howard Snyder, who function as a team known in the trade as "Holy and Heinz."

With Bergen as a conductor, their sessions produce the characteristic Bergen rhymes—"slump of the pump," "squirmin' with vermin," "flicker of the ticker" and so on—plus occasional puns and gay references to the biological attraction of the sexes. Here again Charlie, in his small-boy sauciness, escapes censure for passages that other radio comedians handle with care. Some of the scripts are even marked: "Sexy laugh here." Bergen goes to a picnic, for example, and says, "Look at that table—loaded with delicacies and native dishes."

Charlie: (insert sexy laugh) "Yeah. I like the tall dish over there. The blonde . . . now that's my kind of *smörgåsbord*."

Bergen's researches have turned up several oddities, including the superstition that ventriloquists are supposed to incur heart and stomach ailments from the pressures needed to produce the so-called "groan."

Allergies Include Parties

Bergen drinks and smokes quite sparingly, takes vitamins, avoids certain plants and other things to which he is allergic, and is a wallflower at parties because, among other things, he has a tendency to fall asleep.

Bergen scoffs, however, at the fancied existence of occupational hazards, and recently went on record about it with Charlie.

"Is it true that ventriloquists go insane?" Charlie asked.

"No. That's an exaggeration," Bergen replied.

"Aw, now, Bergen," Charlie laughed. "You're too modest."

Bergen has infinitely more difficulty trying to explain the phenomenon of his ventriloquism at home, where his four-year-old daughter, Candice, treats both Charlie and Mortimer as though they were living persons. Actually, Candy's arrival at the Bergen hilltop home in Beverly Hills precipitated a number of crises, and perhaps marked a turning point in Charlie's life.

At the time, Charlie was living in anomalous splendor in his own boudoir equipped with tiny furniture, tile shower, silk bathrobes and other equipment which contributed to the illusion that he was human. Charlie and Mortimer frequently held court there, propped up on custom-made chairs. When Candy was born there was just one other spare room in the house, but it was accessible only by going outside and crossing a patio. No one knows how deeply Bergen searched his soul in this impasse, but presently Charlie was evicted, and Candy moved into his room.

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Mrs. Bergen suggested creating a new room for Charlie but Bergen demurred with the air of one who had put his sins behind him. "No," he said, "I'm a father now and all that is in the past."

Since that time Charlie has been conspicuously absent around the house most of the time. His clothes and toys were moved to the Sunset Boulevard office, and the only tangible evidence that he ever lived in the house is the degree he received from Bergen's alma mater, Northwestern University. It is framed and hanging in the outside bedroom, in dolorous juxtaposition to autographed photographs of John Barrymore and W. C. Fields, who were two of Bergen's close friends.

"I have deliberately kept Charlie out of my home life," Bergen explains. "He is my office life and I don't want to get tired of him. I don't like to bring him out at home, anyway. I would rather rely on myself (entertaining visitors) just to see if I can do it." Candy, of course, is not aware that she put the skids under Charlie.

Bergen occasionally uses his art on Candy's toy animals.

"Daddy," she asks, "make the Teddy bear and the dog talk."

"I don't know how we're ever going to explain to Candy," Mrs. Bergen says in perplexity, "why a doll like Charlie should have so much importance, but at least she isn't asking embarrassing questions—yet."

It is doubtful whether Bergen would have much time to answer such questions—even if he could. In his flight from the cramping reality of Charlie, he is probably the busiest man in Hollywood. When not bustling around his workshop on inventions of one kind or another, he may be found in his own elaborate television and photography studios, editing his own travel pictures or a sound-and-color film of Candy or Mrs. Bergen.

As peripatetic as a Fuller Brush man, he has a choice of a sedan, a station wagon, two steam automobiles of ancient vintage and two airplanes.

Last year the Bergens were in some different part of the world or the United States every month, from Hawaii to Sweden, and Mexico to Maine.

"This is a gypsy Swede I'm married to," Frances Bergen sighs. "This boy just loves to travel. He comes back from a trip and says, 'Well, I've been home one day and I spent a day at the office. Where do we go now?' "

No Dr. Jekyll ever fled from his Hyde with more desperation than Bergen runs from Charlie. But Charlie will not be shaken loose. In a sense, Bergen understands the tenacity of his shackles, but believes that they will not chafe so much if he works day and night. Thus he is the angel of a nation-wide and little-publicized nursing foundation which gives financial assistance to student nurses.

Many Honor-Graduate Nurses

Loans have already exceeded $80,000, and some 225 girls—many of their pictures are on his office wall—have graduated with honors from 28 hospitals which sponsor the Bergen plan. He belongs to the Los Magicos Club, an organization of amateur sorcerers, and is never happier than when he can baffle and entertain intimate friends —without Charlie McCarthy.

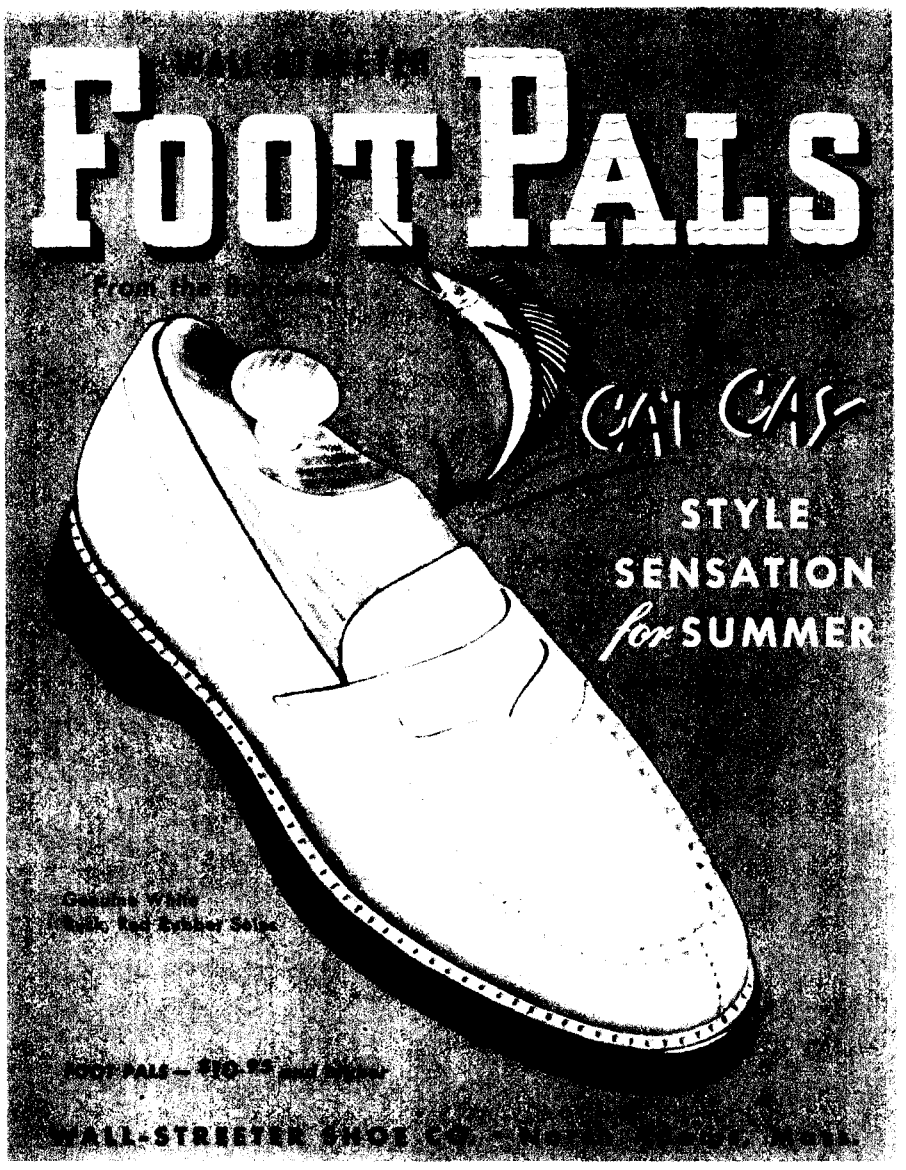
Bergen shrinks from Hollywood parties, and even Mrs. Bergen admits he is a dull guest. He is ill at ease with voluble people, and fumbles for words. At a recent Amos 'n' Andy affair, Bergen's conversational gems were limited to a few grunts, but after an hour or so someone flicked a napkin to him. In an instant he had it wrapped around his hand. He dubbed it Ophelia and convulsed the guests for the rest of the evening.

Ophelia, of course, does not solve the everlasting Bergen-McCarthy imbroglio, and Mortimer Snerd and Effie Klinker have long since become impotent. There is some possibility that Bergen's new paramour, the lady in plastic, will numb Charlie's wagging tongue, but even then Charlie will have the last raucous chirp. Bergen may die—but Bergen's will specifies that Charlie must live forever, and a $10,000 trust fund has been established for the purpose. Once a year, after Bergen is gone, Charlie will be taken from a New York vault and lent to some deserving ventriloquist. "I guess Charlie won't be quite the same then," Bergen says mournfully, "but at least he will always be there, doing some good for somebody." THE END

BUTCH

"Burglars often work in pairs. The one outside is known as the lookout man"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



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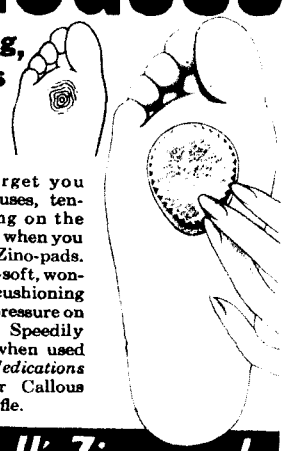

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AL HIRSCHFELD

GABRIELSON BLOWS HIS HORN

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, as we know it, depends on the two-party political system. When the system is operated with vigor and wisdom, democracy flourishes. But when it is operated feebly or foolishly by one party, then the government faces the danger of becoming an instrument of self-perpetuating bureaucracy.

That danger has been increasing as the two-party system has grown noticeably weaker in the last 17 years. It is true that Republican candidates have received a large vote in the last three Presidential elections. But in between times the two-party system has persisted more through habit than through health.

One trouble is that the G.O.P. has been hampered by a succession of fumbling, shortsighted chairmen of the Republican National Committee. The present chairman is Guy Gabrielson. Some brief samples from a recent speech of his will show what we're talking about.

The Democratic Administration, Mr. Gabrielson said, has violated "the bipartisan spirit in foreign relations." So the G.O.P. proposes to discard bipartisanship and substitute "an all-American foreign policy, regardless of party, to assure peace with justice in a free world."

That is simply wordmongering, built around a catch phrase. And it is all too typical of Mr. Gabrielson and his predecessors. The country's two parties agreed some time ago on a bipartisan, or nonpartisan, approach to foreign relations. Now the Republican chairman would substitute an "all-American foreign policy, regardless of party."

There is no logical difference between the two policies. But Mr. Gabrielson would have us think there is a difference. He seems to suggest that our present foreign policy is "un-American," and even—as others have stated more plainly in the past—that anything which disagrees with ultraconservative Republican thinking is "un-American."

President Truman, on occasion, has by-passed his loyal Republican collaborators and formulated foreign policy as if it were a private, political game for Democrats only. But Mr. Gabrielson is not helping things any by proposing that the Republicans, under the banner of "all-Americanism," junk the bipartisan agreement and present a disunited American front to all the perils of present world politics.

There are better ways of solving the problem of disunity. Senator Vandenberg suggested one way a few days after Mr. Gabrielson's "all-American" speech. The senator called for an "unpartisan" study, entirely removed from politics, to determine our government's problems and future policies in the critical field of foreign affairs. It was an admirable proposal by a thoughtful, honest statesman. But it was also a contradiction of his own party's official policy, as just set forth by the national chairman.

Mr. Vandenberg is only one of the many distinguished Republicans, in and out of Congress, who should be their party's spokesmen and the authors of its policies. But they are not. And that is where the party in power has a great advantage. The Democrats have given their top political positions to men who can sense popular trends and stir popular enthusiasm. But the Republicans with similar gifts are thwarted by the men who control the party organization, and who seem to shy away from their colleagues who show signs of ability and progressiveness.

The G.O.P. has often objected to Mr. Truman's "government by crony." Yet the Republican party government is equally hampered by cronyism. Its control is passed around, year after year, among the same group of like-thinking, backward-looking men whose years of defeat have taught them no sweet uses of adversity.

As political strategists, these men seem unable to plan a campaign for winning back the territory that they have been losing for 20 years. An opposition party should have a positive, constructive program. It should offer to answer the questions and resolve the difficulties that today perplex all of us, whatever our politics. But too often Republican policy has simply opposed for opposition's sake, without offering the country anything better than the *status quo ante* Roosevelt.

As political tacticians, the G.O.P. generals seem unable to take advantage of their opponents' errors. They can usually be counted on to top them with a bigger mistake of their own.

There are plenty of issues on which the Republicans can and should oppose the Democrats. They can challenge the political inspiration of some high-sounding domestic programs. They can try to settle, rather than exploit, a growing class warfare that is also politically inspired. They can find any number of jobs to do, and the men to do them. But before this can happen a thorough party house cleaning is needed.

Thomas E. Dewey recently made the sage observation that "you cannot repeal the twentieth century." His fellow Republicans need to ponder those words and take them to heart. It is time that they entrusted their party's day-to-day destinies to the capable men and women in their ranks who understand and sympathize with the needs and aspirations of the average voter.

Until that happens our two-party system will grow weaker. And the danger in that weakness cannot be ignored. Unless there is partisan as well as bipartisan strength in our political system, we cannot have orderly change and intelligent progress at home, and we cannot fulfill Mr. Gabrielson's promise "to assure peace with justice in a free world."

ON GULLIBILITY

Smart fakers are nimble
  At being believable;
So don't be amazed
  If you find you're deceivable.

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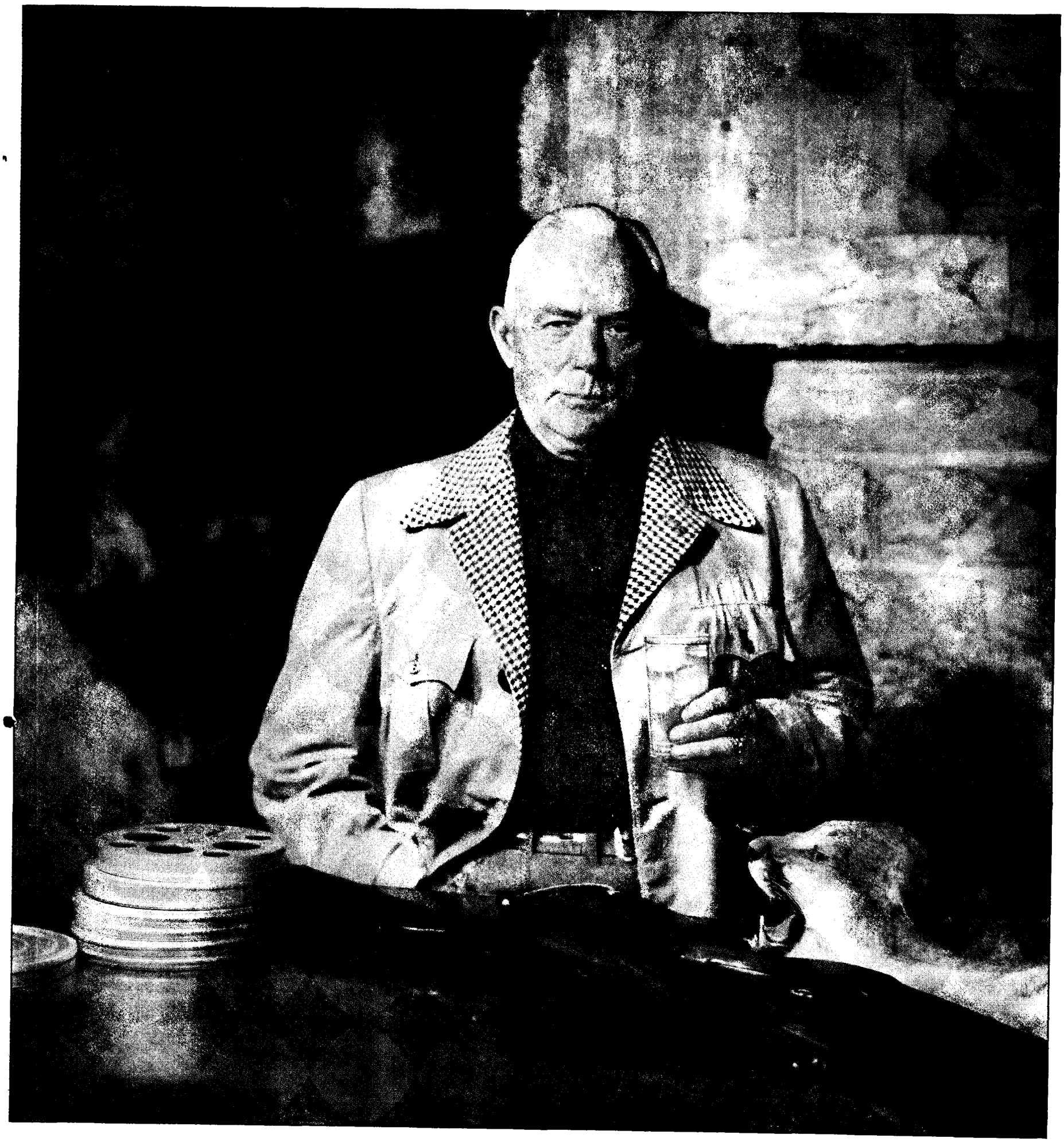

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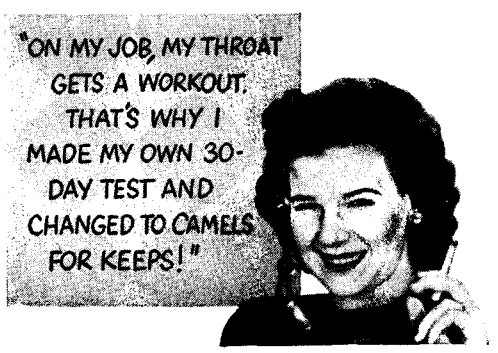

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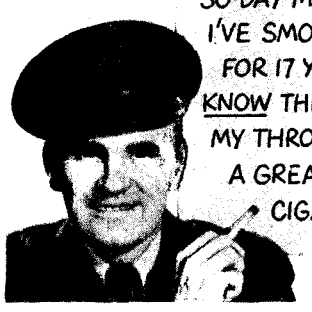
RADIO ANNOUNCER *GEORGE ANSBRO*

COSMETIC DEMONSTRATOR *MADELINE OSTROWE*



MUSEUM GUIDE *WALTER McGRATH*

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